

THE CORNISH COAST AND MOORS



A. G. FOLLIOTT-STOKES

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE GIFT OF

Henry W. Sage

1891

A.298227

25/v/15

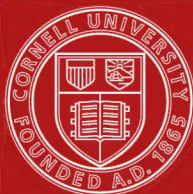
Cornell University Library
DA 670.C8F66 1912

Cornish coast and moors.



3 1924 028 026 965

olin

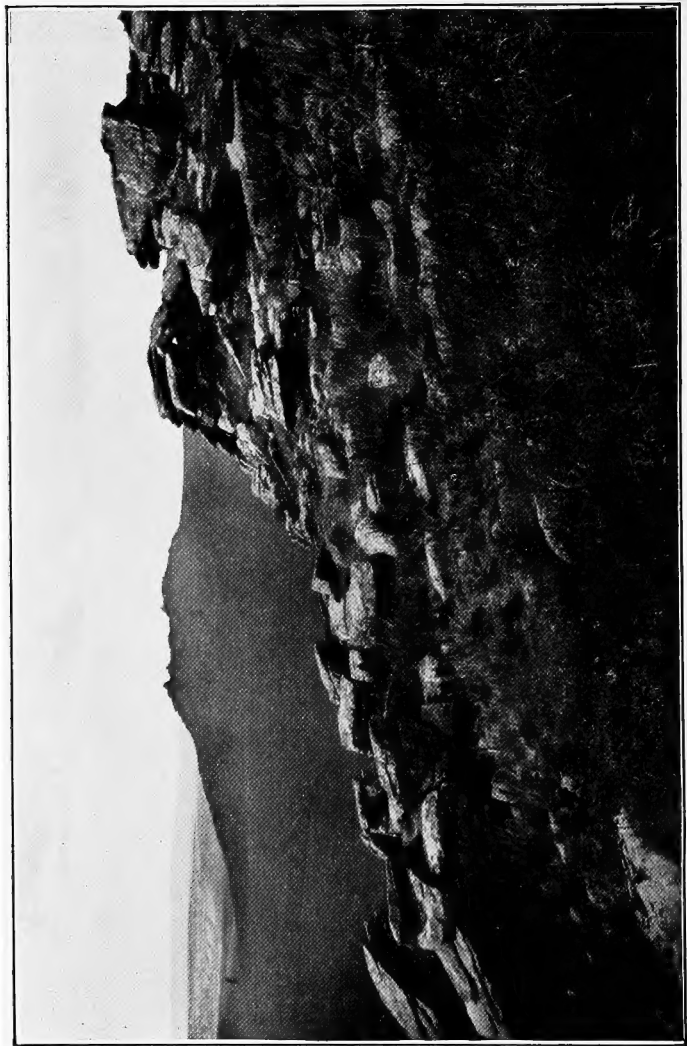


Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

THE CORNISH COAST AND MOORS



ROUGH TOR FROM BROWN WILLY

THE CORNISH COAST AND MOORS

BY
A. G. FOLLIOTT-STOKES

*Illustrations from Photographs by Alex. Begbie
John C. Douglas, and the Author*

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION

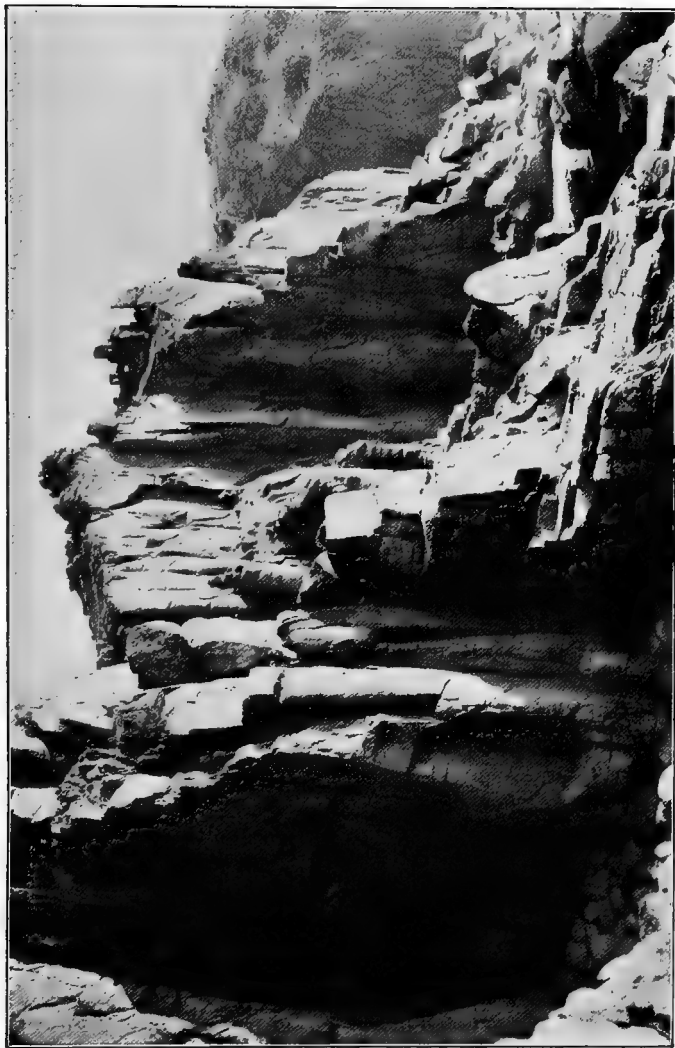
LONDON
GREENING & CO.
ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

E.V.

N1

**TO ALL WHO FEEL
THE WITCHERY OF THE WEST**

WITH granite ribs and black basaltic brows
And flanks of dark and metal-bearing slate,
All veined and patined o'er with snowy quartz,
Cornubia rises storm-swept from the sea,
A land of legend and strange mystery,
Of tragic frown and sun-kissed ecstasy.
He who would know the depths of that old heart,
For æons cradled on the changeless rock,
For æons guarded by the encircling sea,
Must seek the silence of her purple moors,
Must know the fury of her mighty surf,
Must mark the splendours of her sea-born clouds.
And then, perchance, his quickened ear will catch
Some passing fragment of celestial strain,
Some tuneful echo of the Infinite,
Still vocal in the hollows of her hills,
As Ocean's song within the carved shell.
For here his soul, by Nature's soul absolved,
May see the imprint of the hand of God
Unmarred by man ; may hear that tuneful voice
Bidding him cast out fear, for he is just
An emanation of his Maker's breath,
A sentient atom of his Deity,
That must return to Him Who gave it birth
As do the rivers to the Ocean's breast.
Then the pale ego of his phantom pride
Will find the true Nirvana of the soul,
By losing what he fondly calls himself
In the great anthem of the heart of God.



THE CATHEDRAL ROCKS

To face poem

PREFACE

*M*ANY books have of late years been written about Cornwall; some of them dealing especially with her coast. It may, therefore, be thought somewhat superfluous, not to say presumptuous, to produce another.

But I wish here to point out that in no instance known to me has an author followed the coastguard path and described its surroundings, mile by mile, throughout the whole County Littoral. Other interests, historical, architectural and archæological, etc., have demanded a large share of his attention.

If this book has any *raison d'être* it is because it is an attempt to describe the scenery of the Duchy's incomparable coast and moorlands by one who loves it and who believes it to possess an unique æsthetic value.

It is the record of a lover, not of a learned observer, and as such the Author claims for it the Public's kind indulgence.

Of late years the coastguards have ceased patrolling the coast, and the County Authorities are taking steps to have their path handed over to the Duchy in perpetuity for the use of the Public.

This *Key to the Wild* will prove of inestimable value to Nature-lovers, especially as time rolls on and England becomes more and more a suburban annexe to her growing cities.

A. G. F.-S.

St. Ives, January, 1912.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. A WORD ON THE THRESHOLD . . .	15
II. FROM MARSLAND TO BUDE . . .	29
III. FROM BUDE TO BOSCASTLE . . .	49
IV. FROM BOSCASTLE TO PADSTOW, WITH A DETOUR TO DOZMARY POOL . . .	62
V. FROM PADSTOW TO NEWQUAY . . .	84
VI. FROM NEWQUAY TO ST. IVES . . .	95
VII. ST. IVES . . .	112
VIII. NORTH PENWITH—THE ATLANTIC GIRDLE—A LAND OF PAGEANTS . . .	122
IX. ST. IVES TO ZENNOR . . .	129
X. ZENNOR TO MORVAH . . .	151
XI. MORVAH TO LAND'S END . . .	173
XII. PEDN-AN-LAAZ . . .	182
XIII. PEDN-AN-LAAZ TO TRERYN DINAS . . .	186
XIV. TRERYN TO PENZANCE . . .	201
XV. PENZANCE AND ITS HINTERLAND . . .	222
XVI. PENZANCE TO PORTHLEVEN . . .	238
XVII. PORTHLEVEN TO THE LIZARD . . .	253
XVIII. MENEAGE . . .	267
XIX. FROM THE LIZARD TO FALMOUTH . . .	275
XX. FROM FALMOUTH TO FOWEY . . .	294
XXI. FROM FOWEY TO LOOE . . .	319
XXII. FROM LOOE TO THE HAMOAZE, WITH A DETOUR TO THE CHEESEWRING . . .	332
GLOSSARY OF CORNISH NAMES . . .	355
INDEX . . .	359

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Roughtor from Brown Willy	.	.	A. Begbie	Frontispiece
The Cathedral Rocks	.	.	"	To face poem
				TO FACE PAGE
Marland Mouth	.	.	"	30
Distorted Strata, Gull Rock	.	.	"	31
Coombe Valley and Stow Mill	.	.	"	46
Stratton	.	.	"	47
Morwenstow	.	.	"	47
Bude Cliffs	.	.	"	50
Bude Haven	.	.	"	51
Bude Canal	.	.	"	56
Cleave Valley	.	.	"	57
High Cliff	.	.	"	60
Waterfall, Pentargon Cove	.	.	"	61
Near Pentire Head	.	.	"	61
Street in Boscastle	.	.	"	64
Boscastle Harbour	.	.	"	64
Long Island	.	.	"	65
Lady's Window	.	.	"	65
The Rocky Valley	.	.	"	66
Tintagel Castle and Cove	.	.	"	67
The Keep, King Arthur's Castle	.	.	"	70
Merlin's Cave, Tintagel	.	.	"	71
Petrified Tree, Pentargon Cove	.	.	"	74
Dozmary Pool	.	.	"	74
Rocks in Watergate Bay	.	.	"	75
Beehive Hut, Brown Willy	.	.	"	75
De Lank River and Roughtor	.	.	"	78
Trebarwith Strand	.	.	"	79
Port Isaac	.	.	"	80
Porthquin	.	.	"	80
The Rump, Padstow	.	.	"	81
Pentire Head, near Padstow	.	.	"	82
St. Enodoc Church	.	.	"	83
Padstow Harbour	.	.	"	83

12 THE CORNISH COAST AND MOORS

	TO	FACE	PAGE
Padstow Church	<i>A. Begbie</i>	.	86
Prideaux Place, Padstow	"	.	87
Marble Cliffs	"	.	87
Trevoze Lighthouse	"	.	92
Bedruthan Steps	"	.	92
Newquay	"	.	93
The Gannel River	"	.	98
Rocks on Perranporth Sands	"	.	99
Portreath	"	.	99
Gwithian	"	.	106
Hayle and River Mouth	"	.	107
St. Ives	"	.	114
The Island, St. Ives	<i>J. Douglas</i>	.	115
Silver Thread Gorge (near St. Ives)	"	.	140
The Horse's Back, Zennor	"	.	141
Zennor Churchtown	"	.	148
The Zennor Logan Rock	"	.	149
The Polar Bear Rock on Zennor Hill	"	.	154
The Giant's Craw at Chykembro	"	.	155
Porthglaze Pinnacles	"	.	162
The Gurnard's Head	"	.	163
Carn Galva and Hannibal's Carn	"	.	166
The Men Scryfa, or Inscribed Stone	"	.	167
The Mên-an-Tol, or the Holed Stone	"	.	171
South Tor, Carn Galva	"	.	171
A Granite Pinnacle at Rosemergy	"	.	172
The Mermaid in Zennor Church	"	.	174
Flint Arrowheads and Knives	"	.	174
The Gate, Chûn Castle	"	.	175
Chûn Cromlech	"	.	176
Carn Kenidzhek	"	.	177
Pendeen Church Gate	<i>A. Greening</i>	.	178
Old Engine-houses, Botallack Mine	<i>J. Douglas</i>	.	179
The Natural Arch in Smuggler's Cove	"	.	180
Old Cottages at Sennen Cove	"	.	181
Land's End, from North	"	.	182
Land's End, from South	"	.	183
Pordenack Point	"	.	188

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

13

		TO FACE	PAGE
Carn Evall from Pordenack Point	<i>A. Begbie</i>		189
The Khyber's Grave	"		190
"The Song of the Sea"	<i>J. Douglas</i>		191
Loaf Rock	<i>A. Greening</i>		194
Nanjizel Bay	<i>A. Begbie</i>		194
Porthgwarra Cove	"		195
St. Levan Churchtown	<i>J. Douglas</i>		198
Trerryn Dinas	<i>A. Begbie</i>		198
In St. Levan Valley	"		199
Lamorna Cove	<i>J. Douglas</i>		208
Penberth Stream	"		208
Lamorna Mill	"		209
The Merry Maidens	"		212
An old Cornish Cross	"		212
One of the Pipers	"		212
Mousehole	<i>A. Begbie</i>		213
Old House at Mousehole	<i>J. Douglas</i>		216
Rue des Beaux Arts, Newlyn	"		217
"A Village Industry,"	<i>From picture by Stanhope Forbes, R.A.</i>		220
Newlyn Harbour	<i>J. Douglas</i>		221
Lanyon Cromlech	"		221
Penzance Harbour	"		234
Trevaylor Wood	"		235
A Field of Narcissi near Gulval	<i>E. Lane</i>		240
St. Michael's Mount	<i>J. Douglas</i>		241
Bessy Cove	"		250
The Harbour, Porthleven	"		251
Loe Pool	"		251
Gunwalloe Church	"		262
Gull Rock, Mullion Cove	"		262
Pigeon Hugo and the Horse	"		263
Lion Rock, Kynance	<i>A. Begbie</i>		264
Kynance Cove	"		264
The Lizard	<i>J. Douglas</i>		265
Church Cove, Landewednack	<i>The Author</i>		272
Old House, Church Cove	"		273
Bumble Head, near Lizard	"		273
Cadgwith	"		280
Porthoustock	"		280

			TO FACE PAGE
Coverack	<i>The Author</i>	.	281
Helford River, near Gweek	"	.	290
Helford Creek	"	.	290
The Shipwright's Arms, Helford Creek	"	.	291
Flushing	"	.	296
The Truro River, Malpas in the Distance	"	.	297
A Truro Street	"	.	298
St. Mawes	"	.	298
Falmouth	"	.	299
St. Mawes Castle	"	.	299
Truro Cathedral	"	.	302
Portscatho	"	.	303
Gorran Haven	"	.	303
Portloe	"	.	308
Mevagissey	"	.	309
Polkerris	"	.	316
Cottage at Polkerris	"	.	316
Bodinnick, near Fowey	"	.	317
Fowey River, Polruan in Distance	"	.	322
Lerryn Bridge	"	.	322
Lansallos Head	"	.	323
Lanteglos Church Porch	"	.	328
Street in East Looe	"	.	328
Polperro	"	.	329
West Looe	"	.	330
East Looe and River	"	.	331
Cross near Minion's Mound	"	.	334
The Cheesewring	"	.	334
Trevethy Cromlech	"	.	335
St. Cleer Well	"	.	340
King Doniert's Stone	"	.	340
The Topmost Rock, Kilmar	"	.	341
The Cheesewring Quarry	"	.	341
Portwrinkle	"	.	346
Rame Head	"	.	346
Kingsand	"	.	347
Chapel, Rame Head	"	.	347
Cawsand	"	.	352
Tower House, Cremyl Ferry	"	.	353
H.M.S. <i>Impregnable</i>	"	.	353

THE CORNISH COAST AND MOORS

CHAPTER I

A WORD ON THE THRESHOLD

The Celtic spirit attuned in sweet accord
Doth, shell-like, babble of the Infinite.

MOST of us at some time or other have exclaimed with the Psalmist, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest. . . . I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest." Because in our Northern island climate there is too much storm and tempest and not enough sun. For the sun is Life ; without it the blood stagnates.

Who that has ever threaded his way amongst the Isles of Greece, sauntered in the sun-kissed streets of Seville or the fretted courts of the Alhambra, gazed spell-bound at the radiant raggedness of Naples, or wandered through that wondrous plain beneath the marble peaks of the Carraras, consecrated for ever to the genius of Shelley, and listened to the laughter of its dark-eyed children of Apollo, can ever again be quite

satisfied with our grey Northern atmosphere, in which the sun too often rises and sets behind an impenetrable canopy of vapour instead of from an imperial pomp of incarnadined clouds ?

Is it, therefore, to be wondered at if we sometimes turn our eyes towards the South, whence cometh our delight, and desire to hasten our escape from the “windy storm and tempest” ?

But if this be impossible, let me tell you that there is in England a remote region so surrounded by the warm water of the Gulf Stream, that it possesses many of the allurements of the Mediterranean Littoral. Its name, to those who love it, is the Delectable Duchy, and its geographical appellation is Cornwall.

In shape it resembles a human leg thrust out into the Atlantic ; and it contains the most westwardly and the most southerly land in England. We shall discover, as we tramp its coasts, that its surrounding seas are as blue as the Mediterranean in fine weather ; that the vegetation in its coombes and valleys is as luxuriant as in Southern France ; and that its inhabitants have much that is foreign about them, both in appearance and customs. This is, of course, largely racial, but the equability of the climate has something to do with it. The seasons glide into each other imperceptibly. There is no heat in summer, no cold in winter ; while the difference between the day and night temperatures is probably less than in any other part of the world. Thus Southern shrubs and flowers flourish in the open with a Southern intensity of hues ; and the people, immune from the hardening influences of severe winters, have

much of the emotional nature of the colour and music-loving Spaniard and Italian.

Before, however, entering this remote and sea-girdled region, so unlike any other part of England, let us briefly consider a few of its principal physical features, or we may find ourselves unable to fully appreciate their somewhat unusual characteristics.

Countries vary as people vary. There is as much difference in scenery as in faces. Some districts, like some people, take much knowing before we can perceive their finest qualities; others capture our affections at once. The easy-going, affable, sympathetic and often rather shallow nature is ever a *persona grata* as a chance acquaintance. His whole stock-in-trade is, so to speak, in the window. Whereas the deeper, more strongly moulded characters only reveal their choicest gifts to spirits of a like intensity, and often strike the casual acquaintance as being cold and repellent. Yet these are usually of those who are most worth knowing.

So with scenery. Lush meadows, hanging woods, and ranges of enfolding hills, punctuated with cottage, church, and gable-ended barn, the whole thing reflected in some drowsy river or reed-margined lake, make an instant appeal. So also do mountains, when seen in the distance fringing a fertile plain or bounding some long valley vista with a phalanx of purple peaks. It is all so obvious, so evidently intended to please the eye, as a popular melody the ear.

There are, however, regions which few at first sight would call beautiful or even attractive, but which will on a longer acquaintance weave a spell around us such

as none other can. These are the countries that hold the hearts of their children with a grip of iron. I doubt if it would be exaggeration to say that by just so much as a country repels, or even frightens you at first, it will, if you give yourself time to know it, engage your affections. Great plains, or even deserts, unutterably repellent to the new-comer, at last take such possession of the minds and hearts of those who dwell within their borders that nothing but their mirage-fretted distances, their level horizons, their soft symphonies of colour, and their changing lights can ever again fully satisfy. Mountains, not when mellowed by distance, but when lived amongst, often terrify and depress the stranger ; but there is no patriotism, no love of country, like the mountaineer's.

Broadly speaking, it is those regions as yet unconquered by man, where the great Spirit's seal is still intact, that exercise the most potent spells. They seem to be nearer to the fountain-head of all true beauty. Here are no discords to distract the attention. And the ear, stimulated by the pregnant silences, is able to catch echoes of that divine melody which, since the morning stars first sang together, has been ever ringing down the long corridors of Time, heard or unheard according to the receptivity of the people.

Cornwall is, to a certain extent, one of these unconquered countries. She is still over large areas virgin to the levelling monotony of plough and spade. Her character has not been filched away and her visage marred (except in the mining districts) by man's insatiable greed for gold. She is still the playground and the battleground of the gods. Here Pan and Neptune meet in Homeric

combat. Here Beauty slumbers in the lap of Terror. It is a land of sudden and vivid contrasts ; a theatre where Nature displays, amid elemental scenery, her most tragic and her most bewitching moods. This, then, is one of her greatest charms, her infinite variety. There is no monotony along her wind-swept shores, no lack of interest on her rolling moors—the mind is kept constantly on the *qui vive*.

And so it comes to pass that the wayfarer who, undeterred by the menace of her cliffs, the threat in her sea-born clouds, the war-note of her surges, or the loneliness of her rock-strewn uplands, plods on westward in the wake of the setting sun, will soon experience an increasing interest. He will discover beauty in all sorts of unexpected places, and a beauty of a more Southern ripeness than he has hitherto encountered in his native land. Amid boulders and precipices he will constantly come face to face with a sub-tropical verdure ; so often does he descend from wind-swept desolation to a deep continuity of shade, amid which a stream dashes through a wilderness of ferns and flowers. He follows it to where the foam-crowned waves are sparkling on a golden shore, too often strewn with the shattered timbers of a broken ship.

He enters a village, elm-protected, flower-surrounded, where the clear water of a trout stream is reflecting the lilies and roses in old-world gardens, and the grey walls and thatched roofs of Tudor cottages.

Suddenly a turn in the road reveals a solid mass of masonry four-square to all the winds that blow, like some old Norman Keep. Above it towers a tall chimney,

and from one of its sides a mighty iron arm rises and falls with godlike indifference ; while the water in the brook is no longer clear, but foul and discoloured. Then he remembers that, many fathoms down beneath all this smiling beauty, naked men are labouring in dark galleries from which that iron arm is ceaselessly pumping water.

Again, he is spending a few days in one of the many little ports. He wakes up some morning to find the Atlantic a livid threat, and across its foam-swept surface a fleet of fishing boats is staggering towards shelter. The next day he sees the same fleet floating idly with sun-kissed sails and not enough wind to waft it to the horizon.

Or he may be lying amongst the heath on the summit of some headland or moorland hill. Above him a few fleecy clouds chequer the blue. Beneath him is the deep sapphire of the sea, on which the distant sailing ships are as carved pearls. The larks are singing overhead and the warm air is scintillating with light and heavy with the scent of flowers. Suddenly the azure of sea and sky is blotted out. A grey wall approaches, rising ominous from sea to zenith. It throws out long, flexible fingers which dart in all directions. They reach over the summit of the hill and twist and twine amongst the boulders. Then the grey horror envelops everything in a cold, clammy embrace. The sun disappears ; only objects within a few yards are visible, and they are strangely magnified. The larks have fluttered songless to the ground ; while out of the grey opaqueness come blood-curdling wailings and bellowings from the sirens of passing steamers. It is a different world : as complete a metamorphosis as could well be imagined.

Do not, however, let these things discourage you. There is no county in England where the darkest cloud has so bright a lining, or where one is less likely to be bored than in Cornwall. Like Phyllis, she never fails to please, or at any rate to interest, for she plays with deftest fingers on the whole gamut of the emotions. But it is only to those who love her that she gives of her best.

In these days of universal travel thousands of people visit her every year. They climb the Cheesewring, picnic amongst the ruins of Tintagel's hoary Keep, explore the sylvan beauties of the Fal, and stand on old Bolerium and strain their eyes to catch a glimpse of the long, low, uneven silhouette of the Scillies. Then, when the holidays are over, they go home and tell their friends of a land of vivid colouring and rocky grandeur. They speak enthusiastically of palm trees, of geraniums twenty feet high, of fuchsias that grow like large shrubs, of wild asparagus and other vegetarian wonders. They compare with a sneer the pea-green water of the English Channel to the sapphire rollers of the Atlantic, and assert that, after the pinnacled headlands of the West, the chalk cliffs of the South Coast look like neatly cut white cheese.

But how many of these people know the real uniqueness of Cornwall? Very few. For this land of primeval solitudes and prehistoric monuments is not to be discovered in a few weeks of sight-seeing. Its true spirit does not reveal itself on the sea fronts of its watering-places, or in the show spots of the guide-books.

In order to really know Cornwall—and to know her is

to love her—it is necessary to leave the beaten tracks and follow the less-trodden paths of her moors and cliffs, to trace the little moorland streams from source to sea, to discover those quaint grey villages that nestle in the hollows of the hills, and to make the acquaintance of their warm-hearted, quick-witted Celtic inhabitants. This can possibly be done by a good walker from the towns. By far the better plan, however, is to take rooms in a moorland farm or village. A few weeks spent in this way will give the visitor a much deeper insight than he could otherwise obtain into this most interesting of counties. For Cornwall, owing to its semi-insular position, has always been singularly isolated from the rest of the country. To this day England may be said to terminate on the shores of the Tamar. Beyond this river is a land of legend and mystery, of eloquent silences and Homeric storms, a land of long ago, inhabited by a race still in many ways as distinct from the English as the Bretons are from the French.

There are three great moorland districts in Cornwall where the impress of Time's effacing fingers is still slight, and where, in consequence, the most striking characteristics of her people and her scenery are to be found. The Bodmin moors in the north, the Goonhilly Downs in the south, and the Penwith highlands in the extreme western portion of the county. The Bodmin moors are situated entirely inland. They are the most extensive and contain the highest hills in the Duchy. They are also rich in prehistoric monuments. The Goonhilly Downs are an elevated tableland, flat and heath-covered, extending to the coast in the neighbourhood of the

Lizard: a district of peculiar physical features and of great interest to the botanist. The Penwith highlands reach almost to Land's End, and in many ways are the most arresting of all Cornwall's uplands. This insulated region (for it is only four miles from sea to sea where it may be said to leave the mainland and is elsewhere entirely surrounded by the Atlantic) is about eighteen miles long and six broad. Nowhere else in the "Delectable Duchy" will you find a grander coast-line, a wilder, more picturesque moorland, or such a wealth of pre-historic villages, cromlechs and stone circles. This is the sanctum sanctorum of the Cornish Celt. Here you will find him still clinging to his granite hills, still listening to the song of the sea and the moan of the moorland wind. The same dreaming, mystic creature as his forefathers who reared those mighty cromlechs, whose massive outlines still so impressively cut the sky-line of the hills, and beside which our oldest cathedrals are but of yesterday. Nor can one wonder if his heart is still somewhat tinged with phantasy. For amid his childhood's dreams mingles as of old the deep diapason of the sea: and his young feet patter familiarly, as did those of his forefathers, along ancestral paths worn in the moor to temple, tomb, and tribal fort. To the casual observer Cornish people are much the same as Devon or Somerset people; but such is not the case. In the moorland and more remote districts of the Duchy many distinctive traits and habits of thought have been handed down from the distant Past. Substitute a cromlech for a church, a tribal saga for a hymn, and the following scene must have had many a counterpart on these wild hills

in the olden times. We were seated near the summit of a moorland hill in Penwith when the sound of singing rose on the still summer's air. A great volume of melody, in which the basses and tenors of men's voices blended harmoniously with the full-throated sopranos of women and girls. Looking in the direction from whence it came we saw a long procession winding down the heath-clad flank of the opposite hill. The procession walked slowly, singing as it went, and those in front carried a coffin. We had once witnessed the state funeral of a great Proconsul, carried through with all the pomp and ceremony of an elaborate ritual. But as a last loving tribute, or even as a spectacle, it was not so impressive as this simple cortège of moorland folk, their voices echoing amongst the granite tors, as they reverently bore their dead to the little God's acre in a hollow of the hills. One instinctively felt—here is a survival—a nineteenth-century counterpart of many similar tribal obsequies of prehistoric days.

A considerable portion of this Land's End district consists of rock-strewn uplands. Towards the south they slope gently to the sea and enclose valleys of most productive soil in a high state of cultivation. To the north they face the Atlantic in a series of rugged ridges. On the scarred sides of these hills numerous streams rise. They have worn for themselves valleys and gorges of great beauty as they rush to the sea, into which they often fall by a series of cascades or perpendicular leaps over the rocky wall of some secluded cove.

The beauty and grandeur of these coves are unknown to the ordinary visitor, and even to the pedestrian who keeps to the field paths and thinks he is "doing" the

Cornish coast. Only the coastguard path, and often not even that, will reveal their charms, especially the little waterfalls. They are, where the rock is granite or basaltic, guarded by cliffs and headlands crowned with pinnacles which give them the appearance of titanic castles. The sides of these natural bastions glow with many-coloured lichens, and all that is not sheer rock is covered with a profusion of ferns and flowers. These secluded amphitheatres of stern grandeur and vivid beauty enclose water so deeply blue that one can only liken it to a melted sapphire, save when it approaches the little scimitar of sand at the foot of the cliffs; then it becomes the purest emerald green, fringed with a band of snow-white lace where, in calm weather, the wavelets kiss the shore. This blending of stern magnificence with the softest beauty is typical of all wild lands—it is Nature's way—the tragic note is never far distant. Come to one of these little coves when the summer clouds scarce move across the blue, “shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind,” when the flowers glow like jewels against the azure of the sea, when the air is heavy with the scent of the heath and the drowsy hum of bees, when the little waves are murmuring to the sand as soft as crooning dove, and it will remain with you as one of your most exquisite memories of peace and beauty. But come here when the storm fiend is lashing the waves to fury and the air is thick with flying spume, when even the cliffs are trembling before the terrific onslaught, and, perhaps, some broken vessel, as, alas, often happens, is being torn to fragments on the rocks beneath, and it will probably form the most tragic experience of your life.

Grand and interesting as is this Penwithian coast, and indeed the entire coast-line of Cornwall, the moorlands behind them are in some ways even more impressive. The ocean winds have given them an ideal health-producing climate, and the "soft south," borne on the bosom of the great Gulf Stream, has clothed their rocks and tors with a tapestry of many colours and given them a wealth of natural flowers not to be seen anywhere else in England. Here, if anywhere, the jaded city-dweller will find that health is a greater boon than wealth, and that happiness—that will-o'-the-wisp—is nearer to him on these rolling hills than in the streets and pleasure-palaces of the metropolis.

For, remember, all these uplands are unconquered; are still unchanged in aspect, since Neolithic man reared his homes and temples and tombs upon their friendly summits untrammelled by the dense beast-ridden forests of the lowlands. And they are consequently still Nature's sanctuaries, where those who find "sermons in stones and books in running brooks" can enjoy the vital magic of the dear old Earth. For the poetry of the earth is never dead. It steals into the heart by a thousand different channels, by the song of birds, by the murmur of the brook, by the flash of a butterfly's wing, by the petals of a flower. It is never wholly absent. On the dreariest winter's night some unseen ambassador is there to whisper in our ear her rhythmic mother's song. It may be the flute-like note of the wood-owl, the wild whistle of the curlew, the sighing of the wind in the heath, or the booming of the distant surf.

And here, in this sea-girt Duchy, that maternal voice

seems to possess a more intimate meaning than elsewhere. Here, on these wild cliffs and moorland hills beneath the moving pageants of the clouds—those stately daughters of the storm whose cradle is out there on the broad bosom of the Atlantic in the eye of the setting sun—there will come back to you from the years long ago something of the fragrance of your childhood and of those happy summer days when, because you were a child, you were in tune with the Infinite. Since that happy time you have come to care for things of no very great importance. For stocks and shares, for furniture and horses, and for the high places in Senate and Synagogue. Your primal sense of wonder, love and reverence has been effaced by a love of trusts, truffles and trumpery.

But here, guarded by the ocean and purified by her storms, is a shrine where all can worship, an altar where all can obtain absolution. Here, if anywhere, you can regain the sweet sanities of your youth and discover, what, perhaps, you had well-nigh forgotten, that the cult of the Golden Calf is not to be compared to the cult of the great Spirit of the Universe, whose attributes are Beauty and Harmony, “who makes the clouds his chariot and rides upon the wings of the wind”—“whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.”

And now let us go and make acquaintance with this land of long ago, of giants and little people, of saints and singers, of feasts and flowers, of sunshine and tempest. Remembering the while, to our own most exceeding satisfaction, that throughout the whole of our long tramp we shall have ever by our side the wide waters of the

Atlantic, great mother of storms and crowned throughout the year with a diadem of attendant clouds. There is nothing in this world of ours so old and yet so unchanged as the sea. Continents have risen and disappeared, coast-lines have altered, mountains have been levelled, animals have become extinct and man has been evolved, but throughout all these æons the sea has remained unchanged. As we see it to-day, lashed by the gale or slumbering beneath summer skies, so it must have appeared to the eyes of those early ones of our race who, many hundreds of thousands of years ago, first rose from the stooping posture of the ape to henceforth stand alone in the corridors of Time. Oh thou ancient one ! It is good to gaze over thy level vastness and to remember with thanksgiving that thou art still unconquered, that thou still holdest something of mystery and menace. For although we can no longer say of thee as they did of old, "The end of it no one knoweth save God alone," yet we do not forget that thou still wieldest the power of the gods ; that thou canst swallow up the most modern argosy as easily as thou didst swallow up the first coracle of man ; that the winds still whisper to thee the secrets of the spirits of the air ; and that it can be as truly said of thee to-day as it was of old, "They who go down to the sea in ships and have their business on the great waters, these men see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep."

CHAPTER II

FROM MARSLAND TO BUDE

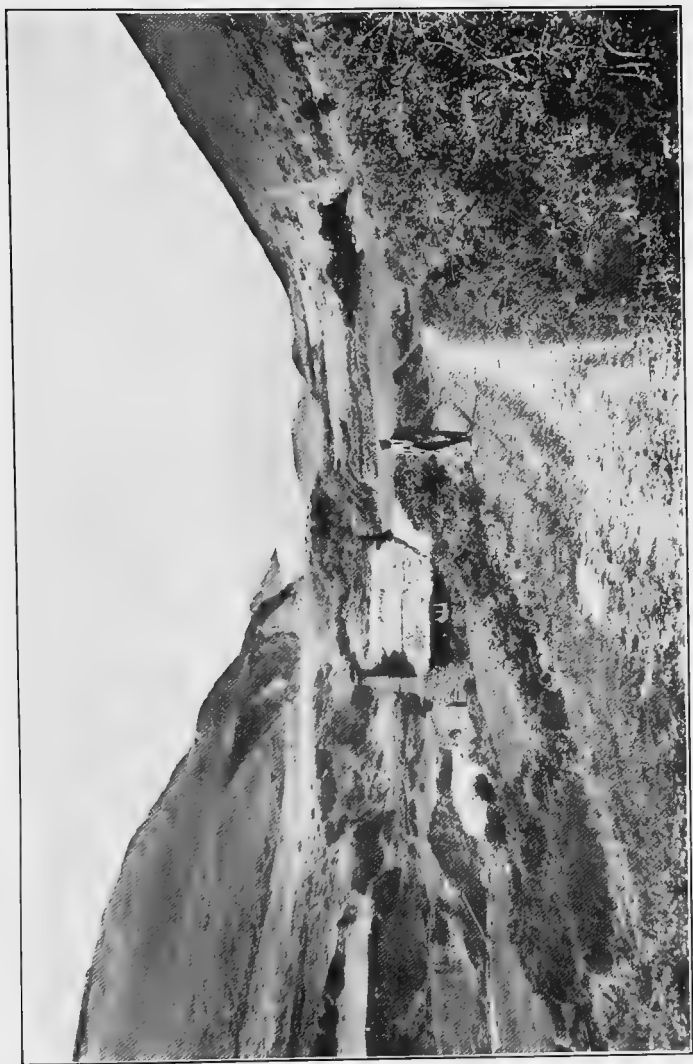
When silence reigns upon these hills
And Nature pauses to adore,
Sometimes athwart the silence thrills
A deep Olympian roar,
'Tis Neptune calling to old Pan
From the caverns on the shore.

TO those intending to make a complete circuit of the Cornish coast (and it is a walk unparalleled in England if you keep to the coastguard path and leave the field paths alone) there are two possible starting-points—Marsland Mouth on the north coast, and Cawsand on the south. To the majority of people the latter will probably always be the most convenient, owing to the proximity of Plymouth. On this occasion, however, we will choose Marsland, and shall consequently find ourselves at once in some of the wildest coast scenery in the kingdom.

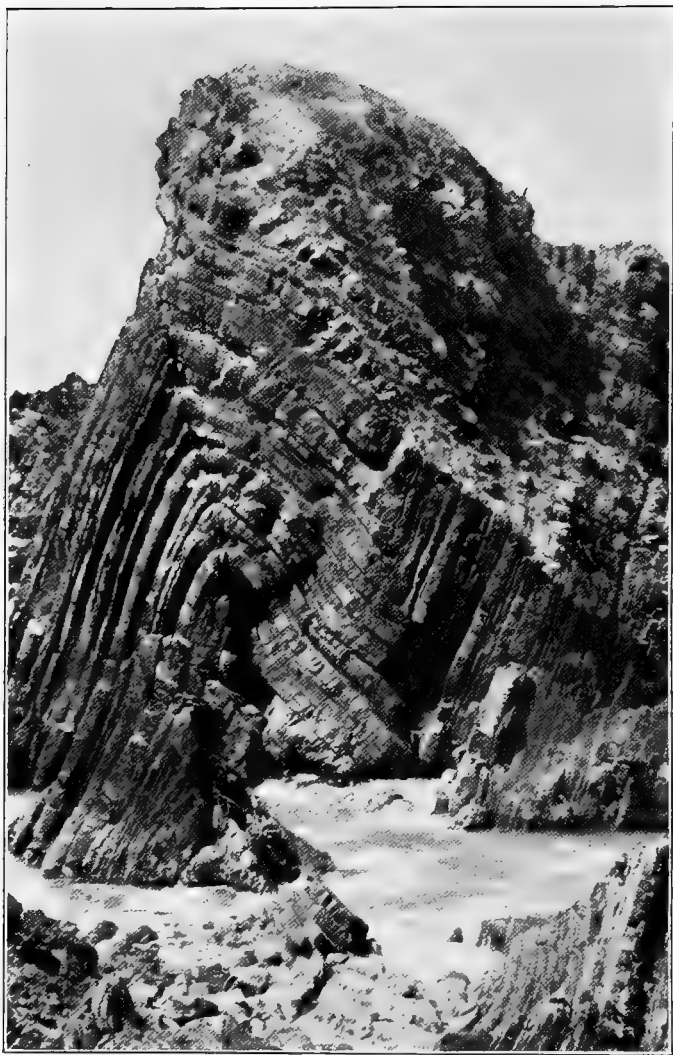
Leaving the little Devon village of Welcombe, where the night before we had found hospitable quarters in a farmhouse, we commence the descent of the long hill which forms the Devon side of the fine Marsland Valley. Now for the first time we see something of the character of this northern coast. Four hundred feet beneath us a stream dashes in tortuous windings between fern-covered

banks fringed with blackthorns and elders. As it approaches the sea it rushes into a canyon that it has carved for itself out of the valley bed. Finally it reaches the shore, there forming a sombre pool, and is then lost amongst the boulders. A little way off the sea is moaning and foaming around rows of sharp, dark-coloured rocks, each of which is shaped more or less like a tooth or shark's fin. These rocks are of slate ; in fact, slate covers the bottom of the sea for miles along this northern coast. It extends beyond low-water mark and forms a level flooring, from which rise innumerable rock fangs—black, sharp, and jagged. They generally run in straight lines at right angles with the shore, and vary from two or three to ten, fifteen, and even twenty feet high. Some are upright, others are inclined at various angles, according to the pitch of the strata. For all this coast has been subjected to immense pressure, and most of the cliffs reveal extraordinary contortions. The various sounds that the sea makes when breaking on this rocky bed are marvellous, and later on we shall have an opportunity of hearing them. At present we must get on with our walk, for as yet we have not set foot on Cornish soil.

The steep sides of the hill we are descending are covered with gorse ; the opposite hill, which is Cornwall, is clothed with pale, buff-coloured grass, dotted with masses of heath and an occasional stunted blackberry bush. Both hills terminate at their seaward extremity in great precipices, but they are not visible from here. Overhead a pair of buzzards are circling and uttering shrill cries. At the bottom of the valley, not far from



MAISLAND MOUTH



DISTORTED STRATA, GULL. ROCK

To face page 31

the shore and close to the stream, is a cottage. It is an old mill, and we see the great over-shot wheel making a rich brown note against an ivy-covered wall. A few yards above the house is the mill-pool. It was here that Lucy Passmore, the white witch, came to live, as readers of *Westward Ho!* will doubtless remember. Thinking to gain a little local information we knock at the door. There is no answer, and we find it is locked. On passing the front-room window we peep in through the dusty glass. The room has whitewashed walls. In the centre of the floor is a table ; close to it, on the window side, is a chair, pushed slightly on one side ; and on the table opposite the chair is a large open Bible. On its right-hand page is a half-eaten pasty. It is curious, we think, that a scene so characteristic of Cornwall should greet us on its threshold. For the Cornish, as everybody knows, are great Bible readers, and eat pasties all the year round.

Passing at the back of the house, we cross the stream by a plank bridge and stand on Cornish soil. Above us towers the steep hill-side, the first of many we shall have to ascend and descend ere our long walk is completed. But each and all of them will reveal a thousand beauties, and some of Nature's choicest secrets. Up we go along a narrow path that cuts diagonally from left to right across the incline. On gaining the summit, and turning seawards by the side of a tumble-down stone hedge, we reach the edge of the cliff. Far down below us, surrounded by foaming breakers, is a large rock island, or rather peninsula, for it is joined to the cliff on which we are standing by a ledge of rock, submerged at high water.

The landward face of this rock presents the appearance of a gigantic Gothic archway. In some far-off time, when the old earth was many hundreds of thousands of years younger than she is to-day, this rock, in common with the neighbouring cliffs, must have been subjected to such terrific pressure that its strata were crumpled up into acute angles, and now rise one above the other like the mouldings of an arch. To our right the cliffs of Devon tower in noble sequence, till Hartland Point stretches out its long neck into the Atlantic; and away on the horizon is the blue, but bold, outline of Lundy Island. To our left a great furzy hill shuts out any farther prospect of the Cornish coast. As we stand and gaze at the stately ramparts of Devon, and then up the great valley with its long vista of wooded hills—some golden in the sunlight, others purple in shadow—punctuated here and there by the white walls and thatched roof of a distant farmhouse, we realise on how grand a scale this western land has been fashioned. And as we advance we shall find this grandeur of scale continued. Valley will succeed valley in rapid succession, each one from three to four hundred feet deep, with wild moorland flanks covered with heath, bracken, gorse, and short, sweet grass, the home of innumerable flowers. A stream invariably dashes along the bottom of these valleys, and often reaches the shore by a leap of ninety or a hundred feet over a perpendicular wall of slate. Hill will succeed hill in equally rapid succession, each one crowned with a diadem of golden gorse or purple heath, and confronting the sea with four hundred feet, and sometimes more, of blue-grey slate precipice. And each of these great headlands is the

breeding place of buzzards, ravens, and peregrine falcons. For these fine birds of prey are common along the whole of this north coast as far as Mawgan Porth. You cannot walk a mile without seeing one or more of them, if you are on the look-out for them. Their presence adds much to the stirring impression this land makes upon the wayfarer. It tells him that he is far from the busy haunts of men, that he is face to face with the old earth in her primeval vesture, and if he be a true Nature-lover his heart will bound with keen exhilaration.

We will now leave the summit of Marsland Head and begin the steep descent into Littlemouth Valley. A quarter of a mile inland is a wood of oak, beech, and ash on the southern side of the valley. The northern side is a tangle of gorse. Nearer the sea both sides are clothed with heath and bracken. Through the wood a stream comes singing; then a few wind-clipped blackthorns attend it, till it emerges on a flower-decked sward, and almost immediately leaps a hundred feet to the shore. Climbing down the hill-side we go and sit on a cushion of thyme close to where it takes its header. On our right Marsland cliff towers up, a sheer wall of slate, seamed with ledges and its higher parts dotted with dark masses of heath which have seeded themselves in the numerous little crevices. Nearly all these headlands have their steepest precipices on the southern or western side. The reason is that the prevailing winds are from the southward and westward, and sweep over the whole breadth of the Atlantic, bringing with them terrific seas, which have carved these walls as with a knife. Perched on the cliff summit is a pair of buzzards, and above them circles

another pair, uttering shrill, sharp cries. We now get a rather different view of Gull Rock and its distorted strata. Suddenly a heron rises from the shore beneath us and sails away towards Gull Rock. To our surprise we see him preparing to alight. Down go his long legs, his rounded wings beat with quicker motion, and he settles on a ledge. His arrival causes a number of gulls to leave the rock and go screaming away. Never before had I seen a heron alight on a sea-surrounded rock amongst a colony of gulls and cormorants.

Clambering up the steep southern slope of the valley we eventually reach the summit, hot and somewhat out of breath. Looking up the valley we notice above the trees on its northern hill the gabled ends and chimneys of a house. This is Marsland Farm, a remarkably well-preserved manor-house, dated 1656. We now keep a little inland to avoid a boggy bit, and soon cross a small stream—no easy matter, for it has worn for itself a deep channel, the sides of which are covered with a matted tangle of black-thorns and briars. It runs into a rugged cove known as Yeol Mouth. Crossing a field in the direction of the sea we presently reach the top of Hennacliff, four hundred and fifty feet high, a level sward dotted over with gorse bushes that the wind has shaped as with a pruning knife. There are cones, cubes, squares, and circular masses, all of a bright green, and so close together are the spiked shoots that you can hardly force a walking-stick through them. Going a few yards towards the cliff edge, we suddenly see stretched out before us a considerable portion of Cornwall. It is one of those views that do not disappoint. The long line of shapely headlands and towering pre-

cipices, curved like a bow to resist the impact of the Atlantic, and melting into the distance like a cloud, the wild hills of the interior, dominated by the far-off peaks of Brown Willy and Roughtor ; the rugged steepness of the valleys, and the unenclosed vastness of the uplands, from which rises here and there a column of grey smoke, as it must have often risen above the frequent Pagan altars, many of which are still standing, are all just what we had pictured this remote Celtic stronghold would be—this ancient home of legend and mysticism, of saints and smugglers, of prehistoric monuments, of a Southern intensity of colour, and of a people who are still more akin to their Breton than their English cousins. It is a magnificent view, and one we shall long remember. And now let us look in the opposite direction. Hartland Point bounds the coast view, and Lundy's four hundred feet of solid rock rises boldly from the sea, crowned with a lighthouse. But what is that pale blue outline on the horizon between Hartland and Lundy—is it a cloud ? No, it is land ; it is the top of a Welsh hill to the south of Pembroke. What a view ! From Trevoise on one hand to Wales on the other, nearly eighty miles.

Looking inland we see on our right a deep valley, and on its farther side, surrounded by trees, is a church. It is Morwenstow Church, and the substantial-looking house just below it is the Vicarage, for many years the home of the Rev. R. S. Hawker, poet and mystic. The little village lies over the hill-top, out of sight. Let us go and visit this out-of-the-world, but now famous, place. Following a narrow path through the gorse and heath we presently reach a small bridge that spans the Morwen-

stow stream. Climbing up a path through a grove of trees we pass at the back of the Vicarage, and soon reach the church, which we enter by a Norman doorway. The interior is rather striking. There are three Norman arches and pillars, the rest being early English. There are some old carved oak pew-ends and pulpit, and an elaborate and lofty screen. The font is very primitive. It must assuredly be Saxon. It looks old enough to have held the water for the baptism of every Cornish saint.

In the chastened twilight of the screened chancel we fancy that Hawker must have had many an inspired vision. He was certainly a very remarkable man. An idealist, as are all poets, and a mystic with a strong streak of sacerdotalism, which I believe eventually carried him to Rome. His power of seeing analogies in the most unconnected, and to all other men impossible things, is illustrated by the following. A friend, to whom he was showing the church, referring to the chevron moulding on the Norman arches, said that it was a good specimen of zigzag work, which he supposed had, perhaps, a Moorish origin. "What!" shouted Hawker in a fume, "don't you, a clergyman, know that it signifies the ripple on the Sea of Galilee, the smile of Gennesaret?" His view of what takes place at baptism was very characteristic. He used to say: "At consecration light flashes around the font and flows from the water like a sudden radiance of dawn. At the instant of Baptism the water falls gleamy with God upon the infant brow. The babe grows bright, an angel touches its lip, and clings to it with guardian wing."

In the churchyard are the graves of many shipwrecked

sailors. In the upper part, the figurehead of the Scotch ship *Caledonia*, which was wrecked under Sharpnose, a Highland lassie with claymore and shield, keeps guard over a grassy mound, where sleep several of her crew. Near the lych-gate is an old Cornish cross, placed there by Hawker over his first wife's grave. Adjoining the gate is the little building where the bodies of shipwrecked sailors were reverently placed before burial. Wrecks always strangely affected Hawker, and he never spared himself in trying to save life and property. Writing in 1866 he said : " We are surrounded by shipwreck and storm. Cotton bales, chests of tea, and fragments of vessels float ashore, but, thank God, no corpses yet. I have suffered so much from their burial in former years that I hear in every gust of the gale a dying sailor's cry."

Leaving the little tree-surrounded churchyard we will go on to Morwenstow " Church-town," which is a few hundred yards away. Soon we reach a small grass common, around which are a few cottages and the Bush Inn, an old-fashioned thatch-roofed house. This is Morwenstow. As the sun is approaching the horizon, for it was noon when we left Welcombe, we will get quarters at the " Bush," homely, primitive, and clean. After supper we turn into the bar, which is simply the kitchen. Here a few habitués are seated at their ease. Ruddy-faced, sturdy farmers and their labourers. Clean-minded, healthy-looking folk, powerful of limb, if somewhat slow of intellect. After a while I asked the oldest of the party, a man over seventy, but upright as a dart, if he remembered anything of Mr. Hawker. " Mind un, sir ? Yes,

I mind un well. You must let un have un's road and then Passon Hawker was all right. I mind I once sold un a pig—he was a fair man in his dalings.”

Such is fame in Morwenstow : and yet, perhaps, it is higher praise to call a man just than a genius. After all, it is entirely a question of one's point of view. I remember, some years ago, travelling in a third-class carriage with two mechanics and a clergyman. Presently the workmen began to discuss a mutual friend. “ Ah, he was a good man,” said the elder of the two, “ the best man I think I have ever known, and I am over fifty.” I saw the parson prick up his ears : this eulogy of personal goodness appealed to him—it was in his line. “ Yes,” the elderly workman continued thoughtfully, “ the very best man I ever knew. The way he guarded with his right and got in with his left on the conk was a blooming revelation.” The parson's face fell. These were not his kind of revelations.

And now, just before closing time, we will go out on to the little common. There is not a breath of wind, and overhead a moon, wanting two days of the full, is shining brightly. We can hear a dog barking on a distant farm. Suddenly we are aware of a strange and arresting sound. It rises and falls, sometimes faint and apparently far away, sometimes loud and seemingly close at hand. It is not a continuous sound. At times it is a dull roar. Then it becomes a series of sharp explosions, like field-guns at a review, followed by deeper detonations, as of heavier guns. When these die away they are succeeded by a long-continued rattling and crashing, followed presently by dull boomings, as of battleships fighting at a distance

of some miles. All these various sounds come from the sea and are produced by its breaking on the jagged slate beds I have already described, which lie at the feet of all these north-coast cliffs. In no other part of Cornwall have I heard the sea make so loud or so varied a roaring. You can hear it many miles inland, rising above the familiar noises of village and farm life. It is at such moments as these, surrounded by the flowers and birds of woodland and meadow, lying, perhaps, amid a wealth of bluebells, or watching the trout in some sedge-surrounded pool, with the knowledge that the sea is several miles away, that you realise its power, as that deep, tremulous voice dominates the songs of the birds, the murmur of the brook, and the humming of bees.

Before turning in let us go to the churchyard and see it and the church in the moonlight. How beautiful and peaceful they look ; the pinnacled tower rising silent athwart the stars, the grey gravestones irradiated with light and casting deep shadows over their swelling mounds beneath which sleep the forgotten dead. " What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue ! " But does it all end here ? It may be that robes of immortality are waiting for you and me. Here, at any rate, in this soft effulgence, some spirit, too subtle for our physical senses to recognise, seems to be hovering ; some presence, wafted it may be on the wings of the moonlight, is surely whispering in our ear that there is no such thing as Death, only Change. And up from the feet of Hennacliff comes the mighty voice of the sea, and when that ceases for a moment or two, we can hear the whisper of the brook ; while from

the trees around the Vicarage an owl sounds his oboe-like note. And as we look at the grey silhouette of the house, surrounded by the great hills and facing the Atlantic, we think that a more congenial spot could hardly have been found as the home of that strange genius, who was a poet of a very uncommon order and a man of commanding personality. Both of which attributes have caused his memory to be cherished, and this little out-of-the-world place to become a shrine, visited every year by thousands of English and Americans.

The next morning, after breakfast, having paid our moderate bill, we leave the inn by the garden door and, crossing a couple of fields and the little Tonacombe brook, we come to Tonacombe manor-house. It is a perfectly preserved specimen of a sixteenth-century country house. Here we see a panelled hall with music gallery, several panelled rooms, one bearing the date 1578, with secret doors and some interesting old pictures, besides Elizabethan tapestry, samplers, and a pair of curtains that belonged to Sir Francis Drake. Retracing our steps and crossing the little common, we make our way back to the summit of Hennacliff. As we descend towards the brook we take a good look at the Vicarage, which Hawker himself built. Like everything this extraordinary man undertook, it bears the impress of his originality. The massive stone chimneys are of different shapes and sizes. The reason for this is that he insisted on each one being as near as possible a facsimile in miniature of one of the towers of the various churches to which he had been appointed before the Bishop of Exeter gave him Morwenstow; while the great kitchen chimney is a

facsimile of his mother's tomb. Over the front door he had the following words carved :

“ A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
A pleasant place to watch and pray ;
Be true to Church—Be kind to Poor,
Oh Minister ! for evermore.”

Crossing the stream we climb the great flank of Hennacliff, and soon reach the summit. Here we will continue our coast walk by descending into the bottom of the valley by the cliff edge. The slope is steep, but there is no danger, if you do not go too near the edge, as the slate, for a yard or two inland, is very rotten and is constantly falling away. After descending nearly a hundred feet, we obtain a magnificent view of the great rock face of Hennacliff. It is not every day one sees a perpendicular wall four hundred and fifty feet high, its strata twisted by contortions and its sides weathered into a variety of colours. At the bottom of the steep descent we come to the stream, just where it leaps to the sea. It has left its protecting tangle of blackthorns and elders, its forget-me-nots and mint, its irises and agrimony, and after a few yards of gleaming progress it shoots over a slate wall to the shore, some ninety feet below. As we look up the valley, we notice that there is no trace of man's handiwork. The church and Vicarage are invisible. Nothing but the moorland flanks of the two hills and the rough undergrowth around the stream is visible. Nothing, in short, but the narrow strip of the original wild that runs along the coast edge, still the home of many wild things, whose voices mingle in ancestral harmony with the old, old song of the sea.

We must now climb the southern slope of the valley, and a steep climb it is. On nearing the top we open out a great amphitheatre of black cliffs, bounded by the remarkable outline of Sharpnose. Where the cliffs are not perpendicular, great sloping glacis of earth are covered with dwarf blackthorn, bracken, and flowers; and beneath it all, on the crescent shore, the sea snarls over the slate. As we walk along we notice a narrow path that goes down one of these sloping glacis. It leads to St. Morwena's Well: a very sacred spot in olden days, but now seldom visited, as it is rather a nasty climb. Presently we see, a few feet below us, nestling under the cliff edge, which here makes a sloping descent, the earth roof of a small hut; it is known as "Hawker's Hut." He had it built with the timbers of wrecked vessels, so that he might use it as an eyrie from which he could gaze out over the broad waters of the Atlantic, which were to him, as we have seen, a constant menace. We find, on going down to it, that it is well built, with a hatch door and a seat round its entire circumference. It is about six feet high, six feet broad, and four feet deep. What visions must Hawker have had during his long vigils in this rude abode. What spirits must have saluted him, what voices challenged him, as he gazed out with inspired eyes over the wrinkled sea. A poet at heart, who can set a boundary to his visions? And what melodies must have accompanied him, as he sauntered home through the dewy twilight towards the old grey tower, above which there sometimes hung an orange moon.

On leaving the hut we traverse a few yards of level ground and then commence the steep descent into Tona-

combe Valley, a wild and very beautiful one. Let us sit awhile, before descending farther, and look round. On our right is the sea, and against it towers the abrupt outline of Sharpnose. Far below us a brook winds through phalanxes of flowers. Above it rises a heath, bracken, and gorse-covered hill, punctuated here and there with groups of purple foxgloves. The corresponding slope on which we are seated is likewise covered with heath, bracken, and dwarf gorse ; and between them, on a groundwork of short green sward, are yellow and white bedstraw, blue and white milkwort, scarlet pimpernels, yellow cinquefoil, purple thyme, and innumerable daisies, with here and there a prostrate briar rose, a queen for all her lowliness. And each of these wildings is emitting, in the warm June sun, a subtle perfume. Overhead the sky is a deep blue ; and as we recline on the soft turf we think to ourselves that it is indeed good to be here. Presently a pair of rock doves swoop down to the stream to drink. Then a rabbit runs past us, only a few yards away, in a somewhat unusual manner. Suspecting the cause we remain motionless. In a little time, right on the tracks of the rabbit, a lean head appears and a weasel goes scampering by, his tail erect and his snout twitching. We could see his bright little eyes sparkling, but he took no notice of us, so intent was he on slaughter.

Descending to the stream we cross it and climb the steep flank of Sharpnose. On reaching the top we find a narrow ridge a couple of feet wide, the farther side of which is a sloping wall of smooth slate. Going out to the extreme end of this curiously shaped promontory and looking back we seem to be standing on the roof of some

great cathedral, so abrupt is the descent on either side. There is a fine view of the coast as far as Trevose. Recrossing the ridge, we keep along the cliff summit, which is rather uneven, owing to slight sinkings of the rock beneath. In about half a mile we reach another great valley. It is known as Stanbury Mouth. Down its furzy side we go and over the blackthorn-guarded stream and up the opposite flank, and right glad are we to rest on reaching the top. We now see that the landward termination of this valley is a great crescent-shaped hill covered with fields. Here and there, amid groves of trees, are the substantial chimneys and gable ends of farmhouses and their attendant buildings. In many of these grey old Cornish farms you will find a truly idyllic life. Here, in the tonic atmosphere of healthy toil, contentment, thrift, and an honest joy in labour are rarely absent. And the whole routine in house and barn and field is touched to poetry by the imminence of Nature's ever-changing phenomena, unspoilt by the smoke clouds of cities. It is no small thing to be in touch with Nature. The shepherd on the hill, could he put his thoughts into words, would tell you that the march of the seasons means much to him, that sunrise and sunset, the soft south wind, the rain, the starry radiance of night and the varying moon, play no inconsiderable part in his life's contentment. And most farm hands, whether they tell you so or not, enjoy turning the earth with glittering ploughshare, tossing the hay in the warm June sun, reaping and building into ricks the golden corn, sowing the seed, turning the cream into butter, and even cutting up the succulent turnip for the sweet-breath'd kine.

It is only on the smaller farms, where everyone works, that you will find this simple sanity. These people are the backbone of England, and if there were only more of them, would leaven the whole sadly degenerated lump. Compared to them the large tenant farmers and their game-preserving landlords are, as far as regards the vital business of food-raising, mere luxury-loving amateurs.

Leaving the great valley behind us we turn a little to the left by a field hedge in order to avoid a swampy bit of moor, and then regain the cliff by crossing a piece of ground that at one time or other must have been reclaimed from the wild, for it undulates with the regular ridges of cultivation. But it has "gone back." Nature has come into her own again. No more do plough and harrow tear her wildings from their natural home. And as if to celebrate the event, she has repeopled it with whole phalanxes of her fairest ones. Marguerites, scarlet peas, pimpernels, foxgloves, and a host of lowlier sisters star the surface. And overhead the gulls laugh as if applauding this reconquest of old Pan's.

On reaching the cliff edge we find that there has been long ago a considerable landslide. It slopes in terraces, divided by small fissures, and then in rough ground. And all this tumbled surface is covered with gorse, heath, bracken, and foxgloves. Lower down we notice some large white patches. Are they marguerites? Let us go down and see. No! they are briar roses, but never before had we seen this flower growing in such profusion, or of such lowly stature. They were all prostrate, masses of sweet white bloom creeping along the ground. What a

queen amongst the flowers is the briar rose. (I use the word briar as applying to all our wild roses.) Who has not felt her witchery as she peeps shyly at us from hedge-row or coppice? A charm that never fails. For all of us feel a quickening of the pulse at the sight of the first wild rose of June. And so here, on this rugged hill-side above the sea, she puts her spell upon us, and we avoid walking on her flowers with studious care, for she is not as the others.

As we climb back to the summit, we notice on our right a large rock, which is a conspicuous object for some miles up and down the coast. From certain points of view it resembles Tenniel's Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*. It is known as Lower Sharpnose. Continuing our way by the cliff edge for a few hundred yards, we leave the summit of Steeple Point on our right and descend a sharp slope towards Coombe Valley, which lies at our feet. Its well-wooded slopes extend some way inland, and at its farther end, dominating a fine hill, is the tower of Kilkhampton Church. This is one of the most beautiful churches in Cornwall. Descending into the valley, we follow the road, which is divided from a winding stream by a meadow, and soon reach a bridge. In a field just above this bridge we find some monkshood, a tall and striking flower, which looks at a distance like a blue foxglove. On the other side of the stream is a picturesque old mill. It was to this house—readers of *Westward Ho!* will remember—that old Salterne took Rose after hearing of the duel Cary and the Spaniard fought about her. “And then, putting her on a pillion behind him, carried her off twenty miles to her old prison at Stow Mill, con-



COOMBE VALLEY AND STOW MILL.

To face page 46



STRATTON.



MORWENSTOW.

To face page 47

manding her aunt to tame down her saucy blood with bread of affliction and water of affliction."

Climbing up four hundred feet through a wood of oaks we come in about a mile to Stow House Farm. Not much remains of the old home of the Grenvilles. Only part of the kitchen wing, and a fine Elizabethan brick wall facing the road. Retracing our steps we reach the valley mouth, close to which stands a solitary cottage, where tea can be obtained, as well as at the mill. On the margin of the shore the stream has formed a pond, known as Duck Pool. As it is low tide we will walk the remaining three miles to Bude along the sands. For the first quarter of a mile we have to surmount a *chevaux de frise* of jagged rocks, sharp pointed like teeth, and covered with mussels and limpets; rocks that would rend the stoutest vessel ever built. Presently we emerge upon a broad expanse of golden sand, which continues all the way to Bude. The sun is nearing the horizon, the frequent pools are reflecting the blue of the zenith, the tumbling waves are masses of violet foam tipped with gold, and the air is full of ozone. We step out with redoubled vigour. A pair of oyster-catchers run in front of us; and a large black-backed gull looks steadily at us, as he stands knee deep in the backwash of a retreating wave. On our left, as we walk along, we notice the extraordinarily distorted strata of the cliffs. Rarely are they horizontal, as originally deposited. Some are vertical, others tilted. Some have been twisted into acute angles, right angles, and obtuse angles; while others again are circular or semicircular. With the level sun lighting up all their weird interstices, they present an amazing spectacle.

We notice that many of the rocks on these sands are covered with a curious formation, resembling at a little distance large straw beehives. They are deep yellow, and make a most effective contrast with the blue-grey of the mussels. On examining them, we find they are composed of sand and are the homes of innumerable little worms. How these small creatures collect such enormous masses of sand and cause it to adhere so firmly to the smooth rocks, we could not say. The whole mass is perforated with holes in which the worms live. The surface is hard, as if some glutinous substance had been used in its construction ; and the whole presents a mass that a powerful kick will not dislodge. I have never seen these formations elsewhere in Cornwall. And now the wall of cliffs ceases, houses peep at us from low-lying hills, a river murmurs over the sand, and we have reached Bude, where we will obtain quarters for the night.

CHAPTER III

FROM BUDE TO BOSCASTLE

THE next morning, immediately after breakfast at the "Falcon," we set out to explore Bude. It is a difficult place to describe. It is such a disconnected collection of villas, portions of streets, and open spaces. Nothing in Bude seems to bear any relation to anything else. The railway station stands by itself on the borders of a marsh. Then you come to a few villas on one side of the road. A little further on there is a row of shops, also on one side of the road. On the other side is a river. On its farther bank is a piece of open ground. Here have been dumped down, fifty yards or so apart, like the isolation wards in a fever hospital, two chapels, one of which is now used as a drill hall. Behind the chapels is a grass mound. The whole thing is rather depressing.

Mounting a low hill, we come to another row of villas on one side of the road, and then to the great open space of the golf links, on the farther side of which are more villas and another chapel. This is the whole of Bude, with the exception of two or three small streets of new shops, and some old-world houses that cluster round the old Falcon Hotel, a quarter of a mile away on the other side of the canal. Here, too, are the church and Vicarage and some fine trees. This is the original Bude Haven,

and an interesting little place it is by reason of its position close to the Atlantic, and at the same time on the banks of a fresh-water canal, whose lock gates open right on to the sea. But although modern Bude may be disconnected and wanting in uniformity of design, nothing can rob it of its health-giving air, its broad sands, its tremendous breakers, and the varied beauty of the inland country. Already people are beginning to realise these advantages ; and in a few years' time Bude, from an urban point of view, will have doubtless pulled itself together.

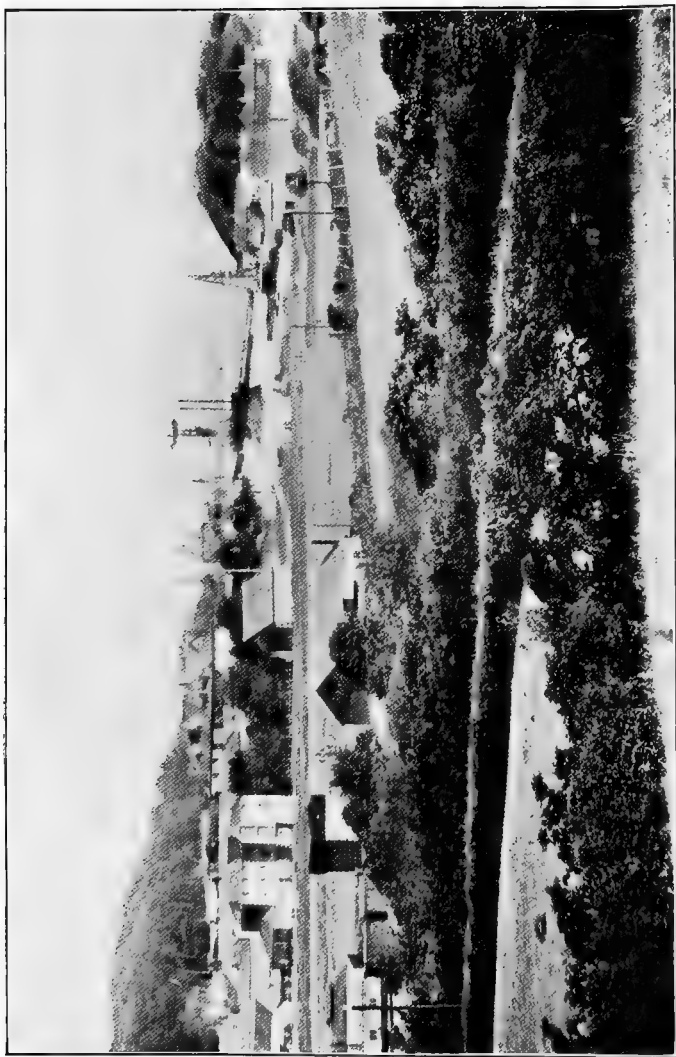
One of the most interesting spots in Bude is the bridge over the canal opposite the Falcon Hotel, especially at sunset. Here, looking along the smooth water of the canal and over the lock gates, you will see, on a fine summer's evening, the great red orb slowly disappear beneath the level rim of the Atlantic, and all the wild smother of foam on the bar becomes a tender violet. Then turn and look in the opposite direction. What a change ! A placid ribbon of water winds through a beautiful valley, paved with meadows and guarded by wooded hills ; and phalanxes of flowers are reflected in the smooth, swallow-haunted surface. The spirit of the land in the heyday of summer kisses you on both cheeks.

On the one hand, ship's hulls, masts and rigging, bulky hawsers and the smell of tar ; on the other hand, still water, from which chub rise lazily at the flies, a fringe of purple loosestrife, comfrey, iris, and rushes, a chorus of bird song and the smell of hay. The Falcon Hotel is an old posting-house, and the proprietor still runs the Clovelly and Boscastle coach every weekday throughout the year. About two miles inland the canal



BUDE CLIFFS

To face page 50



BUDE HAVEN

To face page 51

mounts a hill at Marhamchurch. The barges were raised by an ingenious arrangement of weights, but traffic has been discontinued for some years.

Little more than a mile from Bude is the village of Stratton, famous for the battle of Stamford Hill, which was fought within half a mile of it, between the loyal Cornish under Sir Bevil Grenville, and the Roundheads under the Earl of Stamford. Let us go and look at Stratton. Our way lies by a field path at the upper end of the golf links. On reaching the high road, we descend abruptly and see the village between the trees on the opposite hill. It is a picturesque, old-world-looking place. Its thatch-roofed cottages, fine church tower, and grand elms remind us of Devonshire, as do many of these North Cornish villages. At the bottom of the hill is a stream, which we cross by a bridge and mount the steep village street. Soon on our left we see the old Tree Hotel, once a manor-house of the Grenvilles. On the wall is a board with the following notice on it: "*In this place ye army of ye Rebels under ye command of ye Earl of Stamford received a signall overthrow by ye valour of Sir Bevill Granville of ye Cornish Army.*" Inside the house we are shown the bedroom in which Anthony Payne, the Cornish giant and faithful henchman to Sir Bevil Grenville, died from wounds received in the battle. The church is a fine one and will repay a visit.

We now take the Poughill road, and soon reach the battlefield on the top of a small hill. In a large grass field is a circular earthen rampart. This was held by the Roundheads and was evidently a very strong position. The Cornish must have fought uncommonly well to get

them out of such a place, especially as the Roundheads outnumbered them by nearly two to one. One of the cannons used in the fight now lies prone at the entrance to the earthwork. It seems a pity that it cannot be honourably mounted as an interesting relic of a stirring episode in the history of England. Continuing along the road we come in another half-mile to Poughill (pronounced Puffhill). Here is another picturesque village, surrounded by fertile fields and great elms. On each side of the road are cottages with enormous chimneys and thatched or shingled roofs, and some of them have a projecting porch with a room over it. And their walls are covered with roses and clematis and jessamine, and the gardens are brilliant with lilies, moss-roses, evening primrose, sweet-williams, lavender, and many another old-fashioned flower. And the grey old church with its grey old tower rises amidst all these rural homes like a benediction. Travel the world over and you will not find anything more beautiful than an English West-country village in the month of June. There are some interesting old carved oak pew-ends in the church, and two curious frescoes on the north and south walls. There is also a sanctuary knocker on the south door. As we walk down the village street we notice the quaint little post office and the large tamarisk growing in front of it. Keeping along the road, for we have almost described a circle, we regain Bude in another mile or so.

The next morning we are off before eight, as we have a long and fatiguing walk before we reach Boscastle, our night's destination. We start by the canal side, and soon pass the lock gates, with smooth water on one side of

them and the sea on the other. We then climb to the top of a low headland where there is a coastguard look-out house. Beneath us stretches the Bude breakwater. It consists for the most part of rocks, joined together into a solid mass by concrete and masonry. This is a splendid point of vantage from which to study the waves. Probably the most terrific ground seas on our English coast break against these rocks. Artists who wish to learn something of breakers and foam, especially when looking towards a setting sun, will find Bude breakwater unrivalled, as this part of the coast faces nearly due west. To the left of the breakwater we notice a rounded mass of rock, like an enormous whale's back, rising above the boulders on the shore. One end has been broken off, so that we can see a section of it. Were we to go close to it, we should find that it resembles a roly-poly pudding, inasmuch as the strips of sandstone and slate alternate as regularly as the layers of jam and pudding. How many millions of years ago was this rock mass rolled and kneaded? What roarings and bellowings, what columns of smoke and steam must this old earth of ours have emitted, ere she cooled and settled down into the tranquil, flower-bedecked, fostering mother we know her to be. And how many millions of years hence will it be ere Death overtakes her, when her central fires shall have burned themselves out, when her waters shall have dried up, and her atmosphere vanished, when man and every living thing shall have become extinct? Then, like her dead satellite the moon, she will still keep her place amongst the revolving spheres. Like her she will reflect the rays of the sun, whose fires will outlast hers

for many æons, but unlike her, there will be no inhabited world to which she can turn her pale dead cheek, and no poets will sing of her cameo-like beauty.

From the watch house we rise to a higher headland known as Efford Beacon. From here there is a fine view of the coast from Hartland to Trevose. We now, for more than a mile, continue to rise and fall in a series of gentle undulations. On our left, some four miles inland, is a range of irregular, wooded hills, strangely reminiscent of some of the Tuscan hills around Florence. And though they are uncrowned with stately buildings and decorative cypress, you will find amongst their noble elms many an old-world village of exquisite picturesqueness and rural charm. As we walk along we are much struck by the luxuriance of the wild thyme. It studs the sward with brilliant masses of purple, which we at first took to be heath. Presently, lying close to the path, we come upon a young but full-grown buzzard. It is quite warm and has evidently been killed within the last hour. The right side of the head is badly bruised, and the right eye is punctured. The injury does not look like a shot wound, and as there are no telegraph wires near, we conclude that a peregrine must have done it. These birds are very fierce when they have young, and are constantly chasing the buzzards, who, though heavier birds, have not pluck enough to face them. After three miles of gentle undulations, we see before us the long stretch of sand known as Widemouth Bay. Here are a few villas. Presently we pass a one-storeyed, thatch-roofed cottage that reminds us of Kerry, and is certainly much more picturesque than the many-windowed villas. Towards the southern

end of the bay is an isolated rock pillar about twenty feet high. On its summit grows some samphire. It must be composed of exceptionally hard material, for all the rest of the reef has been worn level with the shore. On examining it we find it is neither slate nor sandstone, but a hard grey substance somewhat resembling lava.

Leaving the bay by a rough track that takes us over the summits of a few low cliffs, we descend abruptly into Wanson Mouth. Here is a stream which comes between steep banks covered with thorn and elder, some of them almost smothered by honeysuckle. Going down on to the beach, we cross the stream dry-shod, for it disappears beneath the pebbles. There are a few villas in this valley. Mounting a steep hill, we reach the summit of a higher headland than any we have encountered since leaving Steeple Point by Coombe Valley on the other side of Bude. Here we strike into a road, as the coast path for the next mile is impracticable. Skirting an inaccessible cove, the road mounts a still higher head, where someone has built a small log hut ; and then, in a couple of hundred yards, we commence an abrupt descent into a deep valley. Inland its sides are beautifully clothed with wood. On reaching the bottom we find, by the side of a stream, a farmhouse and a few one-storeyed wooden bungalows. Crossing the stream by a plank bridge we go out on the shore of the cove, where there are a few boats and lobster pots. This little place is called Millook. It is well known to entomologists as being a home of that rare butterfly the Plymouth Blue. So far the jerry-builder has not laid his desecrating hands on Millook—let us hope he never will.

Leaving the cove by a road we mount a four-hundred-foot hill, and in a few hundred yards we come to a steep depression on our right, with Dizzard Head towering up beyond. Down this dip runs a stream, which takes the last three hundred feet of its descent in a series of cascades through a wood of dwarf oaks. This is a very picturesque part of the coast. The great headlands slope to the sea at a gradual angle, and are covered with dwarf wood, bracken, and heather. It is one of Nature's sanctuaries ; and let all who come here respect it and its wild inhabitants, especially the birds. Leave the buzzards, ravens, and peregrines alone. Don't shoot them or take their eggs, and persuade your friends to do likewise. As we stand drinking in all this wild beauty we can hear the stream dashing over boulders far beneath us in the depths of the wood. Had we more time we would take off our shoes and stockings and try to reach the shore by its rocky bed.

Regaining the road we soon see on our right a gated lane. Following this we pass a Jacobean farmhouse, known as Dizzard Farm, and after crossing a field find ourselves on the summit of Dizzard Head, five hundred feet above the sea. There has been a very extensive landslip here. Fissures have opened in all directions, and unless we are careful, we shall find our way hopelessly barred. Right down to the shore the face of the head slopes in rugged undulations, covered with a forest of small oaks. In a quarter of a mile we reach Chipman Head, and look down into the steepest valley we have yet encountered. And all around inland are great rolling hills, with here and there a lonely farm. What a wild



BUDE CANAL



CLEAVE VALLEY

To face page 57

country it is, and how few the inhabitants. But it cannot long remain so. At present there is no railroad parallel with this coast, between Tintagel and Hartland. Soon, however, the London and South Western or the Great Western Railway will surely run a line between these two points, and then good-bye to the spirit of the Wild and to the creatures of the Wild. 'Arry and 'Arriet will wear each other's hats, and giggle inanely where now the buzzard calls to his mate and the peregrine darts like an arrow on rock dove or red-billed oyster-catcher. But the cliffs and coves and the wild fury of the Atlantic will remain. Thank God, no number of trippers can destroy them, even though they rob the streams of their stately osmunda, and filch the heaven-blue gentians from the shoulders of the hills.

After a steep climb down into and up out of this fine valley we find, on reaching the top of the next head, that there lies beneath us yet another and even finer valley from a scenic point of view. In fact Cleave Valley, owing to its groves of trees, the fine contour of the surrounding hills, and the graceful cone of Castle Hill, which rises so effectively at its mouth, is probably the most picturesque valley, at its seaward end, of any on this northern coast, but it is very rarely visited. Descending by a path at the back of Cleave Farm (where lodgings can be obtained) we soon gain the moorland slope of Castle Hill. On the summit the old earthworks are plainly visible. Across the valley, on the hill-side, we see St. Genny's Church, surrounded by a few trees, as out-of-the-world a spot as Morwenstow itself. Descending to the stream, we climb a steep hill and find ourselves

on the top of Pencannow Point. Beneath us is Crackington Valley, finely wooded in its upper parts, and Crackington Cove, or Haven as it is generally called, where there are a few houses close to the shore. The nearest inn is about three miles away at Wainhouse Corner, on the Bude and Boscastle road. Descending we cross the stream and, mounting a steep hill, reach in about a mile the extreme end of Cambeak, a very curiously shaped promontory. Looking over the edge, we see beneath us a welter of shattered rocks rising from a maelstrom of foam. A gruesome place is the summit of Cambeak, so narrow is the head, so sheer the precipices.

We now pass along over a cliff that shows ominous fissures and sinkings of surface. In less than a mile we commence to climb the great shoulder of High Cliff, seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea, the highest of all the Cornish headlands. Unfortunately, it does not rise perpendicularly from the shore, but in a sloping glacis of distorted slate ; nevertheless it is very fine, and from some points of view exhibits all the characteristics of a miniature mountain. Just before commencing the ascent, in a slightly boggy depression we notice a number of gentians, *G. baltica*. My friend Mr. Hamilton Davey, author of the *Flora of Cornwall*, tells me that this flower was first discovered in Britain in 1888 by the Rev. E. S. Marshall, but that it was not properly identified until a few years later. He also tells me that (I quote from his letter), "Until a few years ago it was thought that *G. campestris* occurred in Cornwall, but on going critically into the matter, I found that what the older botanists recorded as *G. campestris* was really *G. baltica*. It is very

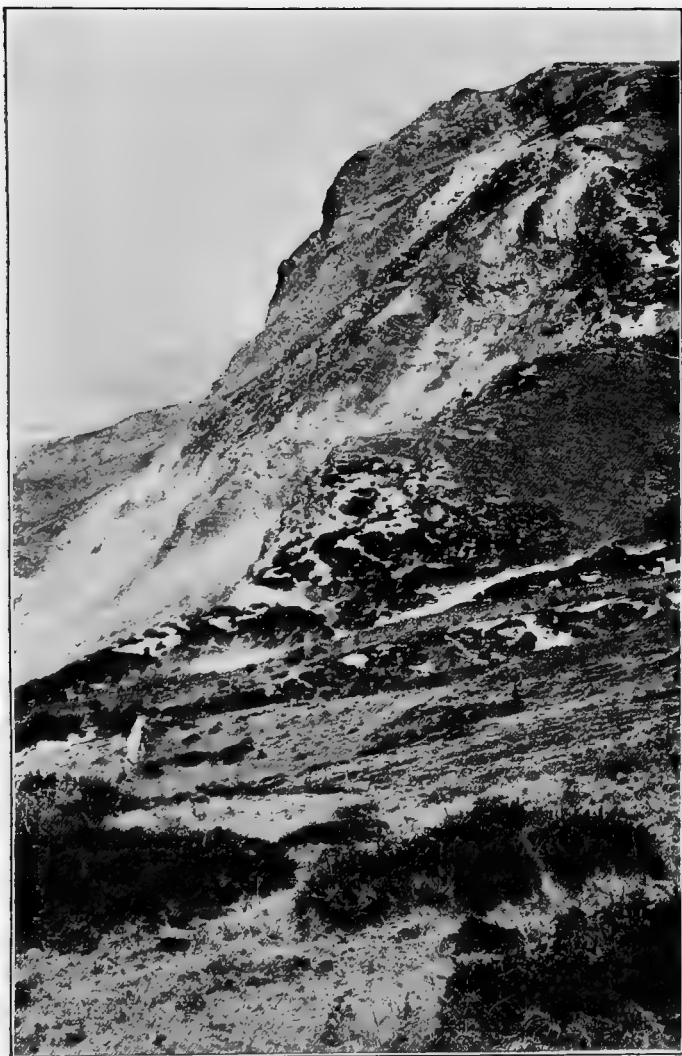
doubtful if *G. campestris* occurs in any of the southern counties, and certainly it has not been found in Cornwall or Devon. I have *G. baltica* recorded from thirty-five localities in Cornwall, including Carbis Bay and Gurnard's Head."

On reaching the top of High Cliff and looking down at the sea and shore we realise our height. Inland there is a most extensive view over a large expanse of North Cornwall and a considerable slice of Devon, bounded by the fine range of Dartmoor. In front of us a steep coombe slopes down to a small cove, and beyond it is a heather-clad hill higher than High Cliff, but not rising immediately from the shore. The coombe and the flanks of its protecting hills are as wild as a Highland glen. Climbing down it we reach the beach, which is strewn with slate boulders laced with thin lines of white quartz, which often take the most fanciful patterns. The view from here of High Cliff and Cambeak is very fine.

As we climb slowly up the eight hundred feet of hill that guards the coombe to the south the thought comes to us how beautiful wild Nature is, and how distinguished in all her manifestations, not only in crag and flower, in moss and fern, and the soft mysteries of her distances, but in all her creatures. A wheatear perched on a quartz boulder caused our thoughts thus to stray. Could anything be more exquisite than the curve of his plump breast and the delicacy with which its buff graduates into dove grey, or anything more bewitching than his quick, graceful little curtsies? Butterflies go floating by like incarnated love thoughts, and the rich brown wings of a kestrel flash golden in the sunlight as he

swoops towards the shore. Yes ! Nature is much more distinguished than anything man can accomplish.

On reaching the summit, where three upright slate slabs stand on the cliff edge, we bend a little to the left, and after crossing a furzy slope, find ourselves opposite to a perpendicular cliff of almost black slate, known as Buckator. A large rock rises from the sea a few yards from its base. Following the path we come in a few hundred yards to the summit of Fire Beacon Point, which commands a magnificent coast view. From here we descend to Pentargon Valley, where a stream comes rushing from the hills and leaps over a wall of rock one hundred feet high to the shore of Pentargon Cove. Crossing it we clamber up a terrific slope, and bearing to the right, soon reach the path that goes down to the cove, one of the most interesting on this northern coast. Just before reaching the beach there is a flight of steps cut out of the slate. Before descending them we look up at the hollowed flank of the cliff ; and about twenty feet above us we see what looks like the fossilised trunk of a beech tree embedded in the slate. This is, of course, impossible, as beeches had not come into existence when these cliffs were formed, but it is a most perfect optical illusion. Descending the steps and crossing the cove, we find ourselves opposite the waterfall, which is the finest coast fall in Cornwall. The water falls for about eighty feet ; then it strikes a shelving ledge, and reaches the shore in a cloud of spray, in which the setting sun is weaving little rainbows. It is possible to stand between the cliff and this shower of falling water and look out through a veil of prismatic colours at the sea beyond. A few yards to the north-west



HIGH CLIFF

To face page 60



WATERFALL, PENTAGON COVE



NEAR PENTIRE HEAD

is a fine cove with two entrances, divided by a column of rock. We were fortunate to be here at low water—the only time when the cave can be entered dry-shod—and also to see it when the setting sun was illuminating its farthest recesses. The laminated slate floor has been polished by the action of the waves. The colouring is beautiful, rich purples shot with orange and cool greys, and stained here and there with a mosaic of bright green weed. In places, where the polished slate undulates, it bears a great resemblance to the coils of some immense serpent. Above the entrance the cliff summit projects like the overhanging eaves of a Swiss chalet. Retracing our steps up the path and keeping along the sea side of the wall, we reach a flagstaff and see beneath us Boscastle harbour, probably the quaintest little natural haven in England. It is a tortuous channel which the Atlantic and a little stream have cut out of the solid rock, through which coasting vessels are warped to a small stone quay. A few yards above this quay the tide ceases and the clear water of a trout stream dashes over the stones. On all sides rise great hills, and inland is the beautiful Valency Valley. A small bridge spans the stream, and near it are a few cottages and the Wellington Hotel, where we will put up for the night.

CHAPTER IV

FROM BOSCASTLE TO PADSTOW, WITH A DETOUR TO DOZMARY POOL

Who does not love the rolling moor
Caressed by the golden sun,
Or wrapt in a robe of lace-like mist,
When the summer's day is done ?
There is absolution for those who turn
In honest love to her bosom fair,
For the Spirit of Peace is on rock and burn
And her voice in the scented air.

THE next morning we find that the few houses around the bridge are but a hamlet, and that the village of Boscastle is higher up in a kind of raised saucer amongst the hills. It is a straggling, picturesque place—a delightful medley of trees, cottages, fragments of streets, and orchards, where the cawing of rooks and the song of thrush and blackbird mingle harmoniously with the voices of children and the rhythmic clanging of the blacksmith's forge. Its church, which is known as Forrabury, stands up alone on a bare hill-side and calls for no particular comment. The local guide-books give full particulars of the legend in connection with its lost bells, which, by the way, Hawker admits having invented when composing his poem "The Bells of Bottreux."

Returning to the bridge, we follow the Bude road for

about a hundred yards and then go through a gate to the right and follow a path across a field, which will take us up the Valency Valley. As we walk along we are reminded of the valley of the Lyn in North Devon, so high are the hills and extensive the hanging woods. On our left weirdly shaped rocks stand up from the hill-side. The path follows the stream that sings over the rocks, or forms crystal-clear pools beneath the overhanging foliage, where kingfishers watch for small trout, or the dipper curtsies with wide-spread tail. Now and again the loud laughing cry of a green woodpecker echoes amongst the hills, or the soft cooing of a wood-pigeon comes from the wood above us. About a mile up the valley a wooden bridge crosses the stream, and a path goes up to Minster Church, which stands by itself in a hollow of a great wooded hill. We, however, follow the stream for another mile and are well repaid by the most delightful scenery. I remember once being in this valley on a beautiful October afternoon, cloudless, windless. Not a leaf stirred. The topmost shoots of the elms and oaks pointed skywards in a rapture of repose. No bird but the robin and the wren (God Almighty's cock and hen) broke the ineffable silence. It was a moment of ecstasy, almost of trance. It was as if Nature had applied an anæsthetic to her sylvan children, so that the approaching dissolution might lose its terrors. For death had already been busy in the valley, painting with brilliant hectic hues the erstwhile lusty leaves. It was the hour of renunciation, when the old leaves were about to return to their mother earth, so that there may be the young myriads of spring. The robin knew it and so did

the wren, hence their gentle requiem. This morning the valley is in its lustiest life of mid-June. It is summer triumphant.

Returning to the bridge we turn to the right and mount the hill above the little harbour. It is nearly low tide and we see a blow-hole on the opposite shore emitting steam-like blasts of spray. On the top of the hill is a look-out house known as Willapark. It commands a magnificent view up and down the coast. High Cliff towers in the north, while to the south is Tintagel Head, and the great square block of King Arthur's Hotel, an eyesore certainly, but it might have been worse. From Willapark to Tintagel, a distance of about four miles, the coast is extremely picturesque and grand. Though the cliffs are not so high as many we have passed, and lack the shapely and castellated symmetry of the granite headlands in the Land's End district, they are, by reason of their abruptness, the fine contours of their little bays, and the grandeur of their sentinel island rocks, as scenically effective as anything to be found in the Duchy. From where we are standing we note how grandly the blue-grey slate walls sweep round in a fine curve to Lady's Window Head.

Keeping along by the cliff edge, we come in about a quarter of a mile to what looks like a fortress wall. It is impossible to pass on the sea side of this wall, so we clamber up the least lofty part, and find that the summit is a flat open space strewn with slate debris. It is indeed a disused slate quarry, known as Blackapit. Looking over a precipice we see the clean slice the miners took out of the cliff. A stream falls over one of these artificially



STREET IN BOSCASTLE



BOSCASTLE HARBOUR

To face page 64



LONG ISLAND



LADY'S WINDOW

cut walls. Turning a little inland we cross this stream and soon regain the cliff edge. Descending between gorse bushes we come to another little stream, and see Trevalga Church tower on our left. Bearing to the right, and passing a newly built villa, we reach the summit of Lady's Window Head, so called from a curious aperture in the rock on the summit, through which one can look down at a steep and inaccessible little cove. A few hundred yards farther on we come to a sheer precipice, three hundred feet high. Only a few yards from it is Long Island of the same height, the home of innumerable sea birds. This lofty slate tower crowned with samphire, its perpendicular sides wrinkled with crevices and its base ever white with foam, is a most striking object and impresses the mind with a great sense of grandeur.

Keeping along the flower-starred sward, we see in front of us the shapely Bossinney Head ; and then suddenly we commence the descent to the Rocky Valley. Following a small gorge we find ourselves standing above the stream that has carved this rugged valley. To our right is the sea ; while above us are huge masses of rock standing out from the hill-side like the bastions of some mighty castle. A little way up the valley are some trees and a mill, where tea can be obtained. On a small scale, but very perfect, is this Rocky Valley—it has a distinction all its own. A mile and a half up the stream is St. Knighton's Kieve waterfall. It is in private grounds and a charge of threepence is made, but it is worth seeing, if you have time to make the detour. Clambering out of the valley we keep along above Bossinney Cove, and, looking back, we see what a beautiful little bay we

have just tramped around. It is bounded on the north by Long Island and on the south by the shapely Bossinney Head ; while in the centre of its curve is the mouth of Rocky Valley. Going out on to the head we find that a considerable portion of its northern side has become detached and is divided from the mainland by a steep gorge, at the bottom of which the sea moans. The south side is a perpendicular wall of slate over three hundred feet high.

In another mile we are standing on the low brow of Barras Nose Head ; and a quarter of a mile away, across a small cove, rise the famous Tintagel Head and Castle, cutting the sky with their remarkable silhouette. It is a perfect evening ; the sun is descending in a cloudless sky, and in a quarter of an hour will be dipping his lower rim into the sea. Beneath us a slow-moving swell is breaking in masses of violet foam on the sloping shore of the cove, where, according to Tennyson, Arthur was so miraculously flung at the feet of Merlin and Bleyes.

“ And then the two
Dropt to the cove, and watched the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one gathering half the deep,
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged,
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame ;
And down the wave and in the wave was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried, ‘ The King !
Here is an heir for Uther ! ”

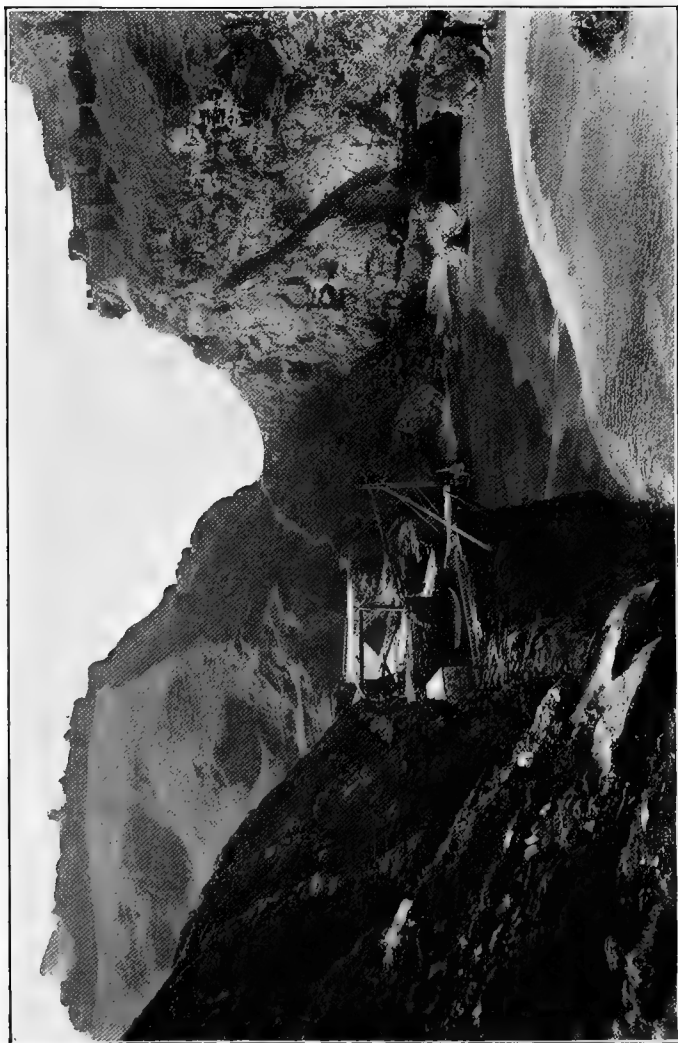
Malory, however, gives him a more natural origin.

Until the stars broke through the paling sky we sat upon this low headland and gazed at the turreted walls



THE ROCKY VALLEY

To face page 66



TINTAGEL CASTLE AND COVE

and the massive fragments of the Keep that rise in stately ruin above the cliff edge, at the level summit of the headland, from whose pinnacled crest King Arthur himself must have often gazed over the wrinkled sea, and at the great fissure that divides this amazing stronghold in twain, and which was once spanned by a draw-bridge. Then our eyes are caught by the dark orifice of Merlin's Cave at the base of the cliff ; and, as if touched by that old enchanter's wand, we see again, through the mists of time, that brotherhood of valiant knights and the fair women whom they loved, their home that old Dundagil, whose ruined walls now confront us.

We are suddenly recalled from our reverie by the nasal voices of some Americans who have strolled down from the big hotel on the hill, and we make our way into the village of Tintagel to find quarters for the night.

The following morning, after inspecting the old Tintagel post office, now a private dwelling, and a most excellent and well-preserved specimen of a fourteenth-century house, we make our way down the valley to the cove. Soon we come to the ruins of an old mill, where a great rock abuts upon the road. Above us towers the castle Keep. On reaching the cove we find on our left a tea-house ; the proprietress of this house keeps the keys of that part of the castle which is situated on the headland. We get one from her (she seems to have an unlimited supply) and start off on our explorations. First of all we go down to the cove, and, the tide being low, we enter Merlin's Cave and find that it traverses the entire breadth of the head, being open at both ends. At the farther extremity the waves are breaking with

deafening detonations. To look from the subdued light of this subterranean passage at the brilliant, sun-kissed aquamarine waves, to watch them hurl themselves against the polished sides of the entrance with a noise like thunder and to see clouds of spray, barred with miniature rainbows, fly like a gauze veil across the cavern's mouth, is a sight not easily forgotten. We feel that here, at any rate, our faith in Merlin and his occult powers is not only possible, but imperative. In the centre of the cove there is a considerable cascade, where the stream precipitates itself over a wall of slate.

We now mount the steps that have been cut in the side of the fissure, which divides the castle in two, and soon reach the door. Looking across at the ruined Keep, rising from the edge of a perpendicular precipice, we realise the romantic grandeur of its site, which, with the glamour of the Arthurian legend, make these ruins of unsurpassed interest. Turning our big key in the lock we open the heavily nailed door, and, after passing through, re-lock it, according to the instructions of the janitress. We now find ourselves on a grassy sward surrounded by low turreted walls which run in various directions, but of which there is not enough remaining to give one much idea of what the original castle was like. Following a path we mount the side of the headland and eventually reach the top, a level expanse of several acres in extent. Here we find the remains of a small chapel. In it is a huge block of stone, supposed to have been the altar table. We also discover, a hundred yards or so to the northward of the chapel, traces of a subterranean passage, which probably went down to the sea. Making

our way to the extremity of the head, we sit down and take a good look at our surroundings. They are worth contemplating. It is a dream-compelling spot. The June sun is shining brilliantly, there is no wind, and over distant Trevose some immense cumuli are piled up like a range of snowy alps. In the opposite direction, the headlands we have so recently traversed succeed each other in stately procession. Beneath us is the sunlit sea. Inland the great spurs of the central moorland raise their rounded shoulders; while immediately in front of us stretches the flower-strewn turf, with which Nature has covered this great natural stronghold, whose daisies in the long ago must have often been pressed by the feet of that noble pair, who, like so many before their time and since, loved not wisely, but too well. On the south side of the headland are some fine slate pinnacles.

On leaving the ruins we return the key and then make our way to Trevena Church, which is the parish church of Tintagel and stands by itself on the summit of the cliff, about a hundred yards or so from the edge. Entering the churchyard by a Cornish stile, we see to our right a wooden cross, and on it hangs a ship's lifebuoy with the words, "Iota. Napoli," upon it. It marks the burial-place of an Italian boy, Catanesi Dominico by name, whose body was washed ashore when the *Iota* was smashed to pieces on the Lye Rock, a few years ago. Poor little chap! he lies under greyer skies than those of his native land, and never again will he play beneath the vines in the neighbourhood of his *bellissima Napoli*. The church is Norman, with an interesting old font.

Returning to the village we pass the Vicarage and

notice its ancient pigeon-house. Tintagel village consists of one street on the top of the down. It stands up four-square to all the winds that blow, with scarcely a tree to protect it; as healthy a spot as one could well desire. There are a few picturesque cottages left, but for the most part the place is new. After dinner we went down and sat by the old Keep, and watched the sun sink below the horizon, and the twilight merge into a starry night. We were fortunate enough to see, before it got dark, a pair of choughs. They settled on a rock about fifty yards away, and had it not been for their red bills we should have taken them for jackdaws. There are still a few of these birds around Tintagel, though they are pretty well extinct elsewhere in Cornwall. Presently the moon rose and bathed these amazing ruins in its soft white light. And as we gazed, the past seemed to come back with curious distinctness, and we thought of those lines in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, describing the first event in the life of King Arthur, when he was not a day old. "Then when the lady was delivered, the King commanded two knights and two ladies to take the child, bound in a cloth of gold, and that ye deliver him to what poor man ye meet at the postern gate of the castle. So the child was delivered unto Merlin, and so he bare it forth unto Sir Hector, and made an holy man to christen him, and named him Arthur." Perhaps yonder opening in the wall before us was this very postern gate. And down yonder slope the great King rode for the last time when he sallied forth to his last battle. We can almost fancy we see in the trembling night the crush of armed men, and the compact cavalcade of armed and mounted



THE KEEP, KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE, FROM TINTAGEL HEAD

To face page 70



MERLIN'S CAVE, TINTAGEL

To face page 71

knights, their lances glinting in the moonlight as they press after him in silent haste. And we decide that tomorrow we will follow in their footsteps to Slaughter Bridge, where the fatal battle was fought, on through Camelot and then across the moors, where toiled the wounded King, even to the shore of that silent lake, from whose bosom one summer's noon an arm rose "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," holding the brand Excalibur.

The next morning we are on our way before eight o'clock, and after four uphill miles, we reach Camelford Road Station. Crossing the line we turn to the left downhill, and in less than a mile find ourselves standing on Slaughter Bridge. It is a quaint structure of granite, and appears to have been at one time a simple clapper bridge—the parapets having been apparently added later. Upon the hills around, and along the banks of the Camel River, which is here but a small stream, the great Arthurian battle was fought in one of those thick sea fogs not uncommon in this region.

"A death-white mist slept over sand and sea,
 . . . and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion since he saw not whom he fought."

Following the road to the right, up a valley, we soon reach the sleepy little town of Camelford. It is hard to believe that this somnolent townlet was once "a city of shadowy palaces and stately," as the poet assures us Camelot was. Still, Time works wonders, and Faith is a great gift, and if we exercise enough of it, Camelford the insignificant will become once again Camelot the magnificent.

Leaving the little town we make our way in the direction of the moor, which rises but a few miles from its walls, and whose rugged hills and wind-swept valleys, unlike the town, Time has been powerless to change. After walking about three miles we come out upon the open moor, with the great boulder-strewn flank of Roughtor rising about half a mile in front of us. We take a deep breath, for the air on these uplands is not as that of the lower country—it is tonic, and scented with the aroma of heath and ling, of brown peat and a host of lowly wildings. None but the most prosaic of men could, I imagine, go up into a great moorland and not feel his soul stirred by its silence and lonely grandeur. It is so different from the gentler and more or less artificial features of cultivated districts; though these latter doubtless appeal more strongly to the majority of men. There is, however, a minority to whom these so-called waste places are the cradles of the highest beauty, because they see in them the Creator's original design, still retaining the actual vesture with which He endowed them, and which is so much more distinguished than anything man can produce. Not that I underrate the beauties of cultivation; for Nature glorifies and etherealises the most commonplace works of man, drawing around them her diaphanous mist veils, and painting them with a thousand rainbow hues, so that even his factories and railway stations sometimes cease to shock, while his fields and woodlands often glow with idyllic loveliness. What can be more beautiful, in its own gentle way, than one of our English river valleys in summer? The miles of scented meadows, the hanging beechwoods, the stately elms, the

slow-flowing, flower-margined stream, the rows of feathery willows, the picturesque villages, the bird-haunted groves, the old manor-houses with their velvet lawns and high-walled gardens fragrant with the breath of roses, the long perfumed twilights, so exquisitely vocal with the droning of the weirs, the tinkle of the sheep-bells from the overhanging down, and the screaming of the swifts as they chase each other down the village streets. No one who has lived amid such scenes as these can ever forget them. Nevertheless, to many a heart, and I confess mine is one, the call of the Wild, the message of the rocks and heather and brawling streams, the thunder of the surf, and the pinnacled grandeur of cliff and tor-crowned hill make a far stronger appeal than any cultivated region could possibly do. However, whatever particular scenery most appeals to us, let us never allow the memory of its thousand beauties to fade from our hearts. Let us never lose our love for Nature. Let it rather increase with the years, so that we may be able to say with Keats, "The sky is our crown, the air our robe, the earth our throne, and the sea our music."

And now we will mount the steep flank of Roughtor. It is covered with great granite boulders dappled with lichens of the most delicate colours. The summit bristles with immense rocks piled one upon the other; a natural fortress worthy of the gods. From one of these rock towers we get a wonderful view over nearly the whole of Cornwall. To the eastward, about a mile away, Brown Willy, the highest of all Cornwall's hills, cuts the sky with its fine rugged outline, but it is not so rock-strewn as Roughtor. These two hills are probably more rugged

and of a more mountainous character than any others of equal height in England. Leaving the summit of Rough-tor we descend its southern flank, and soon reach a moist bit of ground—the head of the De Lank River. Crossing this we immediately begin the ascent of Brown Willy, and are soon standing on the summit, where we find a cairn of stones that marks the culminating point of the Duchy, 1387 feet above the sea. All around us stretches the moor, chequered with peat stacks, shining pools, and silvery threads, where the streams, after issuing from the hill-sides, pursue their adventurous way, some to the northern and some to the southern seaboard. And beyond the moor to the north and east lies Devon, with the blue wall of Dartmoor breaking the sky-line. While to the south and west nearly the whole of Cornwall lies like a map. And far away, a little to the right of Hensbarrow Beacon, we see the faint outline of the Penwith highlands, the sea-guarded sanctuary of the old Pagan worship, where winter dares not come, and camellias blossom at Christmas. In the grass at our feet around the cairn we notice potentilla, white bedstraw, and whortleberry. Descending the eastern slope we come upon a British beehive hut at the foot of the descent. Except for the displacement of one stone the domed roof is intact. It is a most interesting relic. The entrance is about two feet high and faces the hill. Climbing the summit of Catshole Tor, we keep along a track over Blackadon, and in about three miles from Brown Willy we reach the moorland village of Bolventor. It is situated on the Bodmin and Launceston road, which crosses the centre of the moor, and is just one thousand feet above



PETRIFIED TREE, PENTARGON COVE



DOZEMARY POOL

To face page 74



ROCKS IN WATERGATE BAY



BEEHIVE HUT, BROWN WILLY

To face page 75

the sea. Here is the Jamaica Inn, where we will leave our knapsacks, as we shall sleep there to-night.

Relieved of their weight we start off for Dozmary Pool, just as the sun is setting behind Brown Willy. It lies about a mile and a quarter to the eastward of the inn. Crossing the road we follow a lane, or rather moorland track, and after passing a couple of small homesteads and climbing a low hill, whose surface is much broken by peat borings, we see in front of us the far-famed mere. There is a one-storeyed homestead, like an Irish cabin, on its western shore, where a boat is kept. The first sight is rather disappointing. Its circular shores, just a mile in circumference, are flat, and in one place a field comes down to the margin of the lake. No rugged hills rise precipitously above it, neither do boulders strew its shore ; nevertheless it grows upon one. Its situation is remarkable, one thousand feet above the sea and a deep valley on each side of it : no streams run into it, and all around is the wide, silent moor, whose sky-line is broken here and there with great bosses of granite, or the monoliths and stone circles of prehistoric times. An impressive scene under any circumstances, but as the gloaming steals over the broad shoulders of the hills, and gives to their heathy sides a softness as of velvet, and as the last warm blush in the western sky is reflected in the still bosom of the lake, we realise the glamour of our surroundings, and the arm clothed in white samite that rose and clutched Excalibur seems almost possible. And as the night wrapped her dark mantle around the Wild, and the sweet stars glittered overhead, we fancied we

could almost see the dusky barge steal silently across the lake to bear the dying King

“To the island valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer seas.”

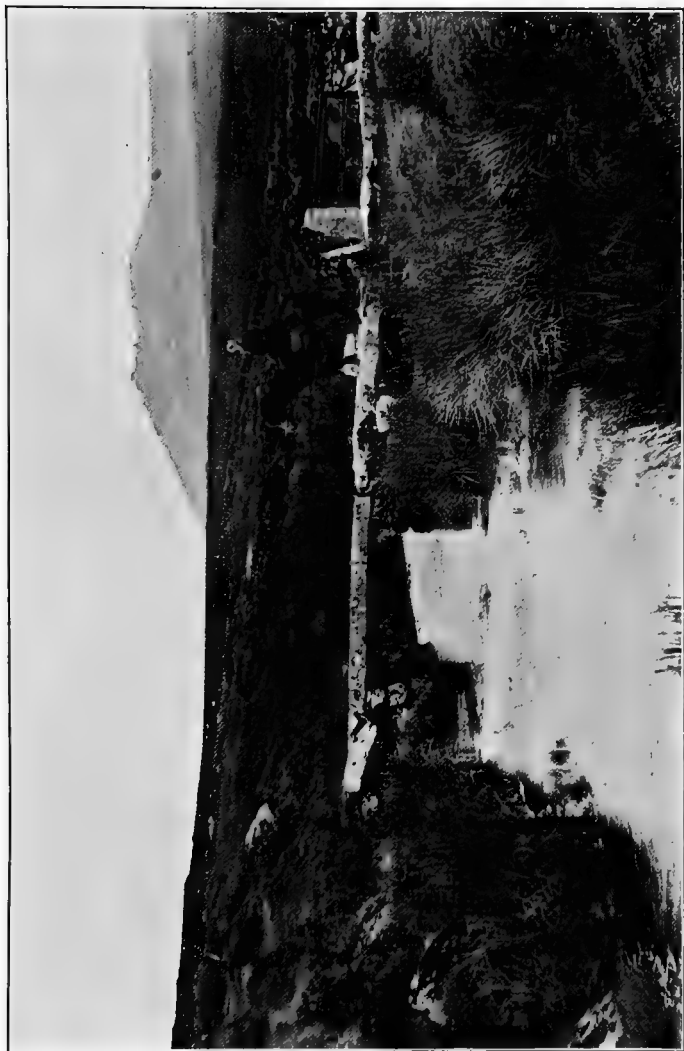
The next day we left the Jamaica Inn before seven o'clock, for morning on the moor is a consecration and something not to be missed, if you would understand the true spirit of the Wild and fully realise all it has to give you. Milton once said that the lyric poet may drink wine and live generously, but that the epic poet, he who shall sing of the gods, must drink water out of a wooden bowl. And he who would know the whole message of the moor must likewise drink water out of a wooden bowl. That is to say, he must lead a simple life in farm or cottage. He must wander over the great hills, and search out the secret places of the valleys. He must stand sometimes in the portals of the dawn; and the soft-winged heralds of the night must find him not infrequently on the watch. Then he will become again as a little child; wonder, reverence, and a noble curiosity will stir within him. Pillowed on the broad bosom of his Mother Earth he will find that, amid the prismatic colours of her daily miracles of love, the “dark ring of care,” forged in the sooty smithies of the gold-worshippers, will slowly uncoil itself, and the miasma of an effete civilisation will fall from his unclouded eyes.

On crossing the road, which has a very white surface, we notice a beautiful piece of amethystine crystal of a

clear purple. This colour is probably produced by manganese. These crystals are somewhat plentiful in the quartz rock, of which the roads in this district are composed. Passing over a stile on the west side of the road we cross a field and reach a little valley and wood just above the church. Here a bunting is repeating his monotonous song, like an inarticulate yellowhammer. You can make something of the latter's little stave. "A little piece of bread and no cheese," some people hear in it. In Ireland it is "Divil, divil, divil, take yer," but the bunting's soliloquy is like nothing but the jingling of glass marbles in a bottle. Following a path past a one-storeyed homestead surrounded with peat stacks we return to Camelford by the valleys, and not by the hill-tops as we did in coming. In about a couple of miles we walk round the base of Buttertore, and come to a clapper bridge, which spans the De Lank River, about a mile below its source between Roughton and Brown Willy. The former hill stands up grandly from here, with all the characteristics of a true mountain. There are a few small bogs in this neighbourhood, but they are easily avoided by a little common sense and keeping a good look ahead. Walking along in a westerly direction we come to a circle of sixty-five upright stones; and all around are the ruins of an extensive British settlement. One can well imagine how so striking a hill as Roughton would affect the simple imaginations of these primitive people; and evidently a Celtic metropolis must at one time have flourished beneath its shadow. Regaining Camelford we pass through its quiet street, and putting our best leg forward, reach Tintagel by sundown, sleep-

ing comfortably after an excellent supper at the King Arthur's Arms Hotel.

The next morning we are away early, as we have a fatiguing walk before us ere we reach Padstow. Passing the church we gain the cliff edge, and are soon skirting a disused slate quarry. From here we look down on Trebarwith Strand and the grand Otterham Rock, which rises from the sea half a mile or so from the shore. It is a steep descent to Trebarwith, where we find a few houses, all modern, and a delightful stream that has worn a tortuous channel through the rock, a glorious expanse of sand, and grand cliffs. Scaling the grassy slope of the southern headland we reach the summit, only to descend again immediately into a deep valley, where there are a stream and a few old mining buildings. Climbing out of it we find that the next half-mile is nearly level, and we walk along past heath, thyme, and dwarf gorse, much of the latter being covered with dodder. Then we come to another steep valley with a curiously shaped headland, the result of a landslip. The cove below is known locally as Water Break Neck Cove. Half a mile inland is the little village of Treligga. Crossing the stream and mounting the hill we follow the cliff edge and see beneath us, on the shore, a perforated mass of slate, known as Man-hole Rock. Presently some fields come down to the cliff edge. In one of them we notice a quantity of hare's-foot trefoil, a very beautiful plant—its feathery, purple flower being very unlike any of the other trefoils. Descending gradually we come to another tremendous valley, the first of four that follow each other in quick succession, with only a narrow headland between them.



DE LANK RIVER AND ROUGHTOR



TREBARWITH STRAND

Surmounting these after much labour (they call for no particular remark, being all very similar), we strike a road that takes us down to the erstwhile fishing village of Porth Garvene. Then, after surmounting a little hill, we find ourselves in Port Isaac, a thoroughly typical Cornish fishing town. The grey houses cluster close together round the little cove (there is no harbour), and up the valley and the slopes of the surrounding hills. It is not nearly such a picturesque place as St. Ives or Newlyn, but it has much to recommend it to those who want a few quiet weeks far from the madding crowd.

Climbing out of the little town by a steep path, lined with yellow and white bedstraw and great hemlock, we turn to the right across a few fields and soon regain the cliffs, only to descend immediately into a steep valley where a stream falls to a cove. Crossing it and ascending the farther slope we reach the summit of some fine cliffs. They are not very high, but the sea has chiselled them into a series of shapely little coves, and their sides, where not perpendicular, are clothed with a luxuriant growth of blackthorn, elders, privet, bracken, and brambles, between which stand phalanxes of hemp-agrimony, hemlock, burdock, and foxgloves, with here and there a giant mullein; while over all the big white convolvulus and the honeysuckle wander at their will. Buzzards swoop from crag to crag; and beneath is the sea like glittering emeralds. Leaving these cliffs with reluctance we cut across the base of Kelland Head and soon see below us a narrow creek which the sea has cut out of the rock, and which once formed the harbour of Porthquin, now but a small hamlet, though once it was a

flourishing fishing village. Tradition says that a gale of wind sank, in a single night, the entire fishing fleet, and that thirty-two women were widowed. The place never recovered from this disaster and is almost entirely deserted, only a few cottages being inhabited. The rest have disappeared, or stand with ruined walls and gaping roofs; around which cluster a wealth of flowers and wayside plants, such as mallow, valerian, fennel, vervain, poppies, briar rose, honeysuckle, traveller's joy, and hemlock. Close to the cove beach is a range of buildings erected for the salting and storage of pilchards. Now they are full of corn and hay, and cows are stabled where once the seine nets were stored. On the shore rabbit gins and a harrow have usurped the place of lobster pots and anchors; while a long-spurred chanticleer crows lustily from the muzzle of a rakish-looking cannon that stands upright in the ground and once did duty as a mooring-post. Pan has ousted Neptune with a vengeance.

Climbing out of the cove by a road we cross over a stile to the right, just beyond some lodge gates, and pass at the back of a dreary-looking house, whose owner, we were told, had enclosed a large tract of land contiguous to the coast, thus shutting out the public from the cliffs. The domain bristles with notice boards, the first we had encountered, forbidding progress along the coast-line. This high-handed action on the part of individuals is, I am glad to say, very rare. Between Marsland and the Lizard, a distance of over a hundred miles, there is only one other place, viz. at Prussia Cove, where the public is forbidden by a private owner to use the coast path. And in both cases this exclusion of the public is of quite



PORT ISAAC



PORTHQUIN

To face page 80



THE RUMP, NEAR PADSTOW

To face page 81

recent date. On regaining the cliff we mount the summit of Trevan Point. From here we descend into a picturesque valley and cove, where there are several caverns and good bathing. In the distance the fine Cone of the Moul's, an island off the Rump, stands up very grandly from the sea. On leaving the cove we mount a gradual incline, and after passing a natural funnel by the side of the path that goes down to the shore below, we reach the top of a furzy hill. From here we get magnificent views of the coast to Tintagel, and on a clear day to Hartland. As we walk along we open up the Rump and a fine succession of cliffs. The volcanic appearance of the Rump is very striking—it consists of a cone surrounded by several smaller ones. Presently the path becomes lined with flowers, and we look down at the sea over masses of marguerites, foxgloves, and campions, while a stone hedge on our left is covered with bladder campions and thrift, the latter flower nearly over. Climbing a fine head, where there has been a considerable landslip, and above which a pair of buzzards are soaring, we reach, in another half-mile, the Rump. A natural fortress, it must have been impregnable in old British days; for even now three large embankments and ditches are clearly defined. It is only a few hundred yards to Pentire Head, whose perpendicular escarpment towers grandly up, making a splendid contrast with the more broken outline of its farther point. From the summit we look down on the Padstow estuary, as it is called, in reality the mouth of the River Camel, the scene of many of Cruel Cop-pinger's daring ventures. The entrance is about a mile broad, guarded by Pentire Head on the one side and

Steppa Point on the other, with the island of Newland rising boldly from the sea about half-way between. A mile or so inside the heads is the dreaded Doom Bar. At low water it is a strip of yellow sand that stretches almost entirely across the river, leaving only a narrow navigable channel close in under the western shore. At high water, when a gale of wind is blowing or a ground sea rolling in, it is a livid streak of foam. Padstow lies about three miles up the estuary on the western shore. And above Padstow, for another three or four miles, the river broadens out into an immense sheet of water, which at high tide has the appearance of a lake. At its landward extremity is Wadebridge, famous for its fifteenth-century bridge of fifteen arches. Leaving the summit of Pentire we make our way along the steep slope of the hill, and in about a mile reach the Polzeath sands. Polzeath is a small cluster of lodging-houses, but it is rapidly becoming popular as a bathing resort. In a field at the back of the houses we found some yellow-wort, *C. perfoliata*, which, Mr. Hamilton Davey tells me, has never been found in Western Cornwall. Crossing the broad sands we mount a hill, and after passing a coastguard station, we descend through a few fields to the sand dunes, and quaint little St. Enodoc Church. This church was once nearly buried by the sand, as readers of Mr. Baring Gould's *In the Roar of the Sea* will remember. The sand is now arrested by rushes and grass, and is no longer at the mercy of every gale.

We now cross St. Enodoc Golf Links, a wide stretch of picturesque sand dunes with here and there a low-lying marshy bit, where grow a wealth of water plants and



PENTIRE HEAD, NEAR PADSTOW.

To face page 82



ST. ENODOC CHURCH



PADSTOW HARBOUR

To face page 83

flowers, amongst which the willow herb is very conspicuous. In one part of the dunes we saw an enormous number of giant mullein. This flower is generally solitary or in twos and threes, but here scores of them lined the rude track, and very stately they looked. Beautiful, too, was the thyme, which so profusely studded some of the "greens" as to make them look like oriental carpets. We saw several tiger moths on these dunes. On reaching the sandy shore of the estuary, close to the hamlet of Rock, we await the ferry boat to take us over to Padstow. Whilst crossing the half-mile of water we were able to better realise the beauty and extent of the estuary, which widens considerably a little way above Padstow. Its smooth upper reaches with their surrounding hills, some cultivated, some clothed with wood, make a striking contrast with the rugged grandeur of the mouth, where the sea leaps at the feet of terrific precipices and the Doom Bar snarls like an angry lion. As we approach Padstow we see what a picturesque little place it is, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills crowned with elms and other trees, amongst which rises the grey tower of the parish church. Rare indeed is it in Cornwall to find a seaport with such umbrageous surroundings and such an air of quiet rural charm. In a quiet little hostelry, in a quiet little street, we obtain quarters for the night.

CHAPTER V

FROM PADSTOW TO NEWQUAY

THE next day our good opinion of Padstow is enhanced. The little streets are clean and neat. The wealth of verdure, old, comfortable-looking houses, and many gardens prove that Padstow has been a self-respecting community for many centuries, with an eye not indifferent to the charms of green lawns, shrubs, and well-trimmed flower-beds. And the protecting hills have enabled the Padstownians to realise this love within a stone's throw of salt water. It is a very rural place, in spite of its streets and busy harbour. The cawing of rooks and the sweet scent of syringa, stocks, and roses greet you at every turn. While standing in the churchyard we heard the shrill, loud laugh of a green woodpecker from a neighbouring elm. And then there is that wide and winding estuary. What a spaciousness it gives to the environs of Padstow, and what incomparable vistas. If you are approaching the town by road from Newquay or St. Columb, how striking is the view just before you enter Prideaux Place Woods. Beneath you the blue waters of the Camel wind like a broad lake, and beyond is a chaos of hills, dominated by the fine peaks of Brown Willy and Roughtor. Or, if you are walking out from the harbour along the footpath by the

river-side, which is so favourite a promenade of the Padstownians, towards the great sea gate, how grand is the glimpse of the troubled water between those towering heights, and how ominous that long line of foam, so deadly in its heaving beauty. Padstow has a past it need not be ashamed of. It sent two vessels to assist in the siege of Calais, and it took part in the overthrow of the Armada. At the beginning of the last century there was a good deal of shipbuilding done here, chiefly of vessels engaged in the timber trade with Quebec. This has all gone now, and the old yards are full of valerian and other flowers. Still, what with the East-country and Brixham fishing boats, who use this port for despatching their fish, and the local coasters, the harbour is a busy one. On the top of the hill, immediately above the town, is a fine Elizabethan mansion known as Prideaux Place. It was built in the year of the defeat of the Armada, and is in a good state of preservation. The church is a fine one, with a picturesque old tower. In the south porch are the old town stocks. Altogether, Padstow will well repay a visit.

After spending a couple of days here we started off at seven o'clock on a lovely June morning. Following the path by the river-side, we come in about a mile to a little creek. Here are two fishing boats high and dry, their cables made fast to a thorn bush. We notice on the stern of one of them, "*Dairy Maid*, St. Ives." They will never go to sea again. *Requiescat in pace*, we murmur as we pass. After crossing a couple of fields we come to a cove where there is a coastguard station. This is known as the Cove, and off it we see

the new Padstow steam lifeboat, as smart as blue and white paint can make her. Leaving the coastguard station, the garden wall of which is blazing with valerian, we keep along the edge of a gradually rising cliff. Across the water we see the twisted spire of St. Enodoc Church and the hills beyond. Presently we come to a slate quarry, and then we suddenly ascend the steep flank of Steppa Point. On the summit is a landmark for mariners, shaped something like a low and massive mine chimney. Slightly descending, we see before us in the smooth sward a dark hole, many feet in diameter. Looking over the edge we find that it goes down for nearly two hundred feet, and at the bottom the sea is foaming through an archway that it has chiselled out of one side of this extraordinary aperture. It is known as Pepper's Hole. A few hundred yards farther on we skirt a beautiful little bay with perpendicular slate precipices of a ruddy hue, and a fine rock rising in its centre. After this half a mile of level sward confronts us. While walking leisurely over it a buzzard rose screaming overhead, and up from the cliff edge, like an arrow from a bow, shot a peregrine falcon. She made straight for the buzzard, who went off as hard as he could fly towards Steppa Point. The peregrine followed him for a quarter of a mile or so and then returned, swooping down over the cliff edge in a most graceful curve. She was obviously a female by her size, and probably having young birds on a ledge below, resented the buzzard's near approach. It was a most interesting ornithological episode. Soon we come to Tregudda Head, close to which are a couple of fine rock islands. From one of these a pair of ravens flew



PADSTOW CHURCH

To face page 86



PRIDEAUX PLACE, PADSTOW



MARBLE CLIFFS

To face page 87

slowly away as we approached. In the westernmost of these islands is a remarkable blowhole, from which, at certain states of the tide, the water shoots up vertically in a column of spray to a height of nearly a hundred feet. We now see the whole sweep of Trevose Bay, bounded by Trevose Head. Descending a steep little coombe we clamber up the opposite side and come to a strikingly shaped peninsula pierced by two natural arches. Crossing its narrow connecting ridge we seat ourselves on the grassy summit. Immediately opposite us, across a small cove, is a line of most remarkable cliffs. They seem to be composed of regular lines or courses of masonry whose width increases with remarkable regularity as they approach the summit. These parallel bands are of varying colours, and give to these cliffs an extraordinary resemblance to some fortress wall. The lower parts are perforated with caverns. They are known as the Marble Cliffs. In reality they are, I believe, formed of alternate layers of slate and crinoids. Skirting the summit of this curious formation we begin to descend towards Trevone, passing another large hole or funnel that the sea has sucked out of the hill-side. Though not so deep as Pepper's Hole, it has a much larger diameter. It is quite unprotected by rail or fencing, and must be a dangerous place at night.

Trevone consists of a few lodging-houses, mostly shut up during the winter, but full of young Padstownians in the bathing season. Keeping along the path between the houses and the sea, we notice how thickly the walls are covered with samphire. Half a mile or so of level walking over low cliffs brings us to Harlyn Bay, famous

for its prehistoric burial-ground. Crossing a small bridge we reach the little museum, in which are the relics and some skulls, etc., that were dug up some few years ago. Just outside the building are some skeletons in situ, protected by what look like small cucumber frames. These remains will, I fear, soon perish. The burial-ground was discovered by accident, when the foundations of a house were being dug in the year 1900. The graves were found to run in parallel lines, and in some places they were four deep, showing that burials must have taken place here for a great number of years—perhaps centuries. They belong mostly to the neolithic period, though some are later. Flint and slate weapons, needles, spindle-whorls, etc., have been found with the bodies, and a little rude pottery. This is not the place to discuss these curious remains, but anyone interested in these things will be able to obtain plenty of information from various pamphlets that can be obtained at the museum.

Proceeding with our walk we pass over a few low cliffs and then descend to Mother Ivy's Bay. At its northern extremity there is a fine peninsula, and a few detached rocks that the sea has perforated with arches and caverns. A dyke of quartz, fifteen or sixteen feet broad, runs across one part of this peninsula, and a quantity of golden samphire, *G. crithmoides*, crowns the summit, its yellow flowers making a brave show, as we say in Cornwall. This plant has no family connection whatever with the common samphire, *C. maritimum*. Climbing up the flank of Trevoze Head we notice in the grass some greenweed, *Genista tinctoria*. On the summit of the head is a coast-guard look-out house, and a little lower down, on the

seaward slope, is a fine lighthouse. At the western extremity is a broad dyke of soda felspar rock, which goes down nearly to sea-level. Its summit is studded with orange and grey lichens, and its cold white surface presents a very unusual appearance. Keeping along the western flank of the head we descend into Constantine Bay, a fine stretch of sandy shore facing nearly due west. Inland are sand dunes and a considerable extent of flat, sandy soil, in which are a few pools, mostly dry in summer. This is a regular garden of Allah, a land of flowers and waving tamarisks. A lotus land, where it is good on a fine summer's day to lie among the myriad blossoms and drink in the incense of their bonny lives, and to remember that ere man walked this earth these sweet things drank the morning dew and raised their bright faces to be kissed by the Sun-God. July is perhaps the best time to visit this natural garden. Then whole acres of bugloss make you think that the blue heaven has come down and settled on the land, and amongst the azure a flock of gulls will sometimes alight, making a most delicious colour contrast ; or a pathway of dazzling sand meanders amongst them, and the blue and the gold almost take your breath away, so brilliant is the effect. In other parts ragwort reigns supreme, raising its golden banners, sentinelled here and there by white masses of spotted hemlock, giant mullein, and the tall spirals of mignonette. In the marshy parts are willow herb, purple loosestrife, mint, hemp-agrimony, and tall and stately teasles ; while the short sward is starred with thyme, potentilla, pimpernel, cinquefoil, milkwort, and daisies. Here and there are jungles of giant tamarisks, some of them two or three

hundred years old. Almost in the centre of this unique and beautiful waste are the ruins of the church of Constantine. Three walls of the little tower, to a height of about eighteen feet, are standing. The western wall is pierced with a flat archway. About six feet of the north wall of the nave is also remaining. Close to the ruins is a large kitchen midden, as these huge collections of marine shells are called ; the debris of many a feast of our remote ancestors.

It is with reluctance we leave this flowery waste, with its waving tamarisks, their beautiful flower tassels now in full bloom. Mounting a low cliff at the southern end of the bay we cross the sand of Tregarnon Cove and climb its western slope. Soon we reach several narrow channels that the sea has worn out of the solid cliff, each one divided from the others by a narrow tongue of land. The sides of these channels are honeycombed with caverns, and when a ground sea is rolling in, the roarings and reverberations are tremendous. In May the intervening tongues of land are sheets of pink, so thickly does the thrift grow upon their summits. One of them shows signs of early fortifications, and a friend of mine found a spindle-whorl at the entrance to a rude subterranean passage at its seaward extremity. The caverns in these cliffs are much resorted to by seals. Proceeding with our walk we soon come to Minnows Cove, which is divided by a cone-shaped peninsula into two parts, access between them at low tide being possible through a natural arch. Then in a few hundred yards we reach Porthcothan Cove, where a stream that drains a considerable valley reaches the sea. This is a delightful place for bathing. On the south side are several arches

and tunnels, which we explore, and after passing through the bottom of a gruesome-looking funnel by a couple of archways we reach Boathouse Cove, a secluded spot where limpid pools are guarded by chiselled rocks and precipices, and in which we notice several very large strawberry anemones. Clambering out of this cove we see beneath us Trescore Island, and in front of us an immense semicircle that was once a great funnel, but the sea has broken away its seaward side. Walking round it we reach a disused quarry above a steep and rocky peninsula, from which protrudes a great pinnacle of elvan, like an enormous tooth. Looking across the amphitheatre we have just traversed we notice on a ledge in the cliff side an immense collection of sticks. It is a buzzards' nest, and presently we make out a couple of this year's birds squatted a few yards away from it. Another quarter of a mile brings us to Park Head, its rocky summit being beautifully clothed with orange lichen.

From this head we keep along the level summits of the cliffs, and in half a mile or so see beneath us the far-famed Bedruthan Steps. The first sight from the cliffs is somewhat disappointing. "We have seen much finer things than this," we say to ourselves, and we rather resent the guide-book eulogies. But no one can say they have thoroughly seen this bit of coast until they have walked along its entire length at low tide. Then, if the day is fine, it is hard to beat, even on this coast of wonders. Fortunately for us it wanted but an hour to low water. Going down to the shore by a flight of steps that have been cut in the cliff side, we turn to the left on reaching the sand, and make our way into the dark entrance of a

cave. After traversing a few yards a glimmering light ahead proves that, like Merlin's Cave at Tintagel, it is really a tunnel, and we soon emerge into a magnificent cove, between two and three hundred yards across, and surrounded by lofty precipices. At its farther end is a cone-shaped peninsula, known as Carnewas Island. The sand in this cove is hard and smooth, and out of it rise several large white quartz rocks covered with blue-grey mussels, and reflected in pools of limpid water. Returning through the tunnel we see in front of us half a mile of sand, from which tower several rock masses, some of them over a hundred feet high. As we walk along between their chiselled sides, which are glistening with many shades of rich browns and tender greys, we notice on the one hand the sparkling confusion of tumbling waves, and on the other the lofty cliffs pierced with caverns and dappled with ferns, campion, and thrift. Going into one of these caves we are struck by the graceful vaulting of its roof, the beauty of the quartz-veined boulders that strew its sandy floor, the clearness of the water in the many pools, and the extraordinary freshness and cleanliness of every inch of rock and sand. What an amazing thing is the daily advance and retreat of the sea, renovating and purifying these secret sanctuaries of Neptune with a thoroughness no human agency could accomplish. But it is only when we get to the northern end of the bay and look back at the many rock masses that we thoroughly realise their shapely grandeur. From here the rock known as Queen Bess exhibits the well-known features of the Virgin Queen. The highly developed nose, the thin lips, the somewhat meagre bust, all denote a mas-

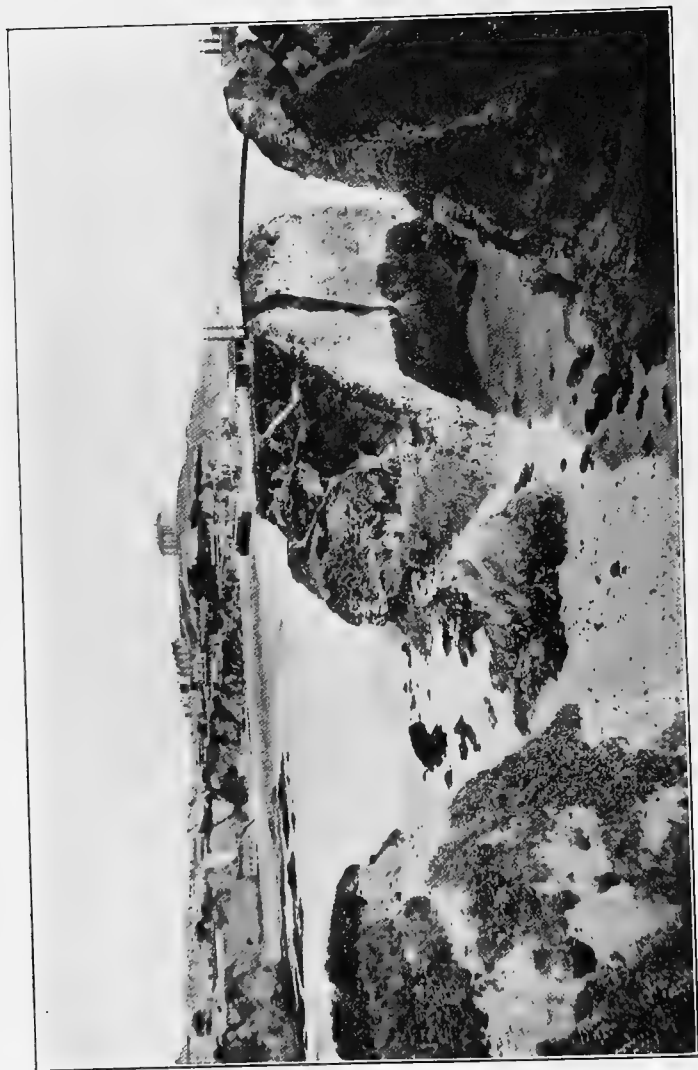


TREVOZE LIGHTHOUSE



BEDRUTHAN STEPS

To face page 92



NEWQUAY

To face page 93

culine type of mind. Just beyond this rock is a much higher one, and on its summit, turned towards the cliffs, is the profile of a far more womanly face. The rounded brow, straight but rather short nose, full lips, made to give and receive kisses, and the well-developed bosom, promising adequate maternal powers, reveal a thorough type of the eternal Feminine. This face seems to have escaped the notice of the local guide-book makers. We now approach Diggory Island, the largest of all these rock masses. There is a narrow passage between it and the mainland. We enter this passage, which is in deep shadow, for lofty precipices rise on either side of us. Suddenly on our left there is a blaze of sunshine, and we see that the island wall is pierced with an arch. Through this come the emerald waves sparkling in the sunshine, their foaming crests a mass of glittering globules. When a larger wave than usual fills the opening we seem to be looking through a cut emerald. And up to our feet, over the smooth sand, gently flows the creamy water, silently filling the pools with scarce a ripple, a fit plaything for children. Ah, cruel crawling foam ! trust it not. In a few hours no human being could live where these pretty ripples are wafting the seaweed to and fro with gentle rhythm.

Returning to the steps we reach the top of the cliff, and after a quarter of a mile of level ground, covered with heath and dwarf gorse, we see beneath us two large amphitheatres, where a good deal of quarrying was at one time carried on. Soon after this we descend to Mawgan Porth and reach the sand by a rude cutting through the rock. There are some fine caves on the northern side of this cove, one with a very lofty entrance. On the south

side is a coastguard station, near to which a stream finds its way to the sea. Were we to follow this stream up the valley we should come in about a mile and a half to the village of Mawgan. It is a picturesque spot embosomed amongst trees, with a fine church and a noble old mansion, once the home of the Arundells, but now a Roman Catholic convent. The place will well repay a visit, but we must follow the coast, or we shall not reach Newquay before dark. Passing at the back of the coastguard station we ascend the hill and soon reach the top of Berry's Head, where there is a look-out house. In a few hundred yards we come to a little bay, known as Beacon Cove, whose steep sides are quite inaccessible. A short way from here we open up the long stretch of Watergate Bay sands, and beyond is Newquay. After a mile downhill we reach a valley where is the Watergate Hotel. We now go down on to the sands and walk another mile past stupendous rocks till we reach Trevelgue Head. Here we inspect the Banqueting Hall Cave, where the Newquay people hold concerts in the summer-time. It is a finely shaped cave, two hundred feet long and sixty broad. On reaching the summit of the cliff we notice on our left a large barrow. Tradition says that it is the grave of a Danish chieftain, and that his people buried him close to the cliff edge, so that when their vessels passed along the coast they could honour his memory by dipping their dreaded ensign—a black raven on a blood-red ground. Crossing the Porth sands and gaining the summit of the next headland the houses of Newquay lie a few hundred yards in front of us, and behind them the sun is dipping into the sea. A welcome sight, for we feel we have earned our dinner.

CHAPTER VI

FROM NEWQUAY TO ST. IVES

Death throws wide the prison door
That bars us from the astral shore,
And he's ever ready to take his toll
Beneath these cliffs where the surges roll.

THE next day we devote to exploring Newquay. We soon ceased to be surprised at its great popularity. We doubt if a healthier or more bracing spot is to be found in the Duchy ; in fact, we know of no place that in these particulars can compete with it. Nature has been very kind to Newquay. She has given her, amongst other gifts, a headland that protrudes far out into the Atlantic, and several miles of hard broad sands, bordered by cliffs honeycombed with caverns, which offer bathing facilities probably unequalled in the kingdom. Then, at the back, or south side of the town (for Newquay naturally faces her northern coastline) is the beautiful valley of the River Gannel, which at high tide assumes the appearance of a lake and is surrounded by hills chequered with fields and trees. In time this southern prospect will be more appreciated than it is at present. For the air of Newquay is so fine that people will soon desire to winter here. Villas will then rise on the hill-slope overlooking the river, trees and shrubs will be

planted, and Newquay as a winter resort will be as popular as it now is as a summer and bathing resort. There are three very large hotels at Newquay, several smaller ones, and innumerable boarding houses and private lodgings. The place is rapidly increasing, owing a great deal to the good train service of the Great Western Railway. What Newquay now wants is some judicious planting of trees and shrubs, to relieve the universal greyness of the buildings. We think too little of this kind of thing in England. In fact, town planning and laying out, with any regard to ensemble and effect, is almost unknown. Individuals are allowed to build what and where they like. The jerry-builder erects whole streets of shoddy, insignificant-looking houses, and the pity of it is, he is transgressing no State or municipal law. In France and Germany the greed and selfishness of individuals are not allowed to play ducks and drakes with the appearance of a growing town. Dominating sites are set apart for public buildings (in England they are as likely as not to be occupied by a brewery, a universal provider's store, or an electric power station), and the size and direction of streets are arranged beforehand by a capable committee. In England they are usually left entirely to the discretion of the speculator and the jerry-builder, and no provision is made for the planting of trees, etc. All possible increase to the city of Cologne for the next twenty years is, I believe, provided for. Plans have been made, streets marked out, tree-planting decided upon, elevations indicated, etc., and the municipal authorities will see that they are carried out in the public interest. And this is the case with

most German towns. How different from our happy-go-lucky system.

In the afternoon, the tide being low, we went down to the sands, and were much impressed by their extent and hardness. Carriages were being driven and games played upon them. The cliffs, too, are very fine in form and colour. The effect of a succession of headlands eventually fading into the blue haze of the great curve of the land, as it approaches Trevoise, is most striking. We can imagine no brighter scene than these sands on a fine summer's morning at low tide. The many caves surrounded by gaily costumed bathers, the rich colouring of the cliffs and the peculiarly effective rhythmic swing of their strata, the mussel-covered rocks and the many pools of crystal-clear water, which, with the ribbon of wet sand in the vicinity of the tumbling waves, are reflecting the deep blue of the zenith and the bright sunlight, produce an ensemble quite Southern in its intensity, the like of which you will see in no other English watering-place.

On returning from the shore we met a lady carrying a long-haired, goggle-eyed, and dwarfed monstrosity that it would be an insult to a noble race to call a dog. It was swathed in a kind of red coat, and round its neck was a blue ribbon tied in a voluminous bow. As we passed we heard the lady say to her companion, pointing at the monstrosity, "I make him beef tea every day." What can be said in favour of this mania on the part of some women to devote all their care and attention on a dwarfed and unwholesome freak, swathed in bandages and scarcely able to walk, who follows its owner with

dropsical gait and asthmatical wheezings, or lies curled up by the hour in her lap, or in a silk-bound bassinette, where, wrapped in uncertain slumber, its rheumy eyes distil dyspeptic tears and its limbs twitch convulsively ?

There are several interesting expeditions to be made from Newquay, of which the local guide-books give full particulars. We had only time for one, viz. to Trerice, an old home of the Arundells. Only two rooms are shown, but they are well worth seeing, being fine specimens of Elizabethan work, with magnificent mullioned windows. The old house of grey granite stands up picturesquely above an old-world garden full of old-world flowers and a yew hedge three hundred years old. So unchanged does it all seem that if a long-curved cavalier, or a lady in ruff and stomacher, were to cross the lawn, you feel you would hardly be surprised. It is one of those homes, the result of good taste and practical ability in construction, mellowed by time and hallowed by memories, whose numbers are, alas ! constantly lessening.

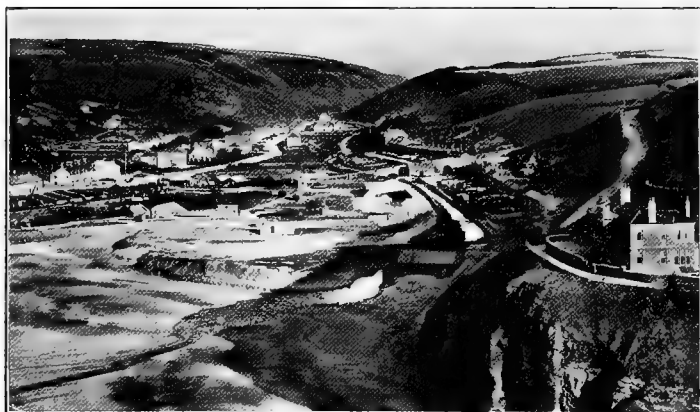
The next morning early we continue our walk. Turning to the left at the back of the Headland Hotel we skirt Fistral Bay, which, unlike the rest of Newquay, faces west. On our left is the golf ground. At the end of the bay, which is about three-quarters of a mile long, we mount the side of East Pentire Head, which, with West Pentire Head, forms the fine Crantock Bay which we shall presently cross. On reaching the top we bear to the left, and then, descending a steep hill, we reach the ferry over the River Gannel, which is here but a few yards wide. This narrowing of the channel close to the



THE GANNEL RIVER



ROCKS ON PERRANPORTH SANDS



PORTREATH

To face page 99

mouth would make it no very difficult matter to erect a dam. High-water level could thus be kept in the upper reach, and Newquay would possess a splendid sheet of water, on which sailing matches and regattas could be held. On reaching the opposite shore we follow the path by the river-side, and soon come out upon the broad sands of Crantock Bay. Here we notice a quantity of prickly saltwort, a plant not often met with. A few hundred yards inland are Crantock Church and village; the former will well repay a visit. Crossing the bay we clamber up a low, sloping cliff, and passing through the hamlet of Pentire we reach the top of West Pentire Headland. Turning to the right we follow a lane till we come to a gate. Here we descend through some fields in a southerly direction till we reach Porth Joke. A secluded cove in which a stream loses itself in the sand, after flowing between low grassy hills, through phalanxes of loosestrife, hemp agrimony, purple mint, and waving reeds, with here and there a solitary tamarisk. A place to dream in at evening, when the level sun is bathing everything with ruddy gold, and the rabbits are gambolling on the hill-sides, and the breeze is whispering to the tamarisks and the waving plumes of the reeds.

Climbing out of the cove we pass over the summit of Kelsey Head, and in half a mile or so we look down on to Holywell Bay, boldly terminated by Penhale Point, from the summit of which rises a ruined mine engine-house. Out at sea, a few hundred yards from the head, is the shapely Carter Rock, its riven cone and scarred pinnacles giving it a very striking appearance. On reaching some sand dunes we descend to the bay, and

turning northwards we soon arrive at the holy well. Its position in a cave must be unique. Entering the narrow opening, and clambering over a few rocks, we come to some rude steps cut in the sloping side of the cave. They are covered with green seaweed and are very slippery. Ascending these we soon reach a series of circular rock basins, one above the other, in the sloping rock. They are full of clear water and are covered with a veneer of stalagmite, which gives them a curiously fretted appearance. It is as if a number of fonts and holy-water stoups had been sunk in the smooth face of the rock. They form a series of steps which we proceed to climb, treading carefully on their rims, so as to avoid plunging our feet into their pellucid depths. On the way up we notice in the gloaming of the cave that the stalagmite with which they are encrusted glows with many luminous colours. At the top is the sacred pool or well, which is a larger and deeper basin than any of the others, always full of crystal-clear water. Is it to be wondered at that the imagination of the Middle Ages was caught by this strangely beautiful natural water supply, or that the priesthood of the time should have claimed for it miraculous healing powers? As a matter of fact, analysis has proved that it possesses no curative properties whatever.

Traversing the broad sands of the bay we find at its southern end a large upright pillar of rock, twenty-five to thirty feet high, shaped not unlike a Cornish cross. Retracing our steps and following a stream that here reaches the sea, we strike into a road which takes us up to the summit of Penhale Point. From here we see the long sweep of the Piran Sands and the truncated cone of

St. Agnes Beacon, and beyond the beacon are the rugged Penwith highlands, where you will find more Celtic monuments than in any other part of the kingdom of similar extent ; and where you will still hear English spoken with the rapid utterance, sing-song cadence, and soft vowel pronunciation of the extinct Cornish language. Following an old mine road we come upon more ruined engine-houses and one good-sized dwelling-house, its windows boarded up. All around are unsightly refuse heaps. But Nature has already commenced, as is her wont, to cover up the outrages man inflicts upon her. Already ivy is clinging to the walls and sending its shoots over those hideous heaps, amongst whose stones fox-gloves and other flowers have found a home ; and the song of birds has replaced the monotonous clatter of the stamps.

We now strike inland in order to reach the little ruined church of St. Piran. Soon we find ourselves amongst sand dunes ; for the church lies almost in the centre of this lonely sand-blown region—the largest of its kind in Cornwall. On every side rise great hills of sand, the highest being about three hundred feet above the sea. They are covered for the most part with grey rushes, though now and again we come upon an amphitheatre of clean sand, down whose sides we sometimes toboggan. There are few flowers in this desolate region and but little grass ; it is mostly sand and rushes and a short mossy sward, strewn with fresh-water shells. The silence seems to be enhanced by the low sighing of the wind in the rushes, and the occasional shrill cry of a kestrel, or the hoarse croak of a carrion crow. What

other sounds there are are mostly underground, for the place is alive with rabbits. From time to time we hear their sudden rushes towards the entrances of their burrows, and once a high-pitched scream tells us that a weasel has at last come up with and fastened on his quarry.

The ruins of the little church lie in a small hollow, and are surrounded with an iron railing. Little remains but a portion of the west wall. A couple of hundred yards to the eastward of it is a fine Celtic cross. The ruins are rather difficult to find, and for people staying at Newquay by far the most direct and easiest way is to walk or drive to the village of Cubert. Go through the churchyard and then turn sharp to the left downhill, and follow a path across two or three fields till you come to Trebicken Farm. Turn to the right between two houses, and strike down a footpath to the left to a somewhat boggy valley, which the path crosses by means of logs of wood laid over the softer parts. Before descending take your bearings—note the sand dunes, on the other side of the valley, and on them a solitary cottage nearly due south from where you are standing. Make a bee line for this cottage, and you will find the cross a hundred yards or so to the right of it.

Retracing our steps over the dunes we come to a steep path that takes us down to the broad stretch of Piran Sands, which extend to Perranporth, a distance of nearly two miles. As we walk along close to the line of debris left by the last tide we are struck by the variety of flotsam and jetsam that strews the shore. There are the bark of trees, numerous corks, broken casks and crates, bamboos, jelly-fish, some of them more than a foot in

diameter, cocoa-nut husks, bits of candle, several broom-handles, a dead guillemot and a dead seal, the latter in an advanced stage of decomposition. On nearing Perranporth the sloping sand dunes give place to dark cliffs honeycombed with caverns. Soon we open up a valley and a few grey houses, and a stream spreads itself over the sand. Crossing it we come to some low cliffs perforated with several natural arches. The effect of these many arches is very picturesque, and groups of bathers and paddling children give the place a festive air. Passing through the little township of Perranporth, which at present is in a somewhat embryo condition, we mount the hill at the back by a road—the cliffs being impassable owing to Messrs. Nobel's dynamite works. On the top we are confronted with the tall chimneys, large buildings, and insulating sheds of this great manufactory of high explosives. Here and there we see suspicious-looking boilers and evil-looking tanks; while towards the cliffs are a number of sinister little black sheds with red roofs, surrounded by earthworks, where we presume the deadly products are stored. The whole thing is a terrible eyesore, placed as it is so conspicuously on the summit of the cliff. Turning down a lane to our right by the side of the factory wall we soon reach the open moor, and make our way to Wheal Prudy Head, as it is locally called, or Pen-a-Gader on the Ordnance map. On reaching it we look back at Cligga Head, whose summit the walls of the dynamite works prevented us from traversing. We are surprised at its extraordinary colouring. Its sides are streaked with pink and white and dove-greys, and in the sunshine present a most unusual appearance.

They are honeycombed with old mine adits, and the sea has carved their lower parts into the most fantastic shapes. On the top of Pen-a-Gader is a mine engine-house. We are now approaching the great mining district of Cornwall, the head-quarters of which are at Redruth and Camborne, a few miles away inland. In front of us, about a couple of miles away, towers St. Agnes Beacon, its shoulders bristling with chimneys and mine workings, and on its southern flank is the mining township of St. Agnes. Soon we descend into the Trevellas Valley and Cove. Here the once pellucid brook is almost black, stone walls instead of flowers line its banks, and its befouled waters darken the sand in the cove and discolour the sea for several yards from the shore. Clambering over some rocks we soon reach Trevaunance Cove, where things are still worse. On the beach itself a great overshot wheel revolves, and discharges dirty water on to the already discoloured sand. On the hill-side above are more wheels, slowly-moving chains, mud heaps, and smoking chimneys ; while the loud and ceaseless clatter of stamps fills the air with noise. This valley, before man polluted it, must have been a very beautiful one, so too, the cove, for the cliffs are high and shapely, and well sentinelled by outlying rocks, but their sides are scarred with adits, and the surrounding water, instead of aquamarine, is the colour of pea soup. At the western end of the cove the quays of a quaint little harbour project from the smooth perpendicular cliff wall with almost Italian picturesqueness. It was built for the exporting of copper and tin, but is now only used by a few local fishing-boats.

Making our way by a path that goes above the harbour we round the flank of the western head, and gradually rise amid ruined mine buildings to the seaward extremity of St. Agnes Beacon. Here we regain the open moor, and our path once more wanders through heath and heather. About a mile out to sea two rocks rise, one very much loftier than the other : they are known to the fishermen as the Cow and Calf. Presently we come to an outcrop of basalt pinnacles, lichen-stained and hoary. Here we will sit awhile, for they command a fine view. Behind us towers the Beacon, six hundred and twenty-nine feet high, crowned with a barrow. To our left, some five or six miles inland, we see the abrupt and curiously shaped hill known as Carn Brea, crowned with a lofty monument to the memory of Lord de Dunstanville. Beneath it is a chaos of tall chimneys, and above them a pall of smoke. This is the black country of Cornwall, and beneath that blue-grey smoke are some of the most famous tin-mines in the world, including the well-known Dolcoath. In front of us is a fine curve of coast terminating in the quaint St. Ives peninsula, and in the farther distance is the rugged outline of the Penwith hills. Leaving the pinnacles we descend into Chapel Porth Valley. Here are more ruined mine buildings, a stream, and a sandy cove. Mounting the western flank we keep along the summit of the cliffs, till we descend by a steep path into Porthtowan Cove. There is a broad strip of sand here, towering headlands, and a stream much impregnated with iron. This is one of the playgrounds of the Redruthians. There are numerous little tea-sheds on the shore, and this afternoon the sands are

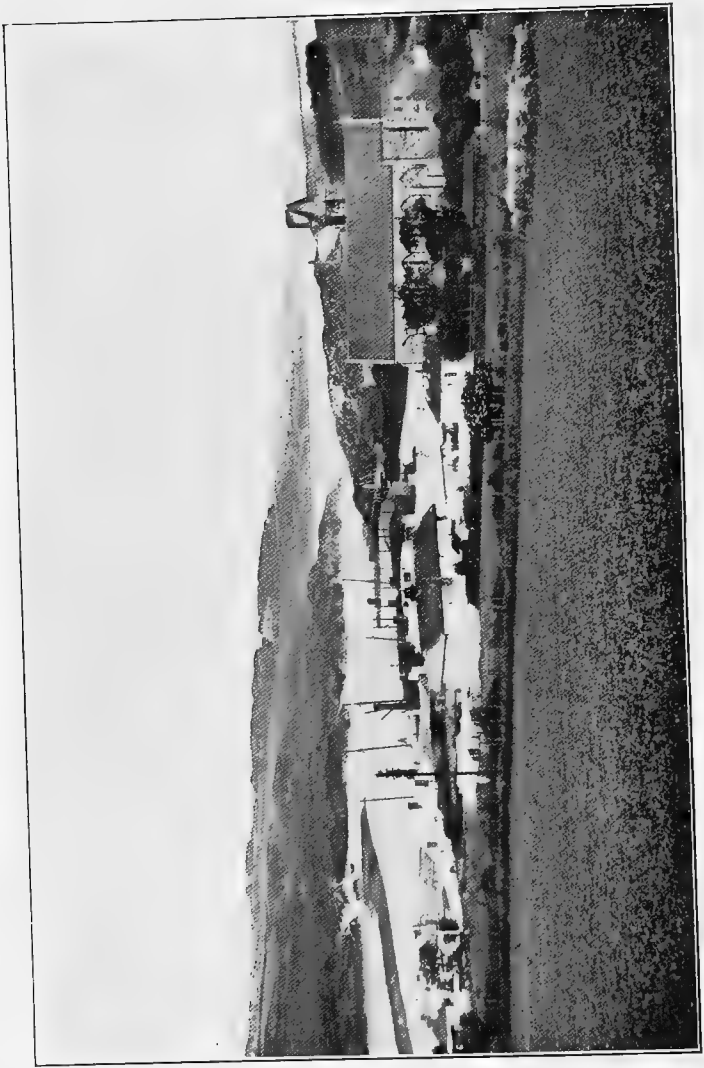
bright with scores of paddling children. Climbing out of the cove we keep along the summit of the cliffs, which call for no particular remark, until we find ourselves looking down on the little port of Portreath. Descending a steep path we find ourselves in a village which consists for the most part of one long street with houses on one side only. There are two or three more single rows of houses, and these together constitute Portreath. The harbour is very narrow and difficult to make, except in fine weather. The greater part of the sea front is taken up by large stacks of coal. Not a very attractive place, but the valley behind it, which extends almost up to Redruth, is a beautiful one. The surrounding cliffs are fine, and Gull Rock stands up boldly off the entrance to the cove; but the sea and sands are discoloured by mining water.

We leave the valley by a broad path that leads up to the summit of a fine headland. In about a mile from here we come to a rather striking cove surrounded by fine cliffs in which a pair of ravens have built their nest for many years. After rain there is a good waterfall in this cove. For the next three or four miles the level cliffs exhibit no very interesting features. In fact, nothing calls for remark until we reach Hell's Mouth. Here perpendicular cliffs enclose a semicircular cove, the walls of which are so sheer that it is a somewhat gruesome place to look down into. A few hundred yards beyond we see beneath us a beautiful strip of yellow sand; a path leads down to it through a wilderness of ferns and flowers. The coast now turns northwards and forms Navax Point. Just at the commencement of the



GWITHIAN

To face page 100



HAYLE AND RIVER MOUTH

bend there is a fine cave known as Seal's Cave. There is a way down into it from the cliff summit, but it is very difficult. The easier way is to enter it by boat at low water. The author of *Wild Life at the Land's End* gives a graphic description of a night he once spent in visiting the seals in this cave. After half a mile over heath and heather we reach the extremity of Navax Point, and from there a few hundred yards bring us to Godrevy Head, off which, on a large rock, is the Godrevy Lighthouse.

We now see before us the fine curve of St. Ives Bay, with its sand dunes, its sheltering hills, and its quaint fishing town on the farther horn. Keeping along the western flank of the head we presently descend to the Gwithian Sands, where the Red River discharges its waters, thick and ruddy from the mining district around Camborne. Joining the road we cross the river by a low bridge. In another hundred yards we turn to the left on to a grass common, and after walking a little way we come to the site of the oratory of St. Gwithian, one of the many Irish saints who came to Cornwall in the fifth and sixth centuries. Nothing remains of the little building but a few foundation stones. A couple of hundred yards away is the village of Gwithian, surrounded by a number of wind-bent trees. The church tower is small but shapely—it is of the fourteenth century and is the oldest part of the building. The lych gate is a particularly graceful one. As the tide is low we traverse the sand dunes, and follow the sandy shore as far as the Hayle River. Here we cross by the ferry-boat, and after scrambling up a sandy bank and passing underneath the

railway, we find ourselves on the celebrated Lelant Golf Links. Looking back we see the water of the Lelant estuary, and on the farther side the town of Hayle. Not a very attractive spot in itself, but its surroundings are picturesque. As we cross the links we obtain a magnificent view of the great bay we have been tramping round, and of quaint St. Ives, straggling out on its peculiar peninsula. Those broad waters now purpling in the twilight are quiet enough to-day, but I have seen them lashed to fury, and that crescent shore strewn with wreckage. Soon we come to Hawk's Point, so called because a pair of kestrels have nested here from time immemorial. Here is one of the most picturesque tea-gardens to be found anywhere ; numerous little wooden buildings embosomed amongst trees and flowers ; and as you quaff the cup that cheers but never inebriates, you look down between lilies and roses at the deep blue water of the bay and almost fancy yourself on the shores of the Mediterranean. We now descend rapidly into Carbis Bay, past numerous villas. Crossing the railroad we reach the sands, where are numerous bathing tents, for this is a very favourite summer resort. Close to the shore is a well-appointed hotel. In front of it four young girls are playing tennis : and on the shore, though the sun has set, a few children are paddling in an almost waveless sea. It is a scene of summer repose, and I cannot help contrasting it with a scene of tragedy and fury that I saw enacted in this same bay one November morning some years ago, when a hellish maelstrom of moaning water was dashing itself on the sand, and in the middle of the white fury, three steamers were helplessly

aground, their crews clinging to the shrouds. And up there on the sloping cliff summit, now blushing with flowering heath, the coastguards were running with the rocket apparatus, followed by a crowd of St. Ives fishermen. The hurricane was tearing the foam from the crests of the waves, and whirling it far inland like immense snowflakes. It was as much as a man could do to stand up against its fury. In a few minutes the chief officer had aimed and fired the tube, and a thin line sped truly in the teeth of the gale, and fell between the masts of one of the two vessels that lay under the cliff. The third was lying in the centre of the bay. Eagerly was the hawser paid out as the men on board the steamer hauled it towards them and made it fast. Then the work of mercy began. One by one the crew was hauled in the breeches buoy, along that perilous ascent to the edge of the cliff, where strong hands helped them on to terra firma. The first to come was a boy, the last the captain. Once again a rocket was fired—at the second steamer. Again the aim was true, and again men began to come slowly up that thin line of safety. But this ship's back was broken, her masts were rolling independently of each other: would she last till all had been saved? Eagerly, almost frantically, the crowd hauled on the lines. Occasionally a great sob of excitement would come from some brawny fisherman. At last all had reached the cliff but the skipper. We could see him standing alone in the fore-shrouds. Away went the breeches buoy on its last journey. When it reached the ship's side we saw the skipper step into it. As he did so he looked up at the ship's masts; he knew her back was

broken and that she might go to pieces at any moment. Then he held up his hand as a signal, and those on shore commenced hauling in the line as they had never hauled before. Suddenly, just as the buoy had traversed about half-way between the ship and the cliff, the gear fouled, and it remained stationary, suspended in mid-air above the breakers. A groan of anguish broke from the excited fishermen. However, the bluejackets soon put things right, and again the buoy began to move, and a sob of triumph burst from the crowd. At last the cliff edge was reached, and the captain, a huge Irishman over six feet high, was lifted safely ashore. Just at that moment, when attention was being directed to the third vessel lying in the centre of the bay, we saw her masts and funnel topple over into the sea, and she was gone. Two or three of her crew swam ashore, but the rest were drowned in the breakers. The way these vessels were driven ashore will show the extraordinary force of the wind. They had taken refuge in St. Ives Bay the evening before from a southerly gale. About dawn the wind suddenly veered to the northward and blew harder than ever. These vessels were now on a lee shore, and although they each had two anchors down and were steaming full speed ahead, they were blown ashore like corks.

Leaving the bay we climb a steep slope, and after crossing the railway by a footbridge we ascend still higher till we reach a road. Traversing this for a few hundred yards we come to a look-out house. This is where the huers watch, from sunrise to sunset in the season, for the arrival of the pilchards, of which they give notice to the crews of the seine boats below. And

now, looking over the crest of the hill, we see beneath us perhaps the most foreign-looking of all English towns. There are the little crescent harbour, the "island," the jumble of grey houses, the old church, the two quays, the crowd of fishing boats, and the yellow floor of Porthminster sands, which, like Carbis Bay, have been the scene of many a wreck. Lights are twinkling "down-along," for the gloaming is deepening into night, and we have reached St. Ives, the end of our day's walk.

CHAPTER VII

ST. IVES

THE town of St. Ives contains about seven thousand inhabitants. It is well situated at the western extremity of a fine bay to which it gives its name, and which is famous for its almost Mediterranean colour. The distinguishing feature of its site is a low, narrow peninsula, that juts out into the sea for some two or three hundred yards, rising at its extremity into a grass-covered, rock-strewn mass of greenstone, one hundred and eight feet high, locally known as "The Island." Its summit used to be impressively crowned with an ancient chapel. A few years ago, however, this interesting little building was demolished by order of that Gilbertian institution the War Office.

On the lower slopes of this peninsula is situated the oldest and most characteristic portion of St. Ives. This should really be called old St. Ives, to distinguish it from the new St. Ives, which has grown up, during the last few years, on the hill above the railway station, and along the Stennack valley. These recent additions consist of villas, and rows of modern dwelling-houses, which, although they undoubtedly contribute to the comfort of the visitor, do not appeal to his artistic instincts. But he is amply compensated by the old-

world quaintness of real St. Ives. It is a jumble of little granite houses, narrow streets, courtyards, and *culs-de-sac* (one of them is called " Pudding Bag Lane ") that appear to have been thrown together anyhow. The whole thing, cobble streets and all, is as old-looking and grey as the rocks that surround it.

Here dwells a race of hardy fisher-folk, whose mode of living and mental outlook are much the same, in spite of railways and Board Schools, as they have been any time during the last three hundred years. Here everybody and everything spells fish. Nothing else matters in St. Ives. Nations may rise and fall, whole dynasties be wiped out, but old St. Ives cares for none of these things. Fish, or the absence of it, alone has power to quicken her pulse or moisten her bonny eyes. The insignia, as it were, of her craft hang pendent, like banners, in most of her streets. Long sea-boots, sou'-westers, and gaily-painted bladders, used for floating nets, are suspended from lines that cross from wall to wall. Through massive doorways, in Rembrandtesque setting, glimpses are caught of dark-eyed Celtic maidens busily engaged in mending nets, while swarthy swains of maritime aspect look approvingly on.

On the southern side of this old-world jumble of houses the peninsula forms a little crescent, at either extremity of which a granite pier throws out a protecting arm, and encloses the harbour. Here lies the fishing fleet, and the few schooners that belong or trade to the place. Here, too, at certain seasons of the year thousands of tons of fish are landed (herrings in autumn, mackerel in spring). During the summer months it is a scene of sunny repose.

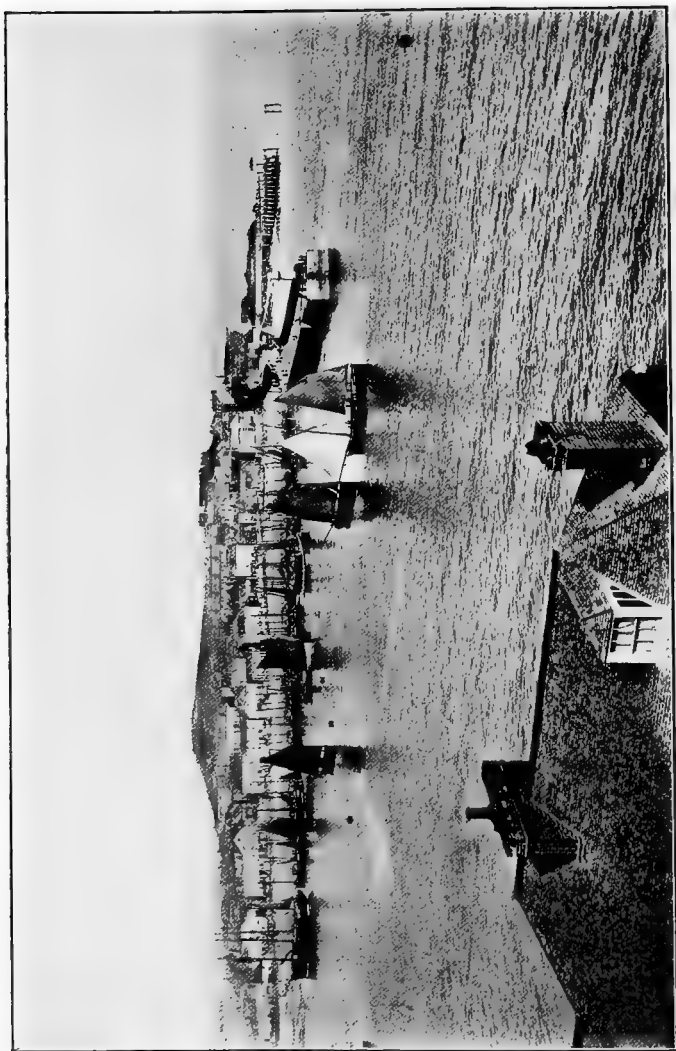
Children of the fisher-folk play about the idle boats; or paddle, with sunburnt legs, in the lapping margin of the quiet sea. Old men, tempted by the warmth, shuffle out to rude seats, where, with bowed heads and pipes held loosely between toothless gums, they dream of the past, when, on such a day as this, they were masters of their fate, or thought they were, which comes to much the same thing. Wives and sweethearts gather into little knots, and talk about the absent ones; for most of the larger boats are away fishing on the Scotch and Irish coasts.

In the autumn all this is changed. Then the little harbour becomes a scene of picturesque activity. Every afternoon a flotilla of row-boats leaves the harbour to fish in the bay. Hundreds of men, clad in sea-boots, guernseys and sou'-westers, hurry across the beach. Boats are pushed off, oars are run out, and away they go. In these days of steam-trawlers, big companies, and general go-aheadness, there is a strange, old-world charm about this daily departure of scores of four- and six-oared gigs. One feels that the same thing has been going on for centuries, that it is hallowed by the use and wont of generations of hardy toilers. The very clothes they wear, in their extreme picturesqueness, seem to belong to former days—to the days of trunk hose, cavalier boots, and plumed hats. A very ordinary man, physically, becomes a most potent-looking hero—a regular Raleigh—in sea-boots reaching to his thighs, knitted guernsey, oilskin, and sou'-wester. I doubt if a more effective setting was ever invented for a weather-beaten face than the sou'-wester. It can give points to every kind of shako, helmet,



ST. IVES

To face page 114



THE ISLAND, ST. IVES

To face page 115

busby, cocked hat, and foraging cap in which the armies of Europe conquer each other and the hearts of the fair.

But the most bewitching sight of all, and one that, if once seen, will never be forgotten, is the return of these boats to the harbour between eight o'clock and midnight. This alone would be worth travelling from London to see, even if one went back on the following day. It is the most exquisite festa ever devised, a water carnival as beautiful as a Venetian fête, although, unlike these, its *raison d'être* is not spectacular. Each boat, when it left the harbour in the afternoon, carried a lantern supported by an iron rod made fast to a thwart in the bows. As soon as it is dusk these lanterns are lit, and the bay seems to have been suddenly sown with stars.

And now, dear reader, if the night be fine, the water smooth, and you are lucky enough to be staying at St. Ives, go down to the crescent shore and watch these stars return. One by one, or in little clusters, they steal towards the piers. The practised oars scarce make a splash, the boats and their crews are invisible ; and the silent approach of these lambent flames is as some beautiful dream. As each boat nears the shore the smooth surface of the harbour water is suddenly stabbed with golden spears, and gashes of flame leap to our feet. The keels grate upon the sand, stalwart forms jump out into the shallow water and drag their sturdy gigs clear of the lapping waves. Draw near now and see what these long-booted men have won from the bay, while you have been snugly enjoying your evening meal. What is it that flashes beneath the thwarts, covering the bottoms of the boats with a lustrous glow, like living

pearls ? It is herrings. That prosaic fish, which hitherto has probably only been familiar to you in its fried, its red, or its Yarmouth bloater condition, but which you now perceive to be, fresh caught from his native element, a creature clad in a garment of opalescent beauty. Doubtless there is a moral here, to the effect that people, like fish, are often better looking, morally and physically, than we imagine them to be. This, however, was not so in the case of a French poet and the lobster (I forget his name at the moment), who called that long-whiskered denizen of the deep "the cardinal of the sea." He was evidently unaware that his brilliant ecclesiastically coloured cloak was literally the result of going to pot.

In addition to the herring fishing, the early autumn is also the time for the catching of pilchards. These fish have, of late years, been very uncertain in their movements. At times they visit the bay, during September and October, in great shoals numbering millions. Then again several years go by, and not a shoal is seen. Day after day, as soon as the season commences, the seine boats, looking, with their picturesque awnings, curiously like gigantic sabots, lie anchored off Porthminster beach. They contain the seine nets, which are many hundreds of yards in length ; and their crews are watching, from sunrise to sunset, for the call of the huers (shouters) on the hill. When these huers see the dark purple patches, which they know to be pilchards, approaching the shore, the hubbub is tremendous. Wild cries of "Heva !" (found) rend the air, and the townspeople hurry to every point of vantage. The sabot-like appearance of the seine boats vanishes as if by magic.

The canvas awnings have been torn down, and the oars, which had supported them, are bending like saplings, as the eager crews force the great boats through the water in the direction indicated by the equally eager huers on the hill. These men direct the rowers by means of "bushes," which they wave above their heads. As soon as the boats reach the fish they surround them and shoot their seines, as it is called. If the shot is a good one, and the fish are successfully enclosed in shallow water, the process of "tucking" commences, and is often carried on for days. For the fish are as securely penned by the well-buoyed nets, kept vertical by weights, as is a flock of sheep by hurdles. The business of tucking, or ladling out the fish from a smaller net that has been shot inside the great seine walls, is watched by crowds of townspeople and visitors, who go out in boats. But as the whole thing has been so often described it is not necessary to say anything more about it here.

The spring mackerel fishing is carried on in the open sea many miles from the bay. The row-boats take no part in this ; there is therefore no nightly carnival. Nevertheless, after a good catch, the little harbour, in the vernal sunshine, glows with colour and movement.

As I have already indicated, the fisher-folk are a race apart. But little touched by modern thought, they are full of old-fashioned prejudices and superstitions. They are, however, a warm-hearted, generous, simple-living people, whose brains are well stored with Biblical knowledge, and a certain shrewd philosophy. The sea-lore and strange scraps of information possessed by some of the older men are extraordinary. Specially is this the

case with those who, instead of joining a crew of six or seven hands, own a small boat of their own, in which they fish alone. These men, by reason of the solitary nature of their work, do an immense amount of pure and unadulterated thinking. Their views on life and things in general are usually worth listening to. One old man in particular, whom I knew well, had a remarkable store of interesting facts, and not less interesting fancies. He was a man of fine physique, with the face and brow of an old prophet. He had the gift of rhyming, once so common amongst the Celtic people. Much of his weather lore and deep-sea knowledge was put into verse. I have heard him addressing his wife in sonnet after sonnet of amusing conceits. For the greater part of his life he fished alone. During these long vigils in his little boat, day after day, night after night, at all seasons of the year, he saw strange sights and dreamt strange dreams, though he would never allow that they were dreams. Unfortunately I have only space for one of them, which I give more or less in his own words.

“I had been fishing for conger just outside the bay. I had caught six and was hauling in the seventh when, just as I had got his head out of the water, an old seal come up from below, bit him in two, chucked the head half into the boat, hook and all, and was off like a flash with the other. ‘Well,’ says I to myself, ‘that’s a hint to stop fishing, anyhow.’ So I takes the hook out of my half of the conger, and coils down the line. Then I went aft, lit a pipe, and had a look round. I was about a mile to the westward of ‘the Stones.’ It was a fine night, and not enough wind to blow out a candle. The tide

was a-setting me in, and, though there was no moon, it was not what you could call a dark night. So I sits down in the sternsheets and takes things easy for a bit. You see, I hadn't done so bad, for six congers is FISH, and I didn't want to get in till dawn. Well, I couldn't a' been smoking not ten minutes when I suddenly saw, a-coming up on the starboard bow, not more nor a cable's length away, a large full-rigged ship. I tell 'ee, I felt fair mazed, in a manner of speaking, and I ain't ashamed to own it. For although " (here he always lowered his voice and spoke with great emphasis) "there was not a breath o' wind, she was a-going through the water like a steamer, and everything a-drawing fit to bust. I couldn't a' moved hand nor foot, not if you'd a' given me the throne of England. I just sat and stared at her, sort of mazed-like. Her gra-ate foresail was as taut as you mind to, and so was her foretopsail, to'gallant, and royal. And from what I could see of her main and mizen sails they was the same. The water was a-foaming from her bows like it do from a mail boat's, if you will. I made sure as how she would a' run me down, but she didn't. She passed about a boat's length ahead of me. I shall never forget the sight of her broadside on, not as long as I live. She had a lot of portholes, like them 'ere old frigates used to have. These 'ere portholes was all abroad, and the ship was lit up fore and aft like a blooming theater. And, if I may never speak another word, they was a-dancing like mad things atween decks. I could see 'em a-whirling round. Women in these 'ere low dresses and a sight of flesh showing, and men in a lot of gold lace, and their hair done up in pigtails, like Johnnie China-

man, only shorter. I could hear the fiddles, and the swish of the water under her counter, as plain as I can hear myself a-talking to you. And blow me if I don't think what I'm a-coming to ain't the rummiest go of all. As soon as her stern began to show up, I saw, rising above the taffrail on the poop—which was higher nor any poop I ever seed afore or since—a framework of spars, something like an old gallus in shape. On the top of this 'ere framework was a gra-ate bell, bigger nor any church bell. Every now and then this 'ere gra-ate bell gave out a deep low toll, as solemn as you mind to. I could hear it long after the sound of the fiddles and the swish of the water, and long after I had lost sight of the ship in the murk of the night. I must have sat there for some time sort of mazed ; for when I got up to have a look round, the day had dawned, and the tide had drifted me well-nigh abreast of the pier head. So I turned to and rowed the boat in. But I can tell 'ee, it was more nor a day afore I felt myself again. And many a night since have I dreamt of that 'ere ship, and heard the gra-ate bell a-tolling as solemn as you mind to."

There is another product besides fish for which St. Ives is famous, and that is pictures. A large colony of artists is resident in the town, and their studios, numbering over fifty, are to be found in all sorts of unexpected places. Many famous pictures have been painted in old St. Ives. Two, bought for the nation from the Chantry Bequest, now hang in the Tate Gallery. Several have won medals at the Paris Salon ; while there is hardly a large town in England that has not procured one or more for its permanent collection. There is not space in this

work to describe this interesting art centre, nor to dwell on the many advantages St. Ives can offer to people of intellect and refinement as a winter resort, or as a permanent home. Interesting as the little town is, with its old-world atmosphere and its modern cult, we must leave it, for the wild country behind it is calling us. I will therefore say nothing of its summer season, when scores of bathing tents line Porthminster sands, when the broad waters of the bay are yielding their treasures, not to the hardy professional in oilskin and sea-boots, but to the enthusiastic amateur in flannels and canvas shoes ; and when the purple heath that lines the moorland roads has its brilliancy dimmed by the white dust from the wheels of the Jersey cars that carry the northern visitors through this southern land. Neither will I give any particulars of the fifteenth-century church, the free library, the many chapels, the numerous hotels, and the very inadequate town hall, all of which are thoroughly described in the local guide-books. Before, however, continuing our long walk, let me briefly indicate a few of the chief characteristics of the country we are about to traverse.

CHAPTER VIII

NORTH PENWITH—THE ATLANTIC GIRDLE—A LAND OF PAGEANTS

Long æons past when Earth received her form,
On these primeval hills sweet Nature reared
High altars to the honour of her God.
Here Baldur comes at daybreak with a kiss ;
And when soft night enfolds the drowsy moor,
Pale Cynthia broods upon these rocks with love,
The winds caress them, and the weeping South
Bathes with gentle dew their furrowed brows.
And each has left a legacy of love
That blushes on the granite and reflects
The smiles of Summer, and the tears of Spring.

A GLANCE at a geological map of Cornwall, on which the elevations are given, will reveal the fact that a series of granite heights runs down the centre of the county. A second glance will show that these granite outcrops do not touch the sea anywhere but in the remote Land's End district, with the exception of a small patch on St. Agnes Beacon, and a solitary headland to the south of Praa sands in Mount's Bay. The rest of the coast consists, for the most part, of slate, shale, and serpentine. To the two former the Cornish often give the name of *killas* indiscriminately, irrespective of their geological age. Both the slate and shale have in places been much changed in character by contact with igneous rocks

(chiefly granite). Plutonic rocks of a basaltic nature such as diorite or greenstone, andorite, etc., are also to be found. The Cornish call the hardest of these basaltic rocks blue elvan or ironstone. This rock has a tendency to form into cubes and pinnacles resembling granite. The popular belief that basalt always assumes a columnar structure is an erroneous one. Many basalts are not columnar, and not a few columnar rocks are not basalts.

From St. Ives to Land's End the coast consists entirely of basaltic rock and granite, with here and there a patch of slate, as at Botallack. Those who are familiar with the imposing pinnacles, the castellated regularity of the summits, and the dignity of the vertical lines into which granite weathers, will at once surmise that some of the grandest coast scenery in the county is to be found in this its western extremity, and they would not be wrong. For although some of the cliffs we have already passed in the neighbourhood of Boscastle are higher, being composed for the most part of slate and shale, they have neither the dignity of form nor the richness of colour of the plutonic headlands of Penwith.

And the effect of these beautifully proportioned ramparts is immensely heightened by the proximity of the moorland hills, which here, as we mentioned in our first chapter, face the sea in a series of rock-strewn ridges. These tor-crowned hills are never more than a mile from the coast; and in the neighbourhood of Bosigran they rise almost immediately above it. With this exception, a narrow strip of cultivated land lies between the furzy summits of the cliffs and the base of these moorland hills. This strip is intersected by numerous valleys, that the

frequent streams have worn for themselves in their impetuous rush to the sea. Its surface is covered with a number of little fields, surrounded by granite walls, or hedges as they are called in Cornwall, the homes of innumerable flowers and ferns. Here and there a farmplace rears its grey walls in the midst of diminutive sheds, and peat stacks. But these silent witnesses to the presence of man do but accentuate the truly wild character of the scenery. It is still a land primeval. As it is to-day, so it was tens of thousands of years ago, with the exception of the little strip that man has won from the wild. A land for the most part destitute of trees, but marvellously rich in flowers. A land with a charm of its own, which does not at first influence the beholder. In fact, the ruggedness of this Cornish Connemara sometimes at first repels ; but it never fails to gain the hearts of those who know it well.

In what this charm consists it would be difficult to say definitely. There are probably many reasons. Certainly one is its nearness to the ocean. For it is no choppy, chalk-stained channel that laves its shores, but the clear water of the Atlantic, in whose mighty womb storms are begotten and sent forth to devastate, and over whose broad, palpitating bosom those silent handmaids of the storm—the clouds—brood in an infinite variety of form and colour. And cliffs, and hills, and laughing streams grow more beautiful for the blending of these splendours of sea and sky. Day and night, morning and evening, gain a subtle charm by this marriage of the land and sea. When the waning sun rests on the rim of the great water, and bids a lingering farewell to the land, where

he has so lately wantoned in the lust of his prime, he sends his amorous glance along a pathway of burnished gold. When the sweet moon looks down from heaven on hill and vale she traverses a pathway of burnished silver, laid, like a lustrous ribbon, across the dimpled bosom of the sea. When the day is in the noontide of its joy and brightness, the golden gorse glows richer for the azure of the sea; and the grey rocks, on the summits of the hills, gain grandeur when seen against the broad cheek of some mighty storm-cloud fresh begotten of the sea.

In addition to this Atlantic girdle there is, I think, another reason for the fascination of this wild land. It is a land of pageants, as Brittany is a land of pardons. But the pageants of Penwith are the pageants of God. The changing livery of the seasons is, to a certain extent, manifest in all countries situated in the temperate zone. But here, unimpeded by enclosures or intervening woods, the eye takes in, at a glance, vast sections of Nature's tapestry, hung high upon the shoulders of the hills, and falling in many-coloured folds to the sapphire floor of the sea. Nowhere else in the United Kingdom is there such a festival of colour as this Ultima Thule reveals at all seasons of the year.

In spring the whinbush clothes the hills with a mantle of gold, while the valleys are carpeted with bluebells and primroses, dimpled here and there with cushions of moss, whose living velvet is starred with pale anemones. These valleys early in May, when the gorse and blackthorn are in full flower, are as brilliant as a poet's dream. To look down any one of them, on a fine day, is to realise a feast

of colour, and a vision of the joy of life such as one is rarely permitted to behold. For not only is the surface of the land patined with brilliant hues, and the sea glowing as the pavements of heaven, but the air is tremulous with the song of land birds and the joyous laughter of the gulls.

Summer strikes a deeper, fuller note. The lyrical loveliness of youth has blossomed into the epic grandeur of maturity, and the joyous cry of hope is hushed in the realisation of the dreams of yesterday. The hills have changed their golden mantle for one of imperial purple, for the heath and the heather are now in bloom. The Atlantic flashes a deeper blue. Files of stately foxgloves, or poppies as they are called in Cornwall, line the stone hedges, stand like sentinels at every stile, and climb the hills in whole battalions. The wayward honeysuckle loads the air with its rich aroma. The spidery tentacles of the predatory dodder cover themselves with a network of crinkled bloom. Thousands of blue scabious star the walls, and the round-leaved pennywort crowns them with its tall spikes of pale greenish white flowers. The tender yellow stars of the silver-weed and creeping cinquefoil line the lanes, and the wax-like bells of the cross-leaved heath are to be found on moor and cliff. The smooth sheep-clipped grass, which appears like islands amongst the gorse and heather, is cushioned with masses of fragrant thyme, and starred with centaury, and the blue, white, and purple blossoms of the milkwort, that lowly but exquisitely beautiful flower. Here and there, in unexpected corners, the giant mullein rears its stately column of yellow bloom. Marguerites and champions are

seen on every side ; while, queen of them all, the briar-rose opens her tender petals to be kissed by the sun and the soft shadows of the clouds.

Autumn is not so instinct with sadness on these moorland hills as in wooded and more cultivated districts. There the sight of falling leaves and rain-sodden fallows strikes a chord in our hearts that often vibrates much against our will. But here, except for the reluctant departure of the flowers (they never all go), there is but little to remind one of the approach of winter. For, although the hills are no longer robed in purple, the rich cinnamon of the bracken, more beautiful in death than in life, makes them more artistically perfect than at any other time of the year, by reason of its effective contrast with the rich green of the gorse and the greys of the granite boulders. The autumn rains, too, swell the brooks. No longer do they murmur softly to the ferns, but shout in wildest ecstasy as they foam between the stones and leap to the sea. This is the time to visit the waterfalls, and also to study the many-coloured lichens that clothe the rocks. Their beauty and variety are extraordinary. Many rocks are completely covered by them. They grow like a beautifully marked skin over the entire surface, and must form an almost impervious defence against the disintegrating action of frost and atmosphere. Their colour schemes are as varied as they are harmonious, combining warm and cool greys with rich browns and blacks ; while occasionally disks of brilliant orange, pale yellow, and olive-green glow like flowers on the grey groundwork. It would be well if house-decorators and paper-designers could study these

natural colour schemes. They would teach them many a lesson in harmony and good taste.

The passing of autumn into winter is imperceptible, for the brilliant colour on moor and cliff is common to both. Severe cold, even in January, is unknown. It is very rare that there is ice thick enough to bear the weight of a man. But although the warm water of the Gulf Stream can keep Jack Frost at bay, it is powerless to control the mighty Æolus. This is the season of storms ; when the wild west wind goes shrieking across the narrow land, and the Atlantic hurls itself against the cliffs with a fury of which those who only know the English Channel can have no conception. It is the battle of a whole ocean against solid rock. The tremendous power of the assault and the grim steadfastness of the resistance are extraordinary. The roar of the conflict can be heard for miles. The spume of the foaming waves, as they are forced back from cavern and buttress, is hurled by the wind over the crests of the highest cliffs, and flies in monstrous flakes across the face of the moaning moor. The whole peninsula hums with the madness of the elements. The natives, well accustomed to the tragedies which so often accompany these visitations, are on the alert. The deep booming of distress signals, but faintly heard above the terrific din, empties many a cottage ; and the bright snake-like gleam of the rocket, that calls out the lifeboat, brings hundreds of eager helpers to the edge of the cliffs, or down to the surf-lashed sands.

CHAPTER IX

ST. IVES TO ZENNOR

Oh, little daughters of the moor
Who dance and sparkle through the day,
Bright nymphs who whisper in the shade
Or shout a laughing roundelay
As ye leap to the sea,
Ye are the spirits of the hills
Who sing the sagas of the wild ;
If we could only understand
Your message as a trusting child,
How happy we should be.

HAVING briefly glanced at some of the chief characteristics of Cornwall's Ultima Thule, we will now start on our long walk to Land's End. Keeping to our original intention of following the coast, except when making detours into the moorland, we pass along the Digey, St. Ives' most characteristic street, and turning to the left find ourselves confronted with the Atlantic and the broad beach of Porthmeor. There are few finer stretches of sand in Cornwall than Porthmeor. Bounded on one side by the "Island" and on the other by Carrickdhu rocks, it faces nearly due north. When a northerly or north-westerly gale is blowing, it presents a most magnificent spectacle. But it is even more impressive when, at sunset, on some still autumn evening, a ground sea comes rolling in. There is something that appeals immensely to the imagination in this exhibition of power,

for which there is no apparent cause, and when all else is still. It affects one far more than the confused tumult of the storm. Then the buffets of the wind and the blinding spray prevent one from concentrating one's whole attention on the infuriated sea. Now everything tends, as in a well-told tale, to increase the dramatic effect. Overhead, in the windless blue, a few fleecy clouds hang motionless. The level sun peeps over the distant horizon, and transforms the crests of the advancing waves into the very nectar of the gods; while in the shadow of those rolling walls the lace-like foam, on the surface of the creaming sea, becomes a delicate violet, to be seen nowhere else except on the summit of some snowy alp. And as one watches this mysterious tumult there rises up to one, on the still evening air, that delicious aroma which has been well described as the ethereal essence of the sea. It is at such moments as these that even the most prosaic mortal realises the truth of Byron's words: "There is a rapture on the lonely shore." For the soul of the sea seems to be greeting his soul, and he knows, if only for a moment, that he is one with Nature, one of her many children, and that he must add his mite to the music of the spheres, irrespective of creed and dogma.

We now skirt the lower wall of the cemetery, and pass an old-time sacred well. Just opposite this well, a few years ago, was the site of what used to be playfully called "Pig's Town." It consisted of a congeries of sties, erected, with all the ingenuity for which sailors are conspicuous, out of old packing cases, broken doors, boat planks, tarred canvas, portions of a ship's boiler, and other scraps. Here wallowed, in seas of mud, gigantic

sows and their numerous progeny, in company with some of the largest rats I have ever seen. But the besom of the Sanitary Authority has swept all this unsavoury welter away. Now, instead of porcine odours, the sweet scent of the winter heliotrope, which grows so freely by the side of the path, greets the nostrils with its delicious spring-like aroma. This is not the common butterbur (*Petasites vulgaris*), which flowers from March to May, but *Petasites fragrans*. Although a doubtful native it has become naturalised in Cornwall, and grows freely on railway embankments, mine-refuse heaps, and waste places. It flowers about the end of December, and its peculiarly vernal smell, coming as it does in the darkest days of winter, gives one an acute thrill of pleasure.

Passing through a swing gate we cross a couple of fields and reach the Carrickdhu rocks. A bold mass of basaltic formation of fantastic outline, which forms the western extremity of Porthmeor. Here those interested in such matters will find traces of a raised beach, corresponding in height to a similar one on the "Island." Just beyond these rocks the path winds round by a quarry. A rather unsightly gash; but, until some genius improves on Mr. McAdam's method, roads need stone, and the iron-stone, as it is locally called, of which this part of the coast is composed, makes, on account of its hardness and close-grained texture, the best road metal in the world. We are now amongst the gorse and heath, and get a foretaste of the feast of colour that is awaiting us. The time we have chosen for our walk is early in June; and although the great blaze of gold which the gorse makes in May is no longer at its height, enough remains

to form an effective background for the summer flowers. The foxgloves, already more than a yard high, make a particularly brave show. These flowers grow in greater profusion and attain a larger size in this district than in any other part of England. They line the roads and hedges in thousands, and sometimes grow so thickly on the hills as to produce a splash of colour that can be seen half a mile away. When at their full height and flower, they often reach six or seven feet. The longest I ever measured was eight feet ten inches.

Presently we come to a little stream that trickles down the hillside amongst boulders and gorse. On the top of the hill, due south from where we are standing, is the ruin of a "Pict's House." Its western side is formed by a large rock which must have saved the builders a good deal of labour. The curved passage to the entrance, so characteristic of these buildings, is still visible. Half a mile or so to the south of this hut is another and larger "Pict's House." It is situated in a field in the Stennack valley. Both buildings are roofless, but those who have studied the subject seem to have no doubt of their Gaelic origin. If their surmise is correct, these little buildings cannot be less than a thousand years old.

The next object of interest is Clodgy Point, which juts out into the sea like a massive pier. It receives the full force of the westerly swell, which to-day is considerable, and we see the spray from the baffled waves shoot up fifty or sixty feet into the air. On the grass-covered slope, immediately above this natural rampart, is a huge boulder, known as Clodgy Rock. Notice how completely it is covered with lichens, as indeed are all the rocks

from here to Land's End. In spring the sea onion or vernal squill (*Scilla verna*) grows plentifully on this hill-side.

Ascending obliquely, we come to the first cove. It is not very deep, as the cliffs have not yet reached their full height. Nevertheless, it is a characteristic rent that the sea has made in the heart of the basalt. In shape it is not unlike a modern theatre. Its grassy slope represents the tiers of seats, and those terrible black walls are the wings of the proscenium. Down there, where the sea is hissing amongst the boulders, is the stage, where tragedies have been acted, more terrible than any the footlights ever illuminated. There is scarcely a cove along this coast that has not been the scene of shipwreck and death. In all of them you will find the splintered fragments of ships' timbers, and not infrequently the torn remnants of human clothing. This cove is easily descended, but, as there are others in front of us on a much grander scale, we will proceed on our walk. Before doing so, however, notice how much more freely the lichens grow on the eastern than on the western walls of the cove. The former, of course, get more sun, and also more moisture, as the south-west wind is not only the wettest but the prevailing wind. To which of these causes this heavier growth is due I am not prepared to say, perhaps to both. Also notice, on the eastern slope, some tall reeds (they will be eight or nine feet high by the end of July). They give quite a sub-tropical appearance to many of these cliffs. Some people imagine that these reeds only grow in water, but they do just as well in moist ground. They

are known in Cornwall as goss, but their botanical name is *Arundo phragmites*.

Slightly rising, and passing between the firing platforms of the St. Ives Volunteer Artillery, we reach the coastguard path. Keeping to this for a couple of hundred yards or so, we leave it to descend to an old mine shaft. A portion of the north wall of the engine-house, pierced by a doorway, is still standing. A desolate ruin, but its wild surroundings and its proximity to the sea give it a certain charm. The sides of the nearly filled-up shaft are clothed with masses of bright green sea fern (*Asplenium marinum*). The black plutonic rocks that rise out of the sea immediately below the shaft, being freely veined with white quartz, present a rather striking appearance.

Following a sheep path, we reach the summit of the headland, which is called Hor Point. Here we get a fine view of the coast as far as Pen Enys Point, and also a glimpse of the moorland hills. In the cove below the blue Atlantic glistens in the sunlight, while the emerald green of the shallower water is streaked with foam. Now and again a column of spray leaps up in the face of some sentinel rock to fall in a shower of prismatic radiance. Hor Point is not much more than a mile from St. Ives; and as it commands a fine view it is a good objective for an afternoon's ramble. It can be reached by the coast, or by road, field path, and lane.

On leaving Hor Point we turn a little inland to avoid a boggy bit, and crossing some furzy ground we notice the remains of another "Pict's House," as the curved alley leading to the entrance proves it to be. Were it not for this we might easily mistake the little walls for

a ruined cattle shed. A few yards to the south of this spot is a field that, whenever it is ploughed, proves to be full of flint flakes of neolithic times ; while the surrounding fields scarcely yield one. At some remote period a maker of flint arrow-heads, knives, etc., must have had a hut here, and these flakes were the litter of his trade, like the shavings in a carpenter's shop. Not far from the " Pict's House " we come to a stream, a very little stream at this time of the year, that trickles through the tussocky grass and falls over a black and somewhat sloping precipice to the sea. The headlands on either side of this little cove are a favourite resort of adders. I once killed four in as many minutes, just below the boulders to the westward of the stream. They came out of a hole in a stone hedge one after the other.

Perhaps some of my readers may like to know that adder skins make an extremely handsome belt, and one that many a " rare and radiant maiden " would be very pleased to wear. The process of making them is as follows :—

First of all, of course, you have to find and catch your adder. This, however, a little patient observation will soon accomplish. They live in the interstices of stone hedges, and are generally found on or near them. A careful perambulation of a few of these hedges, in the vicinity of the cliffs, on a sunny day in April or May, before the bracken and flowers have grown to their full height, will probably discover one or more adders crawling along the stones, or coiled up asleep in the sun. They are very timid creatures, so you must be quick, or they will escape you by disappearing between the stones. All

you require for their destruction is a stick. In order to avoid damaging the scales, you should strike them as near the head as possible. A very slight blow will disable an adder, as it fractures the delicate vertebræ. When disabled, place the sole of your boot on its head, and, with a sharp knife, sever the head from the body. You can now take the body in your hands. Never mind the writhing, it is purely muscular; the creature is as dead as a door nail. Cut the skin for about an inch down the under part of the neck; then turn it back, exposing the stump of the body. Give this stump to a friend to hold, or, if you are alone, place it under the sole of your boot. With your two hands you can now peel off the skin, as easily as you can peel off a glove. It will not peel to the extreme end of the tail, so you cut off the last six or seven inches. When you get home, cut the skin, which, of course, is inside-out, carefully with a pair of scissors along the centre of the belly, thus leaving the beautiful zigzag pattern on the back intact. Now tack it down on a board, tightly stretched, the inside of the skin uppermost. Put the tacks as near the edge as possible. Rub in with the finger plenty of ordinary pepper, until it has absorbed all the moisture. In a few days the skin will be dry and sweet. Take it from the board, and, with the scissors, trim off the holes made by the tacks, and cut off as much of the narrower end as you think necessary. Two full-grown adder skins will make a belt large enough for the average maiden's waist. The next thing to do is to procure some thin leather. You can get a whole skin in almost any colour (olive-green is one of the best) from a London leather merchant.

From this you cut a strip about half an inch wider than the skins, and long enough to allow for strap and buckle. Paste the skins to this strip with a powerful adhesive. When dry take it to your bootmaker, or saddler, and he will turn over the edges of the leather, and sew them for you ; he will also attach the buckle. A small strip of leather, about the width of the turnover, should be sewn on, in the middle of the belt, to conceal where the skins join. Be careful to choose two skins of the same colour. The male's skin is the handsomer, being black and silver. The female's is of a reddish hue, and not so distinctly marked.

We will now leave Adder Tor, the right name of which is Zawn Quoits, and cross a swampy bit of ground with Pen Enys headland on our right front. Here, in winter, you will generally flush a snipe or two, but now the crows and kestrels have it pretty much to themselves. What an everlasting warfare these birds wage ! I have often watched them, for a quarter of an hour at a time, swooping at each other with apparently deadly intent. And yet, somehow, I doubt if it really means anything more serious than does a wrestling match between schoolboys. For when, by mutual consent, they come to ground, they very rarely attempt to molest each other.

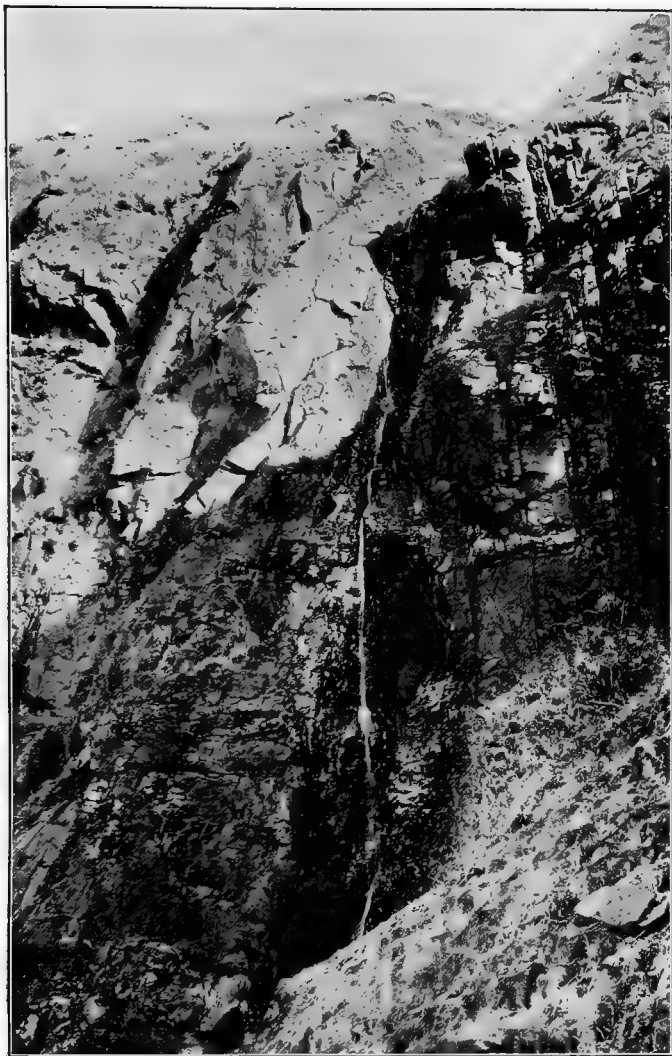
Turning to the left, over a little stream, we notice an opening in the earth and stone hedge that protects cattle and sheep from straying to certain death over the edge of the cliff. It looks too large for a fox or badger run ; and yet what else can it be ?—for it is well used. Surely no human beings would venture over such a place ? But they do, for there is the impress of a hobnailed boot,

not twelve hours old. Let us follow this trail, and see where it leads. For the first three or four yards the path descends at a very steep gradient, and seems to end at a wall of rock, over which, in wet weather, a stream trickles. But here we find it turns at right angles seawards; and we see below us a terrific gorge, at the bottom of which, in a narrow opening between perpendicular black cliffs, is the sea. From top to bottom the rock walls are never more than a few yards apart, and at first sight the fissure seems unscalable. But the welter of rocks and earth that slopes to the sea between these ramparts is just not too steep to climb, so down we go, following the impress of the hobnailed boots. Hands come into requisition as well as feet. Sometimes we are clinging to a bunch of thrift, sometimes to a mass of sea campion and bent grass; now under one dripping wall, now under another. Presently we see, rising above us on our right, a sheer precipice, more than a hundred feet high, and over it falls a silver thread which sprinkles our faces as we pass. This is the stream we crossed on the top of the cliff. After heavy rain it becomes a foaming cataract, which adds much to the grandeur of the gorge. Down we go, for the sea is still far beneath us. Soon we come to some rocks. Sliding between them—this is the only difficult bit—we reach a confusion of boulders that choke up the bottom of the gorge. Beyond these is a strip of firm white sand, where the green breakers are tumbling; for it is low water, the best time to visit all these coves. I know of no spot, even on this iron coast, that conveys to the mind such a vivid sense of the tremendous power of the sea, and the might of the resisting

rock. These boulders, some of them several tons in weight, have been heaped up like marbles by the waves. Wedged in between them is a quantity of wreckage. As we pick our way from rock to rock we see a debris of splinters, and every now and then a broken spar or plank held in a grip of iron. Nearing the sand the boulders become smaller, and beautifully rounded by the action of the water. Some of them are no larger than a cricket ball. Pick one up and throw it against a rock, or the cliff side, and it rebounds almost like india-rubber, in spite of its weight and hardness, or perhaps in consequence of them. There is something terrible in the hardness of this ironstone. Look up at the perpendicular precipices above us ; did you ever see anything so menacing ? And this narrow opening, which looks as if it had been cut with a knife, so smooth and sheer are the opposing walls, is all the sea and yonder stream have been able to win for themselves, after tens of thousands of years of conflict. We talk of a thing being as hard as granite, but granite is a crumbling rubble compared to ironstone. Had this part of the coast been granite, the narrow gorge we have just descended would have been, by this time, a cove one or two hundred yards across, instead of fifteen ; and flanked by pinnacled headlands, whose castellated walls would be glowing with lichens, and broken here and there by a flower-covered glacis, instead of those black precipices, on whose smooth surface there is scarcely a crack, and where even lichen can hardly find a foothold. Now we are out on the sand, and close to the sunlit sea. How the foam dances and sparkles in the bright light, as we gaze out over the curling, transparent green waves !

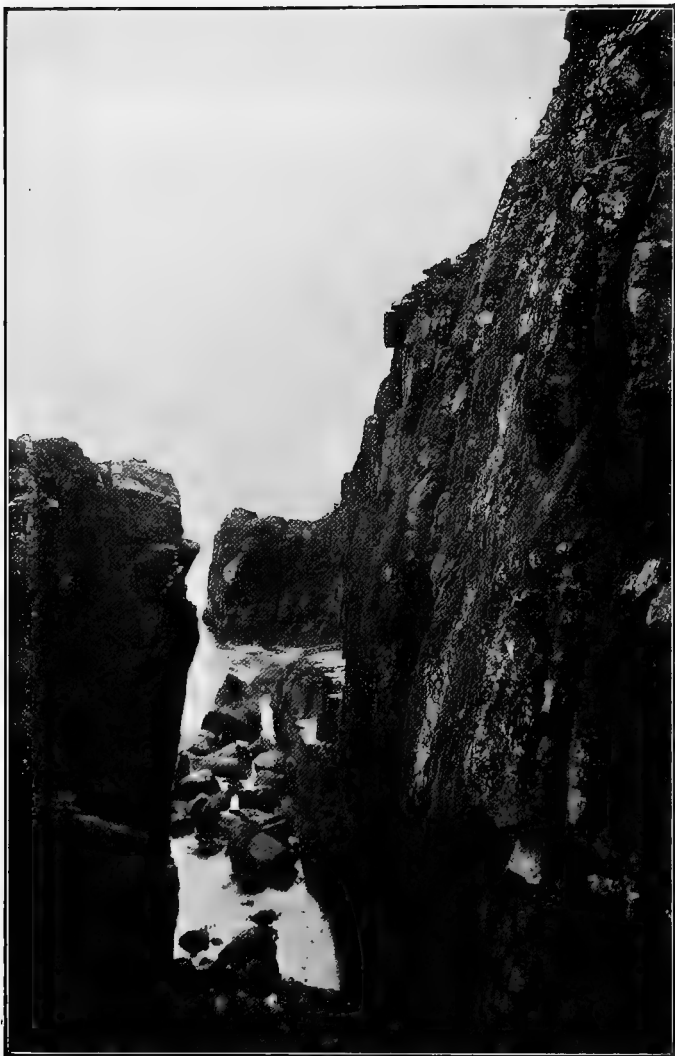
What a contrast they present to the shadowed gorge behind us ! Look at yonder heath-clad point, glowing like a great carbuncle against the blue. Would you be surprised, so unusual are our surroundings, to see the carved prow of a Grecian galley come slowly into view ; and lashed to the mast, beneath the bellying sail, the stalwart form of Ulysses himself, his powerful face drawn and livid, as he listens to the sweet melody of the siren voices ? For surely Parthenope, Ligeia, and Leucosia could scarcely find, the world over, a more suitable spot for the exercise of their magic spells than this grim echoing shore.

‘ We must now retrace our steps, for the tide is coming in, and will soon be lapping against the boulders. Cast one look up before commencing the ascent. High above us, like a Titan’s keep, tower the great bastions, and over the one in front of us hangs the silver thread. It is a grim vision of sternest grandeur, such as Edgar Poe would have gloried in. A truly fitting setting for the awful tragedies that from time to time overtake those who go down to the sea in ships, and have their business on the great water. It is a steep climb before we reach the hedge on the summit of the cliff. Here we will rest awhile, and I will explain the meaning of the hobnailed boots. Every farmer in this district is a bit of a wrecker. That is to say, after a gale of wind or thick fog, most of them make a point of visiting the nearest accessible cove. Strange indeed is the harvest they have thus won from the sea. In many a barn you will see oars, belaying-pins, heavy cleats, water beakers, portions of bulkheads and ships’ timbers. Sometimes, when a vessel goes to pieces whose cargo is floatable, and not easily destroyed



SILVER THREAD GORGE
(NEAR ST. IVES)

To face page 140



THE HORSE'S BACK,
PENDOUR COVE, NEAR ZENNOR

To face page 141

by water, all sorts of strange things strew the shore. Some years ago every cove from Land's End to Trevoze was full of candles, and a year or so later of cocoanuts and oranges. Those hobnailed boots belong to someone living in the vicinity, who probably pays this cove a visit at least once a month. As it has no name on the Ordnance Map, I have called it Silver Thread Gorge.

Resuming our walk, we ascend the hill, and passing over some swampy ground we reach the coastguard path, which here runs close to the stone hedges of the cultivated land. In front of us we see an old mine engine-house. The chimney stack has fallen, and the ruined walls bear some resemblance to a dismantled castle keep. It stands up boldly against a magnificent background of rugged moorland hills. Some years ago I was travelling through Cornwall in a Great Western train. A lady and her daughter were the only other occupants of the carriage. The girl, an enthusiastic creature, was constantly drawing her mother's attention to these frequent, disused engine-houses. "Oh, mother, look! there is another old castle," and she expressed her astonishment and delight at the number of these feudal ruins, which I have no doubt her vivid imagination regarrisoned with Bayards and Admirable Crichtons. I did not undeceive her.

Leaving the mine two or three hundred yards to the left, we follow the path towards Carn Nawn Point, through a tangle of heath and dwarf gorse. Here, as indeed all along these cliffs, the brilliant little cock stonechat (*Saxicola rubicola*) is frequently drawing our attention. This bird stays with us through the winter, but in

spring and early summer he is more in evidence. You constantly see him perched upon the highest spray of a gorse bush, his black cap, white choker, and orange waistcoat making a delightful note against the yellow bloom. Every now and then he throws himself into the air, and hovers with distended tail, chanting his little love song, while his mate is sitting on her nest in the centre of some neighbouring gorse bush. This bird is the real whinchat, and deserves the name much more than the little migrant (*Saxicola rubetra*) to whom it now belongs. Passing over the brow of the headland we begin to descend towards Trevail valley. Before going very far down we reach the hedge at the edge of the cliff. Looking over we see an immense cleavature, with the sea foaming between its dark walls that are only a few feet apart. Every now and then a cormorant comes sailing in, or darts out to go scudding over the sea. These birds have their nests, or rather eggs, on the ledges beneath. We can see them twisting their thin necks in a most ludicrous way as they peer up at us. The hen birds sit very close on their pale green eggs. A stone thrown within a few inches of their bills will often not move them. In spite of their greenish plumage and crests they are repulsive birds, both in habits and appearance. Milton evidently knew this when he thus described Satan entering Paradisè :—

“ Up he flew, and on the tree of life
Sat like a cormorant—devising death
To them that lived.”

The rocks round which the sea is foaming off the next headland are called the Carracks, and have caused the

loss of many a ship. Striking a few yards inland, we come to a cluster of boulders rising from the hill-side. They are beautifully covered with many-coloured lichens, and in their clefts you will find the sea fern growing luxuriantly. A blackthorn has been flattened out by the wind against the south side of one of these rocks like a well-pruned garden wall fruit tree.

As we descend towards the stream we notice on our left the imposing mass of Trendrine Hill rising about a mile inland, with Trevalgan and Buttermilk hills on the other side of the valley. This is the most pronounced depression in the range, and is known to the St. Ives fishermen as the "Open Gate." The reason being that, when at a certain distance in the offing, they can see between these hills the horizon of the southern sea on the other side of the land. The Trevail valley is a very beautiful one, and as we see it now in its early summer glory, we are not likely soon to forget it. But perhaps it is at its best in spring, when the sky is the colour of a thrush's egg, when the happy voice of the little stream rises and falls on the sun-warmed breeze, when the blackthorns look like islands of snow in a sea of gold, when the elder bushes make a silhouette of tender green against the pale cinnamon of last year's bracken, when the vale is carpeted with bluebells and primroses, and the thrushes and blackbirds never stop singing throughout the day ; one of those days, in fact, to which Wordsworth's lines seem so aptly to apply, though they really refer to the French Revolution :—

" Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

Ravens used to be fairly plentiful on the surrounding headlands, but I only see them very occasionally now. Farmers will sometimes say there is a pair about, but they nearly always turn out to be carrion crows. These cliff crows are heavy birds, and having the same deep croak, and all the habits of a raven, are often mistaken for it. "As black as a raven" (pronounced rarven), is a very common expression in this district, and so is "Hears like an adder," meaning very quick of hearing. Otters are sometimes to be found in the cove, and about the rocks. Occasionally they have been seen in the stream, but very seldom, though they do, no doubt, come after the trout more than people think. They are such sly brutes that they are rarely visible. When their young are learning to fish would probably be the best time to view them. Naturalists differ as to when they breed. Some say spring, others autumn, while an otter hunter tells me that suckling females are found throughout the year.

Crossing the stream by some stepping stones, just above where it falls into Trevessa Cove, or River Cove as it is called on the Ordnance Map, we mount the opposite hill, and find ourselves on another furzy down. It commands a fine view of the moorland hills from Trevalgan to Carn Galva. Hereabouts, not far from the path, is a large foxes' earth. It is unusually exposed, being quite unconcealed by furze or fern. I have often in June seen the cubs gambolling on the grass, and running after their brushes like kittens. Once I was lucky enough, the wind being the right way and blowing strong, to get close up to the vixen. She was sitting on her haunches

looking out towards the sea. When she did see me she bolted into her earth like a streak of tawny lightning.

Soon the ground begins to fall away towards Wicca Cove. The scramble down into, and up out of, this valley is rather rough, but quite easy if you keep to the coast-guard path, and cross the stream at the point to which it leads. If you do not, you may give it up in despair, as did the energetic author of *Days in Cornwall*, and like him leave the coast and take to the less interesting but more obvious field paths. From the top of the next headland, looking back over the cove we have just passed, into which a little stream falls by a series of small cataracts, we see that the dark face of the opposite cliff is streaked with broad parallel grey bands. This is an interesting example (geologically) of the terrific pressure these primary rocks were subjected to during the process of cooling. Those grey bands are veins of granite which was forced into rents in the basalt before either had thoroughly hardened. The royal fern (*Osmunda regalis*) grows plentifully along these cliffs, and sundews and club moss are also to be found. A little way inland elecampane flourishes. I do not mention the exact spots where these plants grow, on account of the extraordinary infatuation some people have (I am not accusing you, dear reader) of tearing up by the roots any flowers or ferns they imagine to be at all rare, quite regardless of whether they have in their gardens suitable soil to put them in, which in nine cases out of ten they have not. The result is that some localities have been almost denuded of their most interesting plants.

Magpies are very common in Wicca valley, and indeed

all along this coast. As there are no trees, they and the crows make their nests in blackthorn bushes, generally in the centre of a dense thicket. It is strange to see these nests, which in almost every other part of England are only to be found on the tops of the tallest trees, so near the ground. Schoolboys may be interested to know that I have stood on a stone hedge and looked down on the greenish eggs of the carrion crow, and have more than once, while standing on the ground, taken the eggs from a magpie's nest.

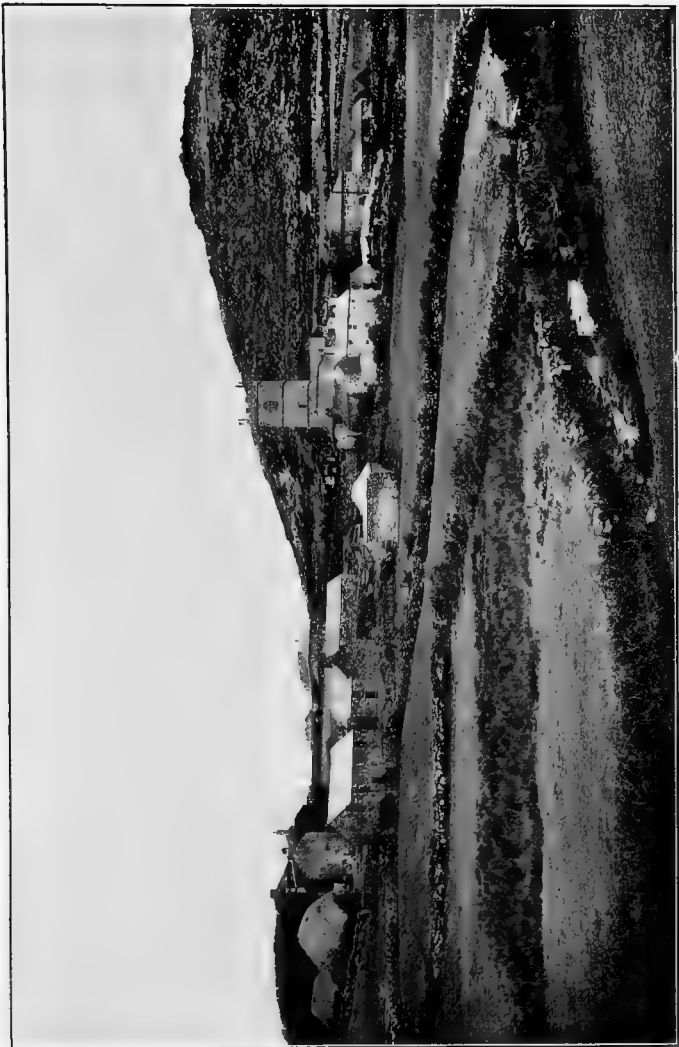
Keeping along the top of the down, close to the hedges, we come to a small stream. It runs into Zennor Cove, which we see below us. There is a little stretch of sand here at low water. Some years ago, before the noble art of smuggling had been suppressed by the ubiquitous coastguard, Zennor men used to keep a few boats here. These have vanished long ago, though well-tarred inverted sections may still be seen over pig-sties and fowl-houses. Hugging the hedges the path brings us on to Zennor Head, which we have noticed in front of us for some time. Crossing it we suddenly see beneath us Pendour Cove, a spot so wild and beautiful, and presenting such vivid contrasts of colour, that we shall not be likely to forget it for many a long day. Three hundred feet below, between huge buttresses of rock, the Atlantic comes stealing like a melted sapphire ; and as it shallows the sapphire changes into emerald-green of crystal purity. Before descending we will make our way, through the heath and dwarf furze, to the boulders on the summit of the headland, and look round. To the south the rocky summit of Zennor Hill towers into the sky. Then comes

the long ridge of Trewey Hill, and away in the distance the jagged silhouette of Carn Galva, the finest of all these moorland heights. To the westward, couchant upon the sea like some mythical monster asleep in the path of the sun, is the Gurnard's Head ; while nearer to us, across the cove, rises the shapely Carnellow cliff. To the north stretches the Atlantic dotted with passing ships. It is a picture conceived in noble lines, and painted with some of Nature's strongest colours.

Leaving our lofty eyrie, and climbing down the steep, grassy slope to the south of the tor, we come to one of the most remarkable bits of cliff scenery on the coast. In front of us is a narrow strip of land, called by the natives the "Horse's Back." It is about a hundred feet high, and stands out boldly into the sea, being separated by a terrific chasm from the parent cliff, from which, at some time or other, it must have been torn. This cliff presents a sheer wall of rock rising three hundred feet above the sea, clothed with lichens and seamed with crevices and ledges, the nesting-places of gulls and cormorants. As we look down into the chasm, at the bottom of which the sea is moaning, we realise, very vividly, the terrific forces at Nature's command, and the sublimity of the scale in which she works. The "horse's back" is connected with the mainland by a narrow neck, on which there is a path about a couple of feet broad. On either side there is a sheer descent to the sea. It requires a good head, but there is no difficulty in crossing, though some people are afraid to venture. The extreme narrowness only extends for a few yards, then the peninsula broadens out a little, and is covered with grass and heath, sloping sharply

towards the cove, but a perpendicular wall on the side fronting the cliff. About the centre is a blowhole, which produces, when the tide is high and there is some sea on, a strange Brobdingnagian bellow, somewhat startling when heard for the first time. The formation of these blowholes is constantly going on, and they are one of the most effective causes of cliff disintegration. Before leaving the little peninsula we will go to the end, and, lying down by the side of a rock that rises slightly above the edge, peep over this natural rampart. We seem to be looking from the turret of a great fortress. Below us is a boiling cauldron of water, and opposite, but a few feet away, the vertical cliff wall. Now watch that receding maelstrom of aquamarine laced with foam. Look ! Its progress is arrested, it has begun to return. Bumf ! Bang !!! The peninsula trembles, the chasm beneath us echoes with thunder, and a column of spray shoots up many feet above our heads in the face of the cliff, to fall in a shower of snowy rain which glows with prismatic colours in the rays of the noonday sun. A great wave has hurled itself between the walls. But no words can adequately describe the grandeur of the thing ; it must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated.

Should an opportunity offer to visit this spot by moonlight, when the tide is high and a ground sea is rolling in, take it. The shadowy outline of the cliffs, the yawning abyss full of liquid fire, for the churned-up water is glowing with phosphorus, the impact of the waves against your rampart of rock, and the roar of the rebound, contrasting so sublimely with the serene silence of the stars and the sweet white moon, make it one of Nature's



ZENNOR CHURCHTOWN

(Churchtown is 800 feet above the sea, and Zennor Hill is 750 feet above the sea)



THE ZENNOR LOGAN ROCK

To face page 149

deathless lyrics which will never fade from your memory.

Regaining the mainland, we pass along by the side of the cove, and notice where the stream tumbles to the shore. It is possible to descend into this cove, but the path is rather steep. Many a cask of cognac, however, has been hauled up its narrow slope in the good old smuggling days. Slightly rising, our track passes a large rock, beneath which there used to be an old mill, the foundations of which still remain. The southern side of this rock presents, in the moonlight, the image of a human face which gazes up the valley with a calm, sphinxlike smile. Many a night have I watched those graven features, and listened to the murmur of the brook, blending deliciously with the rhythmic song of the sea. The glamour of those summer nights entered into one's soul. Nature, the great mother, slept; and the soft rapture of her repose was revealed by the pale beams of the queen of night. The flowers, with closed petals, hung their bonny heads. There was no sound but the psalm of the waters, while a diaphanous shroud of white vapour rose, like a sigh, above the drowsy ferns.

Following the stream, and crossing a couple of fields, we come to a ruined cottage, where a few wind-clipped ash trees bend over the brook. At the end of the next field is a gate. Passing through this we enter a lane which brings us to a farmyard. On the further side of this yard is the street of Zennor Churchtown. The church tower rises across the road; the Vicarage, school, and three or four houses on our left; and an inn, and a couple more houses on our right. These constitute "Churchtown."

This quaint little village is situated in a wild and rock-strewn region, and is a charming place in which to spend a summer's holiday. The moor rises immediately above it, cliff and cove are within easy access, its stream is full of trout, and it has a great logan rock of its own about a couple of hundred yards to the north-east of the church. In fact, the finest scenery in the district lies between this village and Morvah, a distance of about four miles. The thirteenth-century church has been neatly restored, but contains no very interesting architectural features. The granite monoliths that support the arches are very satisfactory, the font is well-proportioned ; while the famous Zennor mermaid is a curious fragment of medieval wood-carving. The story goes that this fair daughter of the sea was drawn some way up the valley by the fine singing of the squire's son, who in his turn was drawn by his admirer into her native element, and never seen again. The moral to be drawn is left entirely to the reader's particular idiosyncrasies.

CHAPTER X

ZENNOR TO MORVAH

Here Pan is for ever fluting
To the spirits of earth and sea,
Who meet to romp on the heather bells
In midnight revelry.
List and you'll hear his music
And the lilt of their magic glees,
As they gather round the dolmen stones
Or dance in the moonlit breeze.

LEAVING Zennor Churchtown, we cross the road from St. Ives to Land's End, and commence to climb Zennor Hill. A chaos of rocks soon surrounds us, for this is one of the moor's most notable ramparts. After a steep climb we reach the top, seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea. In front of us is a mass of great boulders, piled one upon the other in a weird confusion of grotesque shapes. On all sides stretches the moor, a great undulating, heath-covered, rock-strewn upland, punctuated with rugged tors, and the massive monuments of a prehistoric race.

There must be always something striking, even to the least imaginative mind, in a vast expanse of primeval country as yet unconquered by man. This lone land, so seldom trodden by the foot of the stranger, still remains one of the sanctuaries of Nature, for it is still virgin to the desecrating steel of plough and spade. How dif-

ferent is the rest of agricultural England, where the land has been scratched and scarified out of all semblance to its natural condition, from these oases of eloquent silences and lonely grandeur, still bearing with faithful steadfastness the impress of the original design, and hallowed by a thousand memories of the dim twilight of our race. For as this moorland is to-day, so it was when the white sails of the Phœnician galleys first chequered the blue water of Mount's Bay—yes, and for tens of thousands of years before that. Could our Celtic forefathers return to their huts and the eagle to his eyrie they would find no change on these sea-girt hills. This unchanging steadfastness is the chief secret of their charm, especially in these days of lightning metamorphosis in the mad search for gold.

Following the path over the crest of the hill, we make our way to Zennor Cromlech, or Quoit, as it is locally called. It is, I believe, the largest of all these monuments in the British Isles. Unfortunately the quoit, or covering stone, has fallen, owing to the vandalism of a farmer many years ago, who destroyed one of the stone supports to build a shed with. But even in its downfall it is most imposing. Six of the seven granite supports are still standing, though somewhat out of the perpendicular. The covering stone is about eighteen feet long, and nine and a half broad, and weighs nearly twelve tons. Before its overthrow, as Borlase tells us, this stone rested on its seven supports at a height of ten feet from the ground. That these monuments were graves, probably of kings or chieftains, seems almost certain, as many of them have yielded sepulchral remains.

We are now in the very cradle of the old Celt, and of comparatively recent medieval superstition. Half a mile or so to the south-east are the Giant's Well and the Druids' Well. And here, on this hilltop, all the witches in Penwith used to assemble at twelve o'clock on Midsummer's night, each one kindling a fire to the honour of her master the Devil in one of the numerous rock basins around. A more suitable spot for these uncanny ceremonies it would be hard to find. Look at the crest of Zennor Hill, and you will see, silhouetted against the sky, a stone model of a colossal polar bear. The resemblance, from a few hundred yards' distance, even in the sunlight of a summer afternoon, is remarkable. Imagine what a portentous monster this would become to the superstitious mind of the Middle Ages when wrapped in a shroud of mist, or sharply outlined against a rising moon.

A few yards below this granite monster we see a small cottage. An old couple used to live here and cultivate the two or three little fields that had been won from the moor, but they died some years ago, and the house has been, until lately, unoccupied. I had the key of this little place during one spring, and used it as a sort of watch-house from which I could study the life of the moor. It had been shut up for so long that the upland wildings no longer shunned it. How few people are aware of the numbers of wild animals that still remain in England, and of the tragedies and comedies of our moorlands and hedgerows. Most parishes contain many creatures who hunt, kill, fight, and rear their young, but of whose very existence the people have no knowledge. Centuries of experience of man's perpetual desire to slay all he sees

has taught them to keep out of his sight with consummate ingenuity. But in this little cot, which the observant wildings had discovered to be unoccupied by their enemy man, I saw, in a few weeks, more of the denizens of the moor than I should have seen in as many years of walking about in the ordinary way.

On the first morning of my arrival a fox jumped over the low wall in front of the house, trotted leisurely up to the closed window, and looked searchingly through the glass, just as a dog might do. He evidently could not see me, and I looked straight into his keen brownish grey eyes, and watched him blinking and sniffing within a couple of yards of my face. Many times in the twilight badgers would go shuffling past the door, like little bears, though they have no connection with the bear tribe. Two or three times a week a weasel, or whitneck as they are called in Cornwall, appeared near the door, and sitting up on his haunches would wash his face with his fore paws in a most ludicrous manner. And one afternoon a kestrel took a field-mouse from the grass not more than four yards from the window. But there were other pleasures to be obtained from this little lonely dwelling. There was the spectacle of the moor under every phase of weather. Lashed by the storm, kissed by the sun, or shrouded in impenetrable mist. This latter is one of the weirdest of all natural phenomena. It not only obliterates distant objects, and distorts near ones, but there were moments when, to the solitary watcher, it seemed to annihilate time and space. Civilisation became a dream. It was again the beginning of things, and the wailing sirens of passing steamers were the love songs of the



THE POLAR BEAR ROCK ON ZENNOR HILL



THE GIANT'S CRAW AT CHYKEMBRO

winged monsters of the Permian Age. Then again from time to time, when the weather looked promising, there was the nocturnal vigil beneath the silent stars, and the dawning of another day over the scented moor. What an exquisite moment that is, too little known to house-dwelling nations, but so familiar to the nomads of the East, when the heralds of the "lord of love and life" first whisper in the ear of the sleeping earth of the coming of her king. The return, as it were, of consciousness is indescribable. It is a moment as impalpable as it is unmistakable, and precedes, by nearly a couple of hours, the actual rising of the sun.

We will now follow a moorland path to the southward of the Cromlech; and by turning twice to the right, during the next mile, we shall come down into the Zennor valley, where, following the stream, we can regain the coast, no portion of which we wish to miss. As we walk along we notice, in the soft mud of the path, a broad rounded footmark terminating with the impress of four sharp claws. They are badger tracks, and the small narrow ones with the marks of three blunter claws, which we see occasionally, are made by foxes' pads. It is curious to note the difference in size and shape between the digging foot of the former, and the running foot of the latter. These two animals are constantly using the moorland paths in their nightly journeys for food. The fox for flesh or fowl if he can possibly get it; if not, he is not above eating beetles. And the badger for anything that turns up, from worms and slugs to vegetables and bread. He is particularly fond of fruit, and in the black-berry season is always fat. Presently we take our first

turn to the right over a rough moorland road which passes an empty house. At the bottom of this track we turn again to the right down the valley. Soon we notice two or three deep depressions in the dark, peaty earth. They are dry, but suddenly we come to one at the bottom of which there is a gurgle of pure water. This is the source of the stream we saw flinging itself so impetuously into Pendour Cove, not more than a mile and a half away. At every yard it gains in strength as we walk by its side. Presently we come to a quiet pool, clear as crystal, surrounded by moss-covered rocks and large ferns, whose fronds dip gracefully into the liquid mirror, and beneath whose protective shade the trout dart at our approach. The ferns most frequently met with by the side of these moorland streams are the Royal fern, the Male fern, the Lady fern, the Shield fern, the Hart's-tongue fern, the Hard fern, and the ubiquitous Polypody fern ; there are also other species of Buckler ferns. The beautiful little Ivy-leaved Bellflower is often found near the water by the side of these streams, and on the moist boggy banks you will sometimes see the Marsh St. John's wort, whose hairy leaves have such a delicious aroma when crushed, the delicate little Cornish money-wort, Sundews and Asphodels ; while the variety and luxuriance of the mosses are extraordinary. Hawking above the ferns and foxgloves is that magnificent dragon-fly *Anax formosus*, the largest and most beautiful of all our British dragon-flies. His turquoise-blue armour flashes like a living jewel in the sunlight, vying with the kingfisher in brilliancy. The Cornish people call all dragon-flies horse-adders. In winter the yellow Wagtail is always to be

found in the vicinity of these streams. This bird, and his cousin the Pied Wagtail, are called "Tinnors" in Cornwall. The origin of the name is obvious to those who have seen tin-streamers at work.

As we near Zennor Churchtown we notice the two primitive bridges that carry the roads over the stream. The further one, near the chapel, is a favourite resort of trout, who are fond of lying in its shadow. A bridge is an irresistible attraction to some fish. I know one that spans a river in Kerry, under which, in the season, you will always see four or five large salmon, motionless but for a slight waving of the tail. As we approach the sea the stream becomes more impetuous, tearing beneath the overhanging blackthorns, and leaping wildly from rock to pool, till at last the final cataract is almost reached, the coast headlands tower on either hand, and the Atlantic stretches out to meet the distant sky. Look ! There goes the most accomplished catcher of fish that ever visits this stream, not even excepting an occasional otter. The keenest wielder of the rod cannot compete with Jack Hern ; for he has not a tithe of his patience or unerring instinct. See how slowly his great vanes beat the air, and how almost pathetically his long legs hang down. "Clumsy, heavy bird," the tyro is apt to mutter. Is he ? Watch him for a few minutes, and you will change your opinion of him. As he slowly rises above the cove, the gulls on the neighbouring cliffs, resenting his presence so near what they consider to be their own private hunting-ground, come swooping towards him. These he easily avoids. Then they try to rise above him. This puts him on his mettle. Now you will see what command of

the air means. Up he goes in great spiral curves, hardly moving a wing, but mounting above the encircling gulls with consummate ease. It is a glorious exhibition of skill and strength. As a matter of fact, instead of being heavy, the heron, for the spread of his wings, is one of the lightest birds in the world.

Leaving the stream, and climbing the western side of Pendour Cove, we soon reach the top of Carnellow cliff, and see beneath us Veor Cove. There has been a considerable landslip here, and the more rocky portion still stands up precipitously. The strip of sand on the shore is an excellent bathing place, and a zigzag path furnishes an easy descent to it. The clearness of the water and the grandeur of the surrounding headlands make a swim in this cove a delightful and unusual experience, which is rendered still more so by the occasional companionship of a seal. Crossing the headland, and turning to the right past a lonely dwelling-house, we reach Porthglaze Pinnacles. They tower above Porthglaze Cove, and have a most striking appearance, reminding one somewhat of a series of rough-hewn Egyptian deities. Gurnard's Head stands up well from here, while the view into the cove, with the white streak of its waterfall cutting the face of the cliff, is full of a certain wild grandeur.

Striking inland by the side of the cove we see on our left an opening in the hill-side. It is a remarkable instance of the way Nature hastens to beautify the outrages man inflicts upon her. A disused mine adit has been converted into a fern grotto that would satisfy the most exacting landscape gardener. Presently, still going inland, we reach the coastguard path, which takes us to a

gate. Here, after crossing the stream which we saw falling into Porthglaze Cove, we turn to the left up a rough track, and soon arrive at the road. Following this road in a southerly direction, we see, on our right, a row of cottages, by the side of which is a gate opening on to a lane. Walking up this lane, we reach a field in the centre of which is the "Giant's Craw." Its dimensions certainly justify its name. At a distance it appears to be an enormous mound of earth, but as we approach we perceive that this mound covers a chamber built of granite blocks, and roofed with slabs of the same stone. It is nine and a half feet long, four and a half feet wide, and four feet four inches high. There is another of these chambers, similarly covered with a mound of earth, a couple of hundred yards or so to the southward of the Gurnard's Head Hotel. But it is concealed by a thicket of gorse, and so is comparatively unknown. Whether these rude chambers have a sepulchral origin seems to be doubtful.

Before leaving the Craw we notice what a magnificent amphitheatre of moorland hills rises immediately behind it. In fact, hereabouts, between Zennor and Bosigran is the most desirable part of all this northern district. It is the centre of the grandest coast and moorland scenery, and it is within easy reach of most of the prehistoric monuments ; while, owing to its elevation, it commands views that suggest an extraordinary sense of space. At sunset your eye follows the golden pathway of the sun, and as you watch his fiery face sink behind the rim of the Atlantic you seem to be gazing into the flaming portals of eternity itself.

A few years ago a friend of mine, sick of the turmoil of London, took a cottage in the hamlet of Kerrow, which is almost in the centre of this scimitar of hills, and about a quarter of a mile from the Giant's Craw. I have often been amazed at the views from the windows of his house. Your eye wanders from the jagged summit of Carn Galva down to the plain below, then away to the westward beyond Pendeen Lighthouse over the illimitable sea till the faint outline of the Scilly Islands breaks the horizon. To the east Trevoise Head sits on the horizon like a cloud. The distance between these two points is nearly seventy miles. Such a view as this would have delighted Wordsworth. It has often recalled to my mind his lines :—

“ Great God, I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
 And hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.”

The hill behind Kerrow is Trewey, and over the top of it goes the road from Zennor to Penzance, a distance of about seven miles. This road commands fine views of the two seas, and of the coast of Mount's Bay as far as the Lizard. Those who traverse it also obtain some idea of the immense extent and lonely grandeur of the central moor, and of the wonderful contrast it presents to the cultivated and wooded land of the southern side of the peninsula of Penwith. Before leaving the moorland the road passes under the steep slope of Mulfra Hill, on the summit of which there is a fine cromlech. Then the gorse and heath give way to little fields of cabbages and corn,

of narcissi and wallflowers. Groves of tall trees rise on either hand, and between their leafy tops glimpses are caught of the "great vision of the guarded mount," rising from the glittering water of the southern sea; while away in the hazy distance is the fine cone of Godolphin Hill and the long ridge of Tregonning.

We will now retrace our steps, and regaining the coast-guard path we pass along by the western side of Porthglaze Cove. Then leaving the path we descend the hill to a little track that leads down to the cove. After a scramble over the rocks we find ourselves on the beach, and the waterfall is dashing down at our feet. After heavy rains it is a fine sight, but in summer there is not much water. We notice that it falls in front of a cave in which we see the shiny green fronds of the *Asplenium marinum* fern. Regaining the top of the cliff a kestrel rises a few yards in front of us, and from her size she is evidently a female. She has a nest just below the summit, and has had it there every year for the last ten years to my certain knowledge. How long before that I cannot say. Often have I sat under a projecting rock and watched the parent birds bringing food to their young. At first they would not come near the nest, although I fondly imagined I was concealed from view. At last parental love conquered fear. The female swooped down with a mouse. Finding that nothing happened, both birds came constantly, and always with something in their claws. The voracity with which the young birds tore in pieces and bolted whatever was given them was extraordinary—young wolves could scarcely have been more voracious. Once the female brought what seemed

to be an unusually large slow-worm, nearly a foot long. It might have been a young adder, but I doubt if kestrels ever kill adders. Sometimes a small bird was the bill of fare, but mice were the staple dish. What an enormous number of these creatures a pair of kestrels must destroy in the breeding season. In fact, the life of a field-mouse, and the little shrew which, by the way, is not a mouse at all but a relation of the hedgehog, must be one of perpetual peril and tragedy. No other creature that I know of has so many enemies. Foxes, polecats, stoats, weasels, hawks, and adders snap them up by day whenever they find them; the latter even crawling into their burrows and devouring them and their young; while at night owls are always on the look-out for them; and in the vicinity of farms the domestic cat has to be reckoned with. No wonder they are "timorous beasties."

The coastguard path, which is many yards above the kestrel nest cliff, now crosses the shoulder of Carn Bargus. Beneath this head are two caves, and opposite them is a little island, on which gulls and cormorants have their nests. It is possible at low water to reach the caves and also the island, should you happen to want any gulls' eggs. In one of these caves, wedged firmly in a crevice in the rock, is what at first sight looks like the wheel of a ship's gun-carriage of ancient date, but it is really, I believe, a wheel belonging to some mine machinery. The sea must have driven it into its present position. Following the path we cross a stream, and soon find ourselves under the Gurnard's Head Coastguard Station, and immediately above the cove. Here, a few years ago, the *Alexander Yates*, a full-rigged iron ship, ran ashore



PORTHGLAZE PINNACLES



THE GURNARD'S HEAD

in the middle of a foggy night. I saw her on the following morning close up under the cliff with her topsails set, an unusual and somewhat pathetic sight.

We will now go out on to the Gurnard's Head, one of those rock peninsulas not uncommon on the Cornish coast. It is composed of diorite, and has a fine outline, though it is not nearly so lofty or impressive as the Zennor headland, or the granite cliffs at Bosigran. However, it projects further into the sea than its neighbours, and is therefore a point of vantage from which to study the might of the Atlantic, and also to observe that extraordinary procession of birds to the westward which goes on without intermission for several weeks in mid-spring. They pass in small flocks; and there is scarcely ten minutes in the day when some are not flying by. Puffins, razor-bills, guillemots, and gannets are the most numerous, but there are others. No matter how strong the wind may be against them, they never stop. It is curious to note how little the short-winged puffins and razor-bills are affected by a head wind, even if it is half a gale. On they go a few feet above the waves, keeping close together, and travelling with the steady speed of a train, passing the long-winged gannets with consummate ease. In fact, gannets make very poor headway against a really strong wind, having to rise and fall and use all sorts of artifices to cheat the opposing air current. All these birds are on their way to the Scilly Islands for the breeding season. From their enormous numbers it is obvious that the majority of them must come from considerable distances.

About a quarter of a mile to the westward of the Head,

and a few yards below the coastguard path, the cliff is rent from top to bottom. It is a dry fissure, that is to say no stream runs down it. It has therefore never been enlarged, and remains just as it was when first riven by some remote earthquake. It is so narrow that one can almost stride it, and see the sea foaming below. A few yards beyond this fissure is a gap in the mass of rock that crowns the summit of the cliff. Passing through this we find our progress barred by a sheer drop of three hundred feet to the blue water of a little bay, and beyond is a succession of wild headlands and moorland hills. This is a much more striking spot than the Gurnard's Head, but it is comparatively rarely visited. We will now bear to the left, and then, leaving the coastguard path at the top of the hill, we will descend through a tangle of bracken and dwarf gorse to the stone hedge which runs along the edge of the precipice. Following this wall we come to a disused mine shaft. Here we descend a grassy slope till we nearly reach sea-level. Now rest awhile, for this spot commands the best view of the Gurnard's Head and the intervening cliffs. On a fine summer's day, when the sea is pure ultramarine, the white spray leaping up to kiss the cliffs, and the heath and heather glowing a rich purple on their undulating summits, it forms a picture not easily forgotten, for it is instinct with an elemental grandeur. Scrambling back to the mine shaft, we cross the sloping shoulder of Porthmeor Point, and turn south towards Porthmeor Cove. In front of us, rising above the furzy hill-side, is a bold mass of rock known as the Yellow Carn; and beyond it, towering boldly into the sky, is the rugged outline

of Carn Galva, a hill possessing all the attributes of a mountain but the height.

We will now make another detour inland in order to visit some of the prehistoric monuments on the moor, and to see a little more of that great lone land. Instead of crossing the stream at the bottom of the cove, we make our way through some fields to the hamlet of Porthmeor by the side of the Zennor and Land's End road. Going a few yards down the road, which here turns to the left by a little chapel, we leave it and strike due south up the moorland valley by the side of the stream, which we presently cross by some stepping stones. After a few fields the path takes us to Bosporthennis Farm, pronounced Bosphrennis. Passing through an iron gate about fifty yards to the southward of the farm, we cross a couple of fields and reach a Celtic bee-hive hut. It is circular and built of granite blocks, but its domed roof has fallen in. A little rectangular building joins it, and is also roofless. In the vicinity are the foundations of several other huts, showing that at one time there must have been a considerable settlement here.

We will now climb Little Galva in a diagonal direction from north to south, so that when we reach the summit Hannibal's Carn is a couple of hundred yards or so to our right ; while straight in front of us rise the Nine Maidens. Only seven of the great monoliths are standing ; originally there were twenty-two. In the antiquary Borlase's time there were thirteen erect. According to Sir Norman Lockyer these stone circles had an astronomical origin. It may be so, for Sir Norman is a very learned man. But whatever was the purpose for which they were raised—

astronomical, sepulchral, sacrificial, or in accordance with some mystic superstition long since forgotten—they call to us from the vanished past with a more solemn insistence than any other human monuments in these islands, with the exception of the cromlechs, which were possibly contemporary. What manner of men and women were they who raised these stone circles? What were the thoughts that fashioned themselves in those old brains? How many thousands of years is it since these great monoliths were reared? Perhaps on such a summer's day as this, when the larks were singing overhead, and the heath and the heather were coming into bloom, a great shout rent the air, as the last stone was fixed in position. It was a strangely clad crowd, no doubt from our point of view, that uttered that cry of triumph, but the men and women who composed it were influenced by much the same emotions as we are; for human nature cannot change much in a few thousand years. Less careful of their lives, because less afraid of death, and less divided in their religious opinions than we moderns, but still intensely human. Noble things and ignoble things were done then, as they are done now, with no thought of future reward or punishment. The origin of the name Nine Maidens is due to a local superstition that these stones were girls who were petrified like Lot's wife, not for looking back, but for dancing on Sunday. This, of course, is of Puritan origin and quite modern.

We are now in the centre of one of the wildest parts of the moor, where the kestrel and crow have things pretty much to themselves. To the south the engine-houses of the disused Ding Dong Mine stand up boldly against the



CARN GALVA AND HANNIBAL'S CARN

(From the road at Porthmeor)

To face page 166



THE MEN SCRIFA
OR INSCRIBED STONE, WITH DING DONG MINE IN THE DISTANCE

To face page 167

sky, their slender stacks pointing upward like the index finger of a giant hand. They serve no purpose now, except as nesting-places for the kestrels. The machinery has been taken out, and the gaunt walls, up which ivy is creeping, seem curiously in harmony with the wild spirit of the moor. They have been adopted by the wilderness in a way that few human buildings could be. I know of some galvanised-iron farm sheds put up by a squatter in almost as wild a part of the moor as this. They will never be adopted, they will never seem to "belong," as we say in Cornwall. They are too flimsy, too unsuited to their environment, and altogether too shoddy, like the modern villa.

Crossing the moor in the direction of a ruined cottage we make our way to the Mên Scryfa, or inscribed stone. It stands close to a moorland cart track about half a mile west of the Nine Maidens. The inscription on this lonely monolith is, reading from top to bottom :—

RIALOBTRAN—
CVNOVOL— FIL—

that is Rialobrani Cunovali Fili, signifying "of Rialobranus, son of Cunovalus." It is probable that Rialobran was a Celtic chieftain. This lichen-covered stone is believed to mark his burial place. It must be, I should imagine, one of the oldest inscribed gravestones in England.

A quarter of a mile to the south-south-west of the Mên Scryfa is the Mên-an-tol, or holed stone. This circular slab of granite rises nearly four feet from the ground. On either side of it is a small upright stone. Nothing is

known of the origin of this holed stone, or the uses to which it was originally put. It may have an astronomical value, as Sir Norman Lockyer thinks. At any rate for many centuries the Cornish folk have endowed it with wonderful curative powers. Men and women afflicted with spinal complaints, with rheumatism and crick in the back, came from great distances to crawl through its aperture ; it was also supposed to cure scrofulous children. Although it is several centuries since priestcraft was swept out of England, the superstitions it so craftily fostered long survived. Common sense, however, seems to have at last won the victory, and a belief in the curative powers of relics and other inanimate objects is well-nigh extinct.

We will now retrace our steps, and bearing to the left after passing the roofless cottage, we follow a track that takes us into the old packhorse path from Bosigran across the moor to Penzance. It passes under Carn Galva's southern tor, which rises precipitously in front of us. This is the most remarkable of all these moorland tors. Its culminating rock crest is nearly a hundred feet high, and is an exceedingly impressive object, especially when seen through a thin veil of mist, but it is seldom visited. The weird rocks on the summit of this carn must surely account for many a myth of giants and witches, and of "wizards that peep and mutter." Here are monsters, both human and animal, whose uncouth forms have been carved by the storms of centuries. I once spent a midsummer's night on the top of this hill. I watched the sunset glow fade away in the north-western sky, which it did not do until past ten o'clock. Then

the sky became studded with stars. It was an exquisite night with not a breath of wind. Occasionally the drumming of a fern-owl in the valley below came up to the hill-top, and accentuated the intense silence. Presently the petrified monsters on the ridge of the carn seemed to beckon with increasing insistence. The star-sown sky behind them pulsated with a silvery sheen. One seemed to be standing on the threshold of some mysterious aerial city, and that translucent glow was the reflection of its many lamps. Suddenly the upper edge of the moon rose like a silver bow over the top of a great rock, and the hill was bathed with soft white light. No one, who has not seen it, can realise how beautiful the moor is by moonlight. The pale beams etherealise its harsher aspects, lend mystery to its rugged hills, transforming their tors into altars, where beneath the quivering stars you can, if you so wish, bend the knee to him who bound "the sweet influences of the Pleiades." The difference in the temperature of day and night in this sea-surrounded land is very slight. You often feel something of the witchery of the South on these hills in the balmy air of a summer, or even an autumn night. It steals across the warm water of the Gulf Stream, and, as it kisses you on the cheek, it whispers of palm trees and coral strands, till you feel you have almost realised Keats' wish: "Oh for a beaker full of the soft South."

Still following the old packhorse track we cross the road, and passing through the hamlet of Bosigran, we regain the coast on the western side of Porthmeor Cove. Keeping along the top of the cliff we soon reach Bosigran Castle, though nearly all trace of the Celtic stronghold

has disappeared. Here for the first time in our walk the cliffs are composed entirely of granite, and they attain a greater height than any we have yet encountered since leaving St. Ives. Bosigran Castle cliff rises sheer from the sea four hundred feet. It forms the eastern extremity of a small cove which is bounded on the west by another granite headland with a sloping serrated outline. This point prevents anyone on the castle cliff from seeing the magnificent amphitheatre of granite pinnacles, known as Rosemergy, that lies just beyond it, which, with Bosigran, exceed in height by nearly two hundred feet the well-known granite headlands between Land's End and the Logan Rock. Peering over the edge of the castle cliff we notice, rising from the sea, a detached mass of rock. Here puffins have their nests ; we can see them sitting on the ledges in rows, their white breasts being very conspicuous. By the way, a pair of good binoculars adds very much to the pleasure of a coast walk. They not only bring the sea and land birds comparatively close to one, but enable one to make out distant ships, etc.

Crossing the little stream that trickles to the cove, we mount the opposite headland, and after passing some large rocks the fine amphitheatre of pinnacles and cliffs, already alluded to, lies before us. By descending a slope covered with gorse, heath, and boulders, we shall obtain a capital idea of the height and grandeur of these pinnacles. They are formed of cubes of granite piled one upon the other, and they rise with the ordered rhythm of a castle tower. Their sides are clothed with lichens, and ivy clings to their lower parts. They are quite scalable to a good climber, and the view from the summits is the finest of



THE MÊN-AN-TOL
OR THE HOLED STONE, NEAR LANYON



SOUTH TOR, CARN GALVA

To face page 171

its kind in the West. The sea, four hundred feet beneath, is so transparent that you can see the seals, when there are any about, chasing fish several feet below the surface. While on either hand are fine precipices, heath-clad headlands, and rocky coves, backed by the boulder-strewn moorland hills, which here rise almost immediately above the crest of the cliffs. This fine sweep of coast is not two hundred yards from the road, though invisible from it. If visitors would insist on their Jersey cars and carriages stopping under White Hill, which is the westernmost extremity of Carn Galva, they could, by crossing the heath, walk straight on to it. The exact spot to do this is immediately under a conspicuous upright rock half-way down the hill-side.

Having clambered up the finest pinnacle we regain the track which is nearly concealed by bracken, and soon reach a stream. Following this for a few yards in the direction of the sea, we see beneath us, between granite walls, a gorge down which the stream falls, and down which there also falls a cataract of gold. No wonder you are puzzled. The blaze of colour which conceals the stream and fills the gorge is caused by thousands of *mimulus* flowers, which grow with far greater luxuriance in water than on dry land. It is an American flower, and is not indigenous to this country. Crossing the stream, and following the coastguard path, we soon find ourselves abreast of Morvah Churchtown. This is where the cow is said to have eaten the bellrope, presumably on account of the poverty of the surrounding pasture, and not Zennor as some books assert. Indeed, the well-known richness of the Zennor grassland would make such a hunger

tragedy impossible. There is a field near the church which, like the one near Hor Point, is full of flint flakes, while those adjoining it yield next to none. The only flint in Penwith are nodules found in the gravel of St. Erth and Ludgvan, probably brought there through the intermediary of eocene river gravel. Consequently, whenever you find a piece of this stone, it has nearly always been "worked," and is either a comparatively modern gun flint, a piece used for striking a light on steel, or a neolithic weapon of some thousands of years ago. I have only found two arrowheads on the moor, and half a dozen scrapers, but any number of flakes, several of which had evidently been used as knives and spearheads. On the opposite page is an illustration of the arrowheads and a few knives. The arrowhead to the left was found on Castle-an-Dinas Hill, the other near the Nine Maidens. Morvah Churchtown consists of the Vicarage, a few cottages, and a wing of a seventeenth-century manor-house. It is not a very important place, but sufficiently so to enable us to finish a chapter with it.



A GRANITE PINNACLE AT ROSEMERGY
(400 feet above the sea)

To face page 172

CHAPTER XI

MORVAH TO LAND'S END

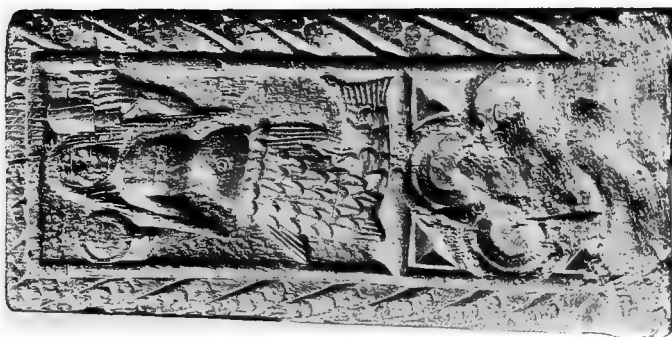
Here you may sometimes meet on cliff or moor that child of Long-ago—the true Cornish Celt—in whose dark eyes still flash the reflections of sacrificial fires, and whose heart is yet in Fairy-land.

LEAVING Morvah village, we recross the few fields between it and the coastguard path, and proceed on our way westward. Soon we reach Portheras Cove. As we wind round its furzy slopes we notice a few boats on the shore below. Only skilled men, who know the coast, can use them, as the tides run at a tremendous rate; and there is generally, even in calm weather, a considerable swell rolling in. The western headland is known as Pendeen Watch; and on it, a few years ago, a lighthouse was built. Certainly not before it was wanted, for this is one of the most dangerous corners on the English coast. Many a good ship has been wrecked on the Wra Stones which lie off the head. The number of disasters has materially lessened since the advent of the light.

We will now make our last excursion into the moor to visit Chûn Castle and Carn Kenidzhek or the Hooting Carn. Following the road from the lighthouse, past the seventeenth-century home of the Borlase family, now a farmhouse, we cross the Land's End road on the out-

skirts of Pendeen. Then following the Penzance road for about half a mile, we turn to the left on to the moor, and ascending the hill reach the castle. Its triple mortarless walls have been reduced to two, and their height, which Borlase estimated to have been fifteen feet and ten feet respectively, is now barely six. Enough remains, however, to make this the finest hill fort in Cornwall. It is circular, and about one hundred and twenty feet in diameter. Inside, the foundations of the huts, where the garrison lived, still remain. On the western side is an opening known as the "Iron Gate." Our illustration shows this gate with the Hooting Carn crowning the opposite hill. In the distance are the Scilly Islands, but owing to the smallness of the scale they are not visible. The cognoscenti attribute this fortress to the Danes. Certainly "Thou graate red-headed Daane" is still a term of reproach in the neighbourhood. A bowshot from the fortress gate, in a north-westerly direction, is Chûn Cromlech. It is not so large as Zennor Cromlech, but its lonely position on the shoulder of the hill makes it an impressive object.

Retracing our steps, and crossing the road, we soon reach Carn Kenidzhek, or the Hooting Carn. It is a weird-shaped tor, as our illustration shows. It dominates one of the wildest parts of the moor known as the Gump, around which linger many legends. It is still a lone land sacred to the memories of a vanished race, who made this wilderness their home, and whose spirits seem to haunt it, and to whisper to the intruder that this wind-swept upland is holy ground. It is certainly an impressive spot, even to the casual visitor, commanding, as it does,



THE MERMAID IN ZENNOR CHURCH



FLINT ARROWHEADS AND KNIVES
(Two-thirds actual size)

To face page 174



THE GATE, CHÚN CASTLE
(Looking towards the Gump)

a fine view of the Land's End district, and the encircling sea. Cape Cornwall, the Brisons, the Longships Lighthouse, the Wolf Lighthouse, and the distant Scillies are all in view from the neighbourhood of the Hooting Carn. I was once here on a cloudless, windless afternoon in August. The barometer had been very high for several days. The sea was like glass, and a silence as of some great enchantment held the moor. It was as if the Spirit of Summer had been kissed to sleep by the amorous old Sun, and lay with folded wings athwart the scented heath. Sea and sky melted into each other ; there was no visible horizon. Phantom ships seemed to be sailing a phantom sea, and "dim discover'd dropping from the clouds." It is during such manifestations as these that one realises—

"A sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Leaving the Hooting Carn we pass over the top of Carn Bean and come down into Pendeen village, close to the church. This church was built about fifty years ago by a former incumbent, a Mr. Aitken, with the assistance of the miners, with whom he was a great favourite. It is a copy, as far as ground plan and walls go, of Iona Cathedral. Leaving the village we regain the lighthouse headland, and following the white stones of the coastguard path we soon see Levant Mine crowning the next head. The

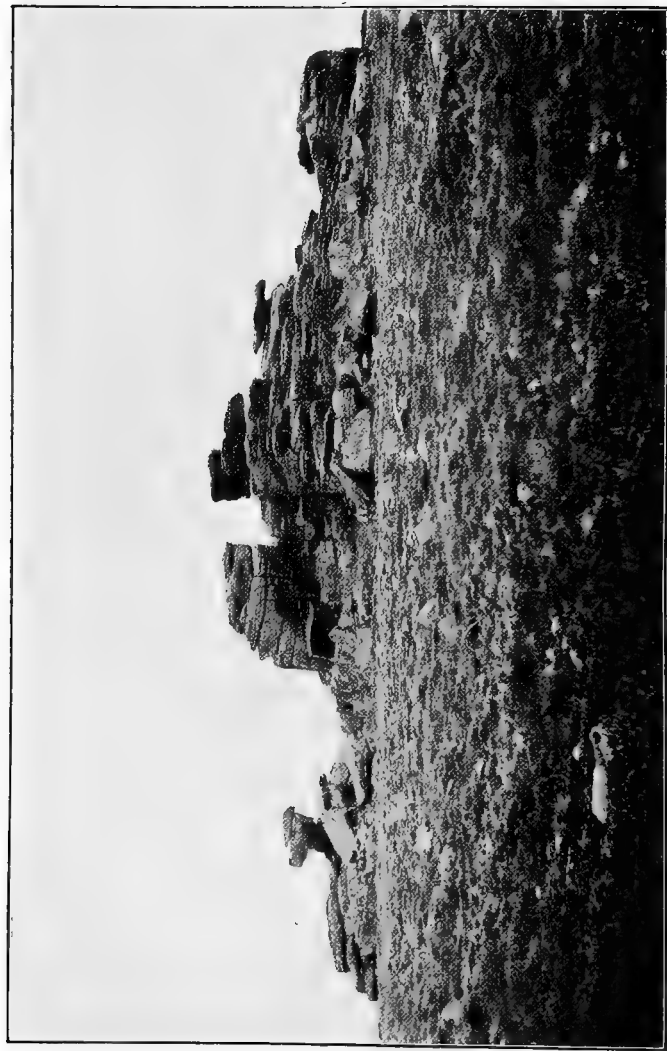
situation is a very striking one ; and in a gale of wind, when the foam is scudding past this scene of busy industry, it does not lack a certain weird grandeur. But the mine mars the coast. Its tall chimneys, sheds, and tin-washing beds, are but a sorry substitute for the heath and the golden gorse which their presence has destroyed. "Man marks the earth with ruin—his control stops with the shore," as Byron says ; and a more striking illustration of the truth of his words could not be found than the one in front of us. Descending the valley, we climb the opposite hill, past mud and miners, arsenic fumes and tram-lines, till we reach the top. But the face of the land is still marred and rendered hideous by mining operations. The path winds bravely westward, but no longer through flowers and ferns, but over a stunted and blasted heath, or common, almost denuded of vegetation, and punctuated with little dynamite store sheds whose lightning conductors clatter in the breeze, and unsightly refuse heaps of rock and clay.

A mile further on we reach Botallack Mine. Here, owing to the extraordinary position of some of the engine-houses clinging to the bare face of the cliff, the height of the surrounding precipices, and the thunder of the waves at their feet, the scene is dramatic to a degree, and one that every visitor to this part of the coast should see.

Pushing on we reach some volunteer firing butts ; and beyond these, in a seaward direction, is Castle Kenidzhék, a miniature Gurnard's Head. Fronting it, across the cove, is Cape Cornwall, another lofty peninsula stretching far into the sea, and connected with the land by a comparatively low isthmus. Alas ! its very apex is



CHÛN CROMLECH
(NEAR MORVAH)



CARN KENIDZHEK

OR THE HOOTING CARN ON THE GUMP, NEAR PENDEEN

To face page 177

crowned with a chimney stack, and the water in the cove is discoloured by mining operations. Let us hurry on ; though man *does* mark the earth with ruin, we need not linger in it. Descending into the valley and crossing a mining dam, we mount the opposite hill, and bearing to the right above Priest's Cove we make our way, as quickly as possible, to Carn Glooze Head. There is a mine here also, but the eruption and distortion are not so virulent Nature is recovering herself.

About a mile inland we see St. Just. It is not a very beautiful place, so we will make no detour to visit it. It has a rather fine church and an old plan-an-guare,* where the miracle dramas were acted. Passing over the summit of Carn Glooze, we descend into the fine valley of Nanven. Here there is a picturesque cove called Porth Nanven flanked by the grand mass of Carn Glooze, an extremely shapely headland crowned with stately pinnacles. Going a few yards up the valley we turn to the right along a path which skirts the face of a sloping cliff about half-way between sea and summit. Winding round boulders, and over trickling streams, we presently see beneath us a sandy cove, on the northern side of which is a natural granite arch. Descending by a broad track we find ourselves on the sea-level. Tremendous waves of transparent green water, clear as crystal, are thundering upon the sand. There are no rocks in this cove, hence its suitability in the old days for the landing of contraband. It is a spot of wonderful colour beauty and grandeur. Cape Cornwall, the Anti-væstium of Ptolemy, bounds the view to the right, the

* Place of play.

Land's End and Longships on the left ; while opposite, rising from clouds of spray, are the Brisons, the home of countless sea birds, and the scene of many a fearful tragedy. As we ascend the track we notice the smuggling caves that were excavated in the cliff side. Many a gallon of unexceptionable cognac and burgundy must these innocent-looking recesses have held in the old rollicking days of war and wine.

Mounting Carn Leskez, the sloping carn, we wind round Pol Pry Cove, which in English means Clay Cove, or pool, and reach the summit of Maen Bower, above Nangellan Cove. Now that we have left the mining outrages behind us, we notice how different are the character of the country and the appearance of the cliff summits from what they are between St. Ives and Pendeen. The bracken has almost entirely disappeared, the gorse no longer reaches six or seven feet in height, but appears to be entirely of the dwarf variety ; even the heath seems smaller ; while the moorland hills, which gave such distinction to the scenery, have receded from the coast. In the distance, some three miles away, we see Chapel Carn Brea, the last summit of the range. The interior of the country is now a cultivated tableland punctuated with farmhouses.

Crossing the little Nangellan stream just below the mill pool, we notice the immense size of the granite boulders that strew the valley, and almost fill the cove. Winding round the base of the next headland, and passing through a gap in some rocks, we see, in front of us, the sand-covered slopes of Gwynver Cove. Here as many as thirty thousand mullet have been caught at one



PENDEEN CHURCH GATE

To face page 178



OLD ENGINE HOUSES AT BOTALLACK MINE

time by the Sennen Cove fishermen. Crossing the sand, we skirt the base of another fine headland known as Carn Barges, and find ourselves on the broad, smooth sand of Whitesand Bay, at the further end of which we see Sennen Cove. Cove is here rather a misnomer, for there is none. The word applies to the village, which is called Sennen Cove to distinguish it from Sennen Churchtown, on the top of the hill. The Cove is a quaint little place, being a collection of thatched cottages and some modern villas nestling at the foot of a steep hill, a few feet above high-water mark. An hotel has recently been built here, and there are two or three artists' studios. The inhabitants are a race of hardy fisher-folk, as indeed they need be, for this bay is exposed to the fullest fury of the Atlantic, and possesses next to nothing in the way of artificial protection.

Since the awful wreck of the *Khyber*, however, when the Sennen lifeboat could not be launched, owing to the fury of the sea, a fund has been raised for the building of a pier. The creation of this fund is due entirely to Colonel Williams, of St. Ives. As Chairman of the Board of Trade Inquiry into the loss of the *Khyber*, he became acquainted with the paralysing effects of insufficient launching facilities on the life-saving usefulness of the Sennen Cove lifeboat; and he set to work, with unremitting energy, to raise the money, and to galvanise the Government into making various concessions. He has so far succeeded that a stone pier has now been built, and the difficulties formerly attending the launching of the lifeboat have been overcome.

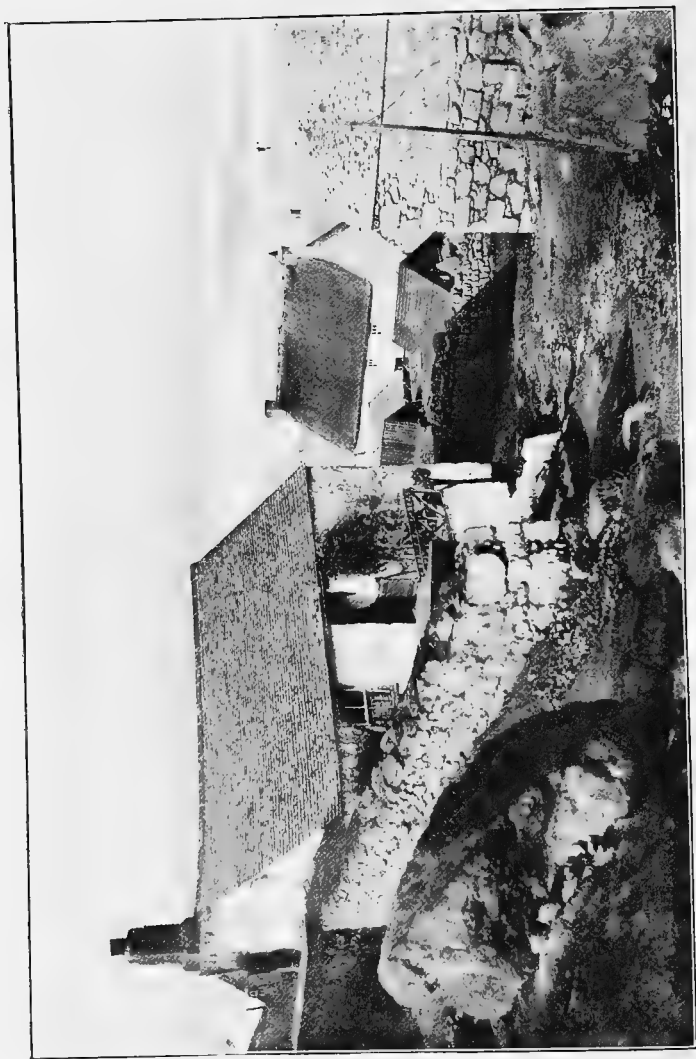
The most curious and picturesque building in Sennen Cove is the circular wooden shed that covers the huge capstan used for hauling up the fishing boats. It has a very foreign appearance. Mounting the hill by the whitened stones, we reach the coastguard watchhouse, and see Land's End about a mile in front of us. Keeping along the coastguard path, we notice beneath us, standing boldly out from the sea, the quaintly shaped rock known as the Irish Lady. From here it resembles an ugly old witch with a long nose. It is only from Land's End that her patrician origin becomes apparent. As we proceed we obtain a good view of the natural arch that pierces old Bolerium. This view of the northern side of England's "first and last" point is a more impressive one, in my opinion, than that obtained from the south, which is the one most commonly photographed and seen.

Certainly as we see it now, sentinelled by the graceful column of the Longships Lighthouse, and laved by the mighty Atlantic rollers; with the sun setting below the level rim of the horizon, and the Scillies lying purple against the rosy west, we feel that yonder shapely granite buttress, which for unnumbered centuries has withstood the wildest storms, is not unworthy of the land it guards.

Let us sit awhile on the springy turf close to these storm-scarred crags and watch the sun slowly disappear beneath the level horizon. Presently as we gaze out over the wrinkled sea towards the still glowing West, we think of that mystic land which legend says lies buried beneath its fateful waters. Then, from the vanished



THE NATURAL ARCH
IN 'SMUGGLERS' COVE, WITH THE BRISONS IN THE DISTANCE



OLD COTTAGES AT SENNEN COVE

past, our mind projects itself into the future. "Another thousand years," we say to ourself, "and what manner of ships will be passing? Who will be sitting here? What will be their thoughts? and where shall we be?" Ah, that is the question!

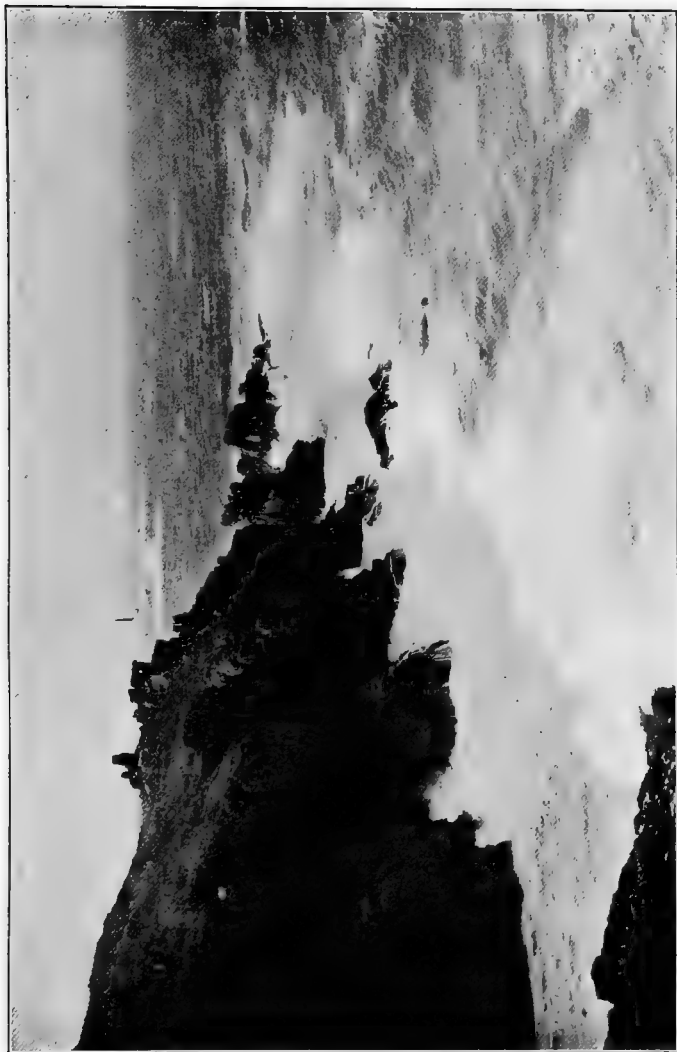
CHAPTER XII

PEDN-AN-LAAZ

OUR reverie over, we went up to Sennen Church-town and engaged a room at the homely little inn. Then after supper, drawn by the spell of the "end of the earth," we again make our way to its granite pinnacles.

Many descriptions have been written of Land's End, some enthusiastically laudatory, others quite the reverse. These latter are doubtless the result of an unreasoning preconception. A certain number of people are disappointed because they had imagined that in Land's End they were going to see a headland more imposing in height and grandeur than its neighbours. This, of course, is unreasonable. Land's End is simply that particular point of our island that projects a little further westward into the Atlantic than the rest of the coast. This gives it its name and its unique position amongst English headlands. Nevertheless, even if one were unaware of this accidental, or rather occidental superiority, there is a happy combination of circumstances about old Bolerium, or Pedn-an-Laaz * in Cornish, that gives it a peculiar significance to the observant Nature lover. Though not nearly so high as many of the surrounding cliffs, it possesses a dignity of form and a regal isolation,

* End of the Earth.



LAND'S END, FROM NORTH
AND THE LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE



J. C. Douglas.

LAND'S END, FROM SOUTH

To face page 183

by reason of the way the coast recedes on either side. So much is this the case that when looking out from its storm-riven crest one often experiences the sensation of standing in the bows of some titanic vessel. The great arc of the Atlantic surrounds us, and the racing of the tides sixty feet below, especially in calm weather, conveys to the mind a curious sense of motion ; not quite that of a ship, but something more akin to the steady, rhythmic swing of the earth through space. This anyone can realise anywhere on a fine night by watching a star in connection with a fixed object, such as a tree or house. After a while you become aware of the steady, onward progress of our planet. It creates a thrill of pleasurable wonder not unmixed with awe. Here then on this Ultima Thule, the poet and dreamer, the weary city dweller, or the hard-handed son of toil can, each in his own degree, gather some measure of inspiration.

The best way to realise Pedn-an-Laaz is to sleep the night at the hotel, or at the "First and Last" inn in Sennen Churchtown. By so doing, you will be able to wander over the grassy slopes and between the granite crags, after the daily visitors have departed. It requires solitude, if you would realise to the full the grandeur of your surroundings. You will also be able to watch the sun sink behind the mother of waters, flooding sea and land with unwonted brilliancy. Then, after supper, you can go down again to the extreme point. A crescent moon may be beckoning in the north-west, or a full moon regnant in the east. The night may be dark, with great storm-clouds rising ominous above the horizon, or the sky may be a purple dome studded with innumerable

stars. Across the wrinkled sea those lesser lights that man has won from the vast storehouse of Nature are flashing their warning rays, as they are to-night. Immediately in front of us, gleaming from its granite column, is the Longships light. Nine miles to the south-west is the Wolf Lighthouse. It stands on a solitary mass of clinkstone which rises in deep water a few feet above the surface, some seven miles from the land. On the western horizon are the Scilly lights, and away to the right of them a pale star shines intermittently. It is the Seven Stones lightship riding at her moorings in mid-ocean. Of all these warning beacons this one lays most hold of the imagination. Think of it, ye who are apt to grumble at fortune on terra firma. Think what it means to be cooped up day after day, night after night in a lightship, anchored on one of the stormiest seas in the world. A kind of animated signpost. Rain or fog, storm or even hurricane, there you must remain, a target for the waves and for any vessel that may happen to blunder into you ; though this last contingency is happily of very rare occurrence. And now, as we return to our hotel, across the southern heavens there flashes a pale beam of white light, sweeping from left to right, like the luminous arm of some gigantic windmill. There it goes again, a swift and unhesitating beat. We are not superstitious, or we might fancy it the flash of some great angel's wing. Well, and so it is. Not that of the old Reaper, but of the guardian angel of light. In other words, it is the reflection of the Lizard light, one of the most powerful in the world, visible sixty miles away. That luminous ray, stealing so swiftly across the sky,

has brought joy to many an anxious eye on bridge and deck. That silent welcome from the Motherland has sent a thrill through the hearts of countless wanderers, who, after many years, perhaps half a lifetime, are speeding homewards out of the great waste of waters.

CHAPTER XIII

PEDN-AN-LAAZ TO TRERYN DINAS

Sublime they rise, these walls of Lyonesse,
In sculptured silence o'er the unruly sea ;
Old Time himself stands vanquished 'neath their frown,
His keen-edged scythe quite impotent to harm,
While Neptune, all his rushing chargers spent,
Roars in defeat and foams with baffled rage.
Who can survey these shapely forms unmoved,
Carved by the winds and chiselled by the rain,
These walls embattled, pinnacles and spires,
These vast cathedrals tow'ring o'er the deep,
Clothed with sweet Nature's choicest tapestry,
Her interwoven lichens, flowers and ferns ?
For they have heard the shrieks of wild despair,
And seen uncoffined bodies rent in twain
And hurled in fragments at their stubborn flanks.
And marked where Death, his sable pinions spread,
Hovered triumphant 'neath the swooning moon.
Heard too the voices of seraphic Peace
When young-eyed Spring, the old Sun's virgin child,
Folds her soft wings upon their battlements
And throws them tokens of her warm young love.
Such are these walls of rugged Lyonesse :
Eternal warfare rages at their feet,
Eternal beauty wreathes their furrowed brows.

LEAVING Land's End the next morning, we follow the coastguard path nearly due south across the heath in the direction of Pordenack Point, the bold headland we see in front of us. As we proceed, we notice on our right two rock islands. The northernmost is called the

“Armed Knight,” though the resemblance is not very marked; the other is Enys Dodman. It is pierced by a natural arch. On its summit is a thin layer of earth, which in spring is the nesting-place of hundreds of gulls. In June it is covered with their fluffy young. Soon we pass a cottage and a few small fields. This little home-stead is known as Greeb, Cornish for a crest or comb. The field just beyond the house to the eastward of the path is found, whenever it is ploughed up, to be full of flint flakes. Flakes are also scattered about the summits of the cliffs between here and Treryn Dinas. These extreme western strongholds were evidently much resorted to by the Celts and the long-headed, pre-Aryan race that preceded them.

On reaching the summit of Pordenack an astounding scene presents itself. The cliff falls as sheer as a fortress wall to the sea below. This is not, however, its only or even its chief characteristic. Instead of the usual more or less uniform escarpment, the face of the headland consists of a number of towers formed of huge blocks of granite, piled one upon the other with extraordinary regularity. It is difficult not to believe that, when the old earth was young, some race of Titans amused itself by building up these great cubes, as children do bricks, finally poising fantastically shaped boulders on their summits, or fashioning them into turrets and castellated battlements. These towers rise about two hundred feet and are amazingly impressive, especially when seen from half-way down a grass-covered slope a few yards to the southward of the head. This is the spot from which our illustration was taken. But a photograph can give only

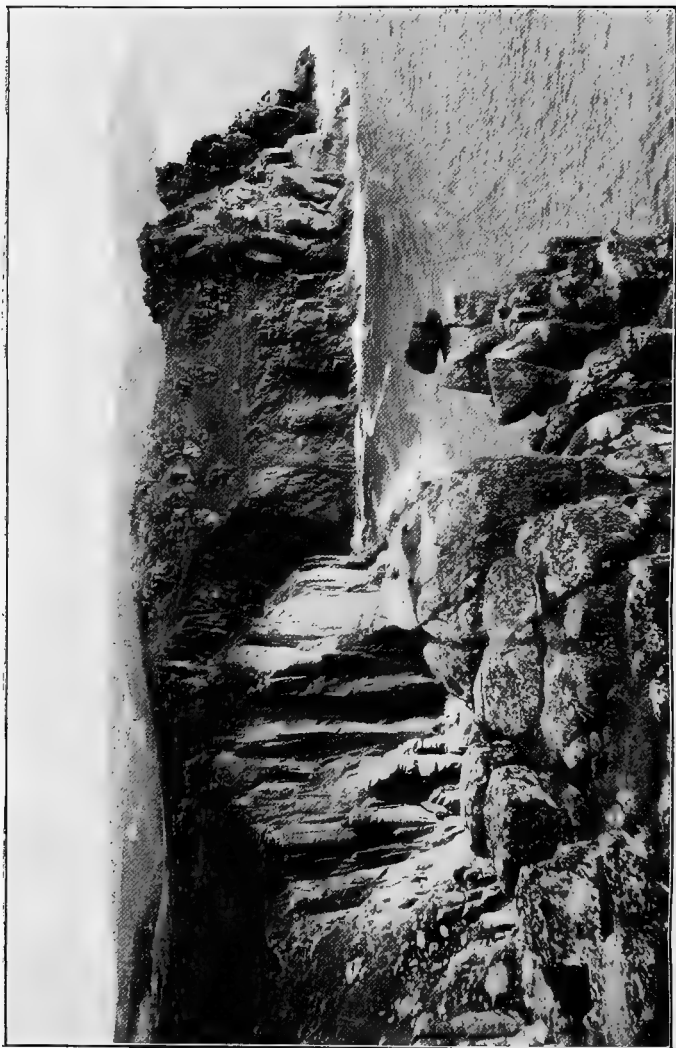
an imperfect idea of their height, and none at all of their colour. It would require the brush of a Turner to do that. By the way, Turner was so impressed with this head that he made a careful drawing of it. Every buttress, pinnacle, and tower is draped with delicately hued lichens, while from every fissure, where a little earth has collected, gleam the white and pink flowers of the sea-campion and thrift. The almost architectural symmetry and fine proportions of these granite cliffs between Land's End and Treryn Dinas are most remarkable. There is nothing similar on the whole Cornish coast. I have endeavoured in the few lines which commence this chapter to convey some idea of this shapely impressiveness—of the resistless menace of their perpendicular walls and the wonderful beauty of their lichen-covered, flower-strewn summits. As we sit upon our sloping glacis, we notice around us cushions of scented thyme, masses of yellow trefoil, and the ray-like blossoms of the centaury. A wheatear bows at us from a neighbouring rock, and overhead the gulls wheel and utter their strange laughter. It is a wonderful combination of form and colour ; and what more effective background could there be than the sea, sparkling like diamonds in the eye of the sun, and elsewhere a deep ultramarine ? I have often wondered why more people do not visit this headland, the first of a unique brotherhood. They arrive by dozens at Land's End every day during the summer, lunch at the hotel, take a guide-conducted stroll to the extreme point, and then return whence they came. They have achieved their object, which is presumably to say that they have seen Land's End. A somewhat extraordinary one certainly, but this



J. C. Douglas.

PORDENACK POINT

To face page 188



A. Begbie.

CARN EVALL, FROM PORDENACK POINT

To face page 189

is the attitude of thousands of people towards the beauties of Nature.

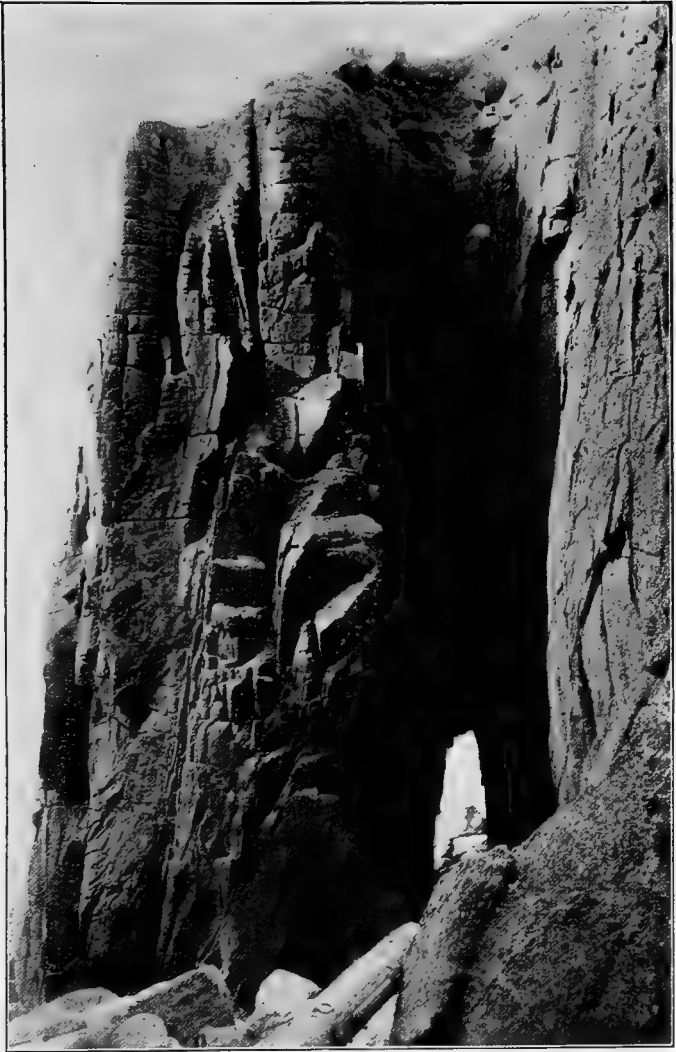
A few years ago I was rowed down the upper Killarney lake with a Scotchman and two Canadians. Though we were passing through some of the most exquisite scenery in the world, I noticed that the Scotchman rarely took his eyes off the water ; in fact, he gazed continuously over the gunwale of the boat into the brown depths of the lake. Curious to know what could induce a man to behave in such a way in such a spot, I said, " What are you thinking about ? " " Well," he replied with a strong Scotch burr, " I was just thinking what a pity it is there are no hippopotamuses in this lake." " Good heavens, man, what do you want them here for ? " asked one of the Canadians. " Just to vary the monotony," was the astounding reply. There are, however, many people who have a genuine love for Nature. To these my advice is : After seeing Land's End, go on to Pordenack Point ; it is scarcely half a mile away. You will not be disappointed.

Resuming our walk, we come in a few score of yards to a narrow fissure, which has been cut by a little stream as with a Titan's axe, so smooth are its granite sides. Below is a boulder-strewn cove. This is not where the *Khyber* went ashore ; that occurred at Porthloe Cove, about a mile to the southward, but as a good deal of her wreckage was washed in here and still lies amongst the rocks, I have called our illustration of this little cove " The *Khyber's* Grave." One of her masts can be seen in the foreground pointing towards the natural arch. This was one of the most tragic wrecks that even this iron

coast has known. For hours her crew looked into the eyes of Death, expecting the rescue that never came. She was a full-rigged ship, homeward bound from Australia. She got embayed, lost most of her sails, and being unable to weather the land, anchored a few cables' lengths from a lee shore about eleven o'clock on a dark February night. A terrific sea was running and a whole gale blowing from the westward. Though she burnt flares and fired rockets they were not seen. Hour after hour she rode at her two anchors in a hellish maelstrom of breakers. Just as the grey dawn was rekindling hope both cables parted, and she was driven ashore and almost immediately went to pieces. Only three of her crew of twenty-six hands were saved. They were washed like corks on to the rocks.

Going out on to the next headland, known as Carn Evall, which forms the southern boundary of the cove, we find that two enormous granite tors rise side by side on the summit. From certain points of view they are curiously like couchant lions facing the Atlantic. They are well seen in the illustration taken from Pordenack Point. In spring these tors are surrounded by a mass of blue hyacinths ; in June by a variegated carpet of trefoil, campions, centaury, and daisies. Climb up one of them and sit upon its lichen-embroidered head ; no king was ever throned as sumptuously as you will be.

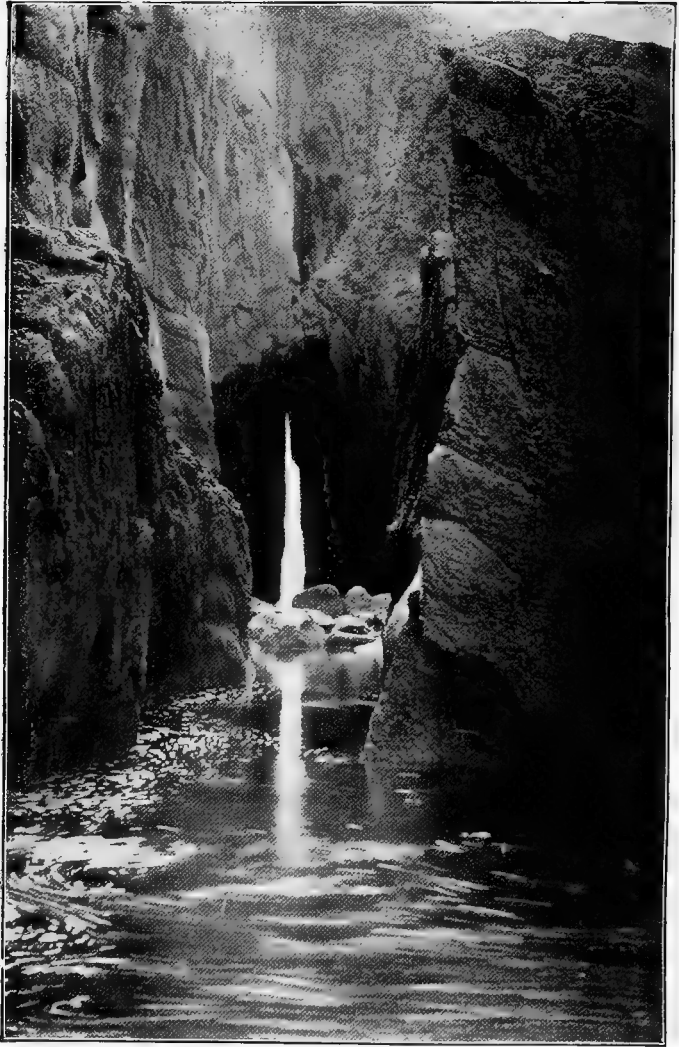
Following the path along the edge of the cliff, we skirt the northern shore of Nanjizel Bay ; an exceedingly beautiful one by reason of the shapeliness of the surrounding headlands and the exquisite colour of the water. Purple where it flows over seaweed, emerald-green over



A. Begbie.

THE KHYBER'S GRAVE

To face page 190



J. C. Douglas.

‘THE SONG OF THE SEA’

To face page 191

sand, and sapphire-blue where the water deepens. These colour-bands are of crescent shape corresponding to the curve of the shore. Presently we reach a small cove, which the sea has washed out of the heart of the cliff, leaving in its centre an abrupt rock peninsula, known as "The Horse." Wind and rain have worn weird wrinkles in its rocky flanks, somewhat resembling figures on an Egyptian frieze. As we proceed, we observe that the hill-side above us is purple with foxgloves, while *Arundo phragmites* lines the path. Turning south we still follow the cliff-edge, which is here quite low, past huge boulders and disused mine adits dotted with ferns, till we reach a stream. Crossing it by some stepping-stones we notice how it is completely concealed by tall alexanders, hemlock, and angelica. We also notice on our right that the cliff which forms the southern boundary of the bay has been rent asunder for a considerable portion of its height. This natural arch is beautifully called the "Song of the Sea." At low water it forms a sort of grotto. The sea recedes and leaves a pool of crystal-clear water five or six feet deep, reflecting as in a mirror the gash in the rock wall. Venus herself could not desire a more perfect bathing-place. One side looks out on to the Atlantic, the other upon the flower-embroidered flanks of the coast.

Ascending a steep path we reach the top of Carn lês Boel, the carn "of the bleak place," which bears traces of having once been a Celtic stronghold. To the south-west of this head is the rock island of Bosistow, a breeding-place of the gulls. The path now skirts Pendower Bay. There is a logan rock here and a pile of curious flat-shaped

boulders, like a number of Brobdingnagian loaves resting one upon the other. Looking back across the bay we see a fine cave in the flank of Carn lês Boel. Crossing a boggy depression we reach a flat tableland covered with heath and dwarf gorse. In August, when this variety of gorse flowers, it is a blaze of purple and gold, which, in combination with the deep blue of the Atlantic and the grandeur of the coastline, makes a picture we are not likely soon to forget. Bearing to the right in the direction of the sea, we gain the summit of Carn Barra—the “loaf carn.” This is a magnificent pinnacled buttress, from which there is a fine view of the coast both north and south. Now we come in quick succession to Carn Mellyn, “yellow carn,” Pellitrass Point, “head of the slope,” Pellow Zawn, “hole in the rock”; while across Porthloe Cove we see Carn Guthensbras, the “great carn.” The climber will find much to engross him on all these cliffs, and the Nature lover much to stir his keenest emotions. Grand in all weathers, but most so when the sea-mist lays its spell upon their rocks and towers. Then one seems to be surrounded by monsters of another world, such as Dante dreamed of and Doré tried to paint.

After circumventing Porthloe Cove the path takes us to a coastguard watch-house, and we find ourselves on the summit of Tol-Pedn-Penwith, the “holed headland in Penwith,” perhaps the most impressive of all these ramparts. Like Pordenack it consists of granite towers rising perpendicularly from the sea, their summits clothed with lichens. One might almost fancy them to be pagan altars reverently draped for some mystic rites. Here too comes again the feeling that a Cyclopean

architect has been at work, piling boulder on boulder, choosing only those of the most grotesque shapes and balancing them with uncanny ingenuity. Here a colossal toad peers out over the Atlantic ; there a huge crocodile grins into space. Among other monstrosities there is an enormous mass weighing many tons fashioned like an old woman in cape and hood ; on her head she balances an immense bundle. Straight out at sea, some seven miles away, is the Wolf Rock and lighthouse, a fitting satellite for this old granite lion. A few yards to the south-west of the head, on a grass-covered neck that joins another mass of rock to the mainland, is a natural funnel that goes down through the heart of the rock to the sea below and gives the head its name. It is about fifteen feet in diameter and one hundred feet deep. Its northern side is pierced by an arch. At high water the waves foam at its base. When a storm is raging, or a ground-sea rolling in, it presents a Dantesque cauldron of horror. If you go to the end of the head and descend its northern slope to the sea-level, which is quite easy, you will obtain a wonderful view of the towers of Tol-Pedn-Penwith, one part of which is called the Chair Ladder. A good climber can get down on to the beach and enter the funnel, but it takes a deal of "doing."

Following the path to the top of the next head, beneath which there is a fine cave with a double-arched entrance, we notice on our left two iron cones. One is painted red, the other black and white. They have been placed there to enable mariners to steer clear of the Runnel Stone, a submerged rock which rises about a mile from the shore right in the fairway for vessels. Soon we reach Polostoc

Point, the "Cap Point," from the fancied resemblance of one of its rocks to a fisherman's cap. Let us climb on to its rugged summit and look round. The June sun is approaching the zenith, and the sea is as molten silver beneath his nearly vertical rays. There is not a breath of wind ; overhead the gulls are wheeling joyously. The sweet scent of thyme and sward, mingled with ozone, surrounds us. It is the ethereal essence of summer. About a mile out at sea we notice a black speck. It is the bell buoy that marks the Runnel Stone. Every now and then a sonorous note comes up to us, so familiar in its associations with village life, so strange in that it should be wafted to us from the bosom of the sea. We cannot resist the thought that the old ocean is tolling a requiem for those countless thousands whom she has sent to their last account. And who to see her now would imagine her capable of those awful cataclysms, that relentless fury, in which she so often indulges ? Glittering and sparkling in the summer sun, kissing the feet of the granite cliffs, crooning a gentle lullaby, she seems the embodiment of Peace itself. And out there on her gently heaving breast slumbers one of her white-winged angels. Well, perhaps that is carrying hyperbole a little too far. Still, you must admit she is a phantasy of stately grace, lying there motionless, as if bewitched by the summer sun. Her beautifully modelled hull is painted green, and every stitch of canvas on her three full-rigged masts is set. Man never has and probably never will create anything more perfect than a sailing-ship ; she takes her place in Nature as gracefully as the white-winged gulls.



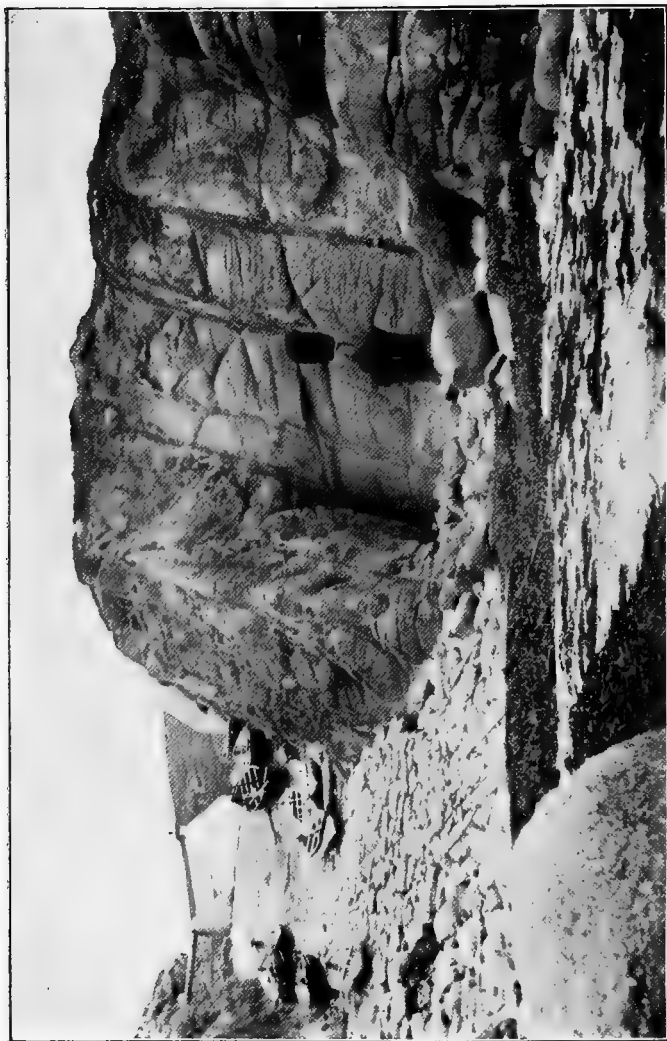
LOAF ROCK



A. Begbie.

NANJIZEL BAY

To face page 194



A. Begbie.

PORTGWARRA COVE

Leaving our lofty eyrie, we follow the path by the side of a cove till the quaint little fishing hamlet of Porthgwarra comes into view. What a wonderful little place it is, with its boats and crab-pots, its steep slip, its great windlass, its old cottages (alas, only two remain), and last but not least its stone-paved tunnel through the cliff, by which boats are taken to a higher level. Sheltered on all sides by furzy downs, and opening on to the Atlantic by a little inlet, you might pass within a quarter of a mile of it and never know of its existence. Stevenson would have gloated over Porthgwarra ; for it is an ideal smuggler's cove. No one could possibly have lived here in olden days and not smuggled. As we pass the corner of a whitewashed, thatch-roofed cabin, with a great chimney and a huge boulder built into one of its ends, we think of the stories those old walls could tell of contraband, of desperate ventures and cunning artifices, of golden spoil and brimming beakers of the red wine of France. The good old days never to return. Days of action and adventure, when risks were almost daily taken and thought nothing of. When men had no time for morbid introspection, no time to sit in corners and listen to their heart-beats, or ponder over the workings of their gastric juices. Men were men in those days and women were women. Now there is but little difference between a good many of them. There is too much self-consciousness, too much use, or rather abuse, of the mental stethoscope. Look at a certain class of modern novel. No story to speak of, no development of character through action ; but page after page of morbid analysis of emotions, before and after the smallest deed, that is positively

sickening. The great masters, the heaven-born storytellers, never had and never will have this desire to nuzzle below the surface in order to discover to the reader the quality of their heroine's soul ; it shines out in her words and actions. A row of modern cottages has been built at Porthgwarra, where summer or winter lodgings can be obtained. Here, if anywhere, the jaded city dweller can regain the glorious liberty of wind and sunshine. Here, from a bed of bracken, he can look out over the broad Atlantic, or watch the bees busy amongst the heather. Once more he can become as a happy child on the bosom of his old Mother Earth, and gaze with wondering eyes at the rising and setting of the sun. What is life if we divorce ourselves from Nature, if we lose touch with the elements of which we are formed ? Nothing but a sordid treadmill of habit, a mechanical piling up of a little heap of gold. And what is the purchasing power of gold when health and happiness are at stake ? Nothing. Only in Nature's lap can we learn true happiness ; only in Nature's lap will true beauty attend us. Remember what Richard Jefferies—an inspired seer if ever there was one—has told us : “ that the hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we can stay amongst these things ” (he is referring to the beauties of Nature) “ so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time.” And Porthgwarra is just the place in which “ to stay amongst these things.” You are far removed from our modern Babylon. There is no postal telegraph office ; the letter-box is a hole scooped in the cliff-side. No roaring of “ bulls ” and “ bears ” will disturb the

even tenor of your dreams. You are alone with Nature and can drink your fill from her jewelled chalice.

Leaving Porthgwarra, the path takes us up a steep rock-strewn hill with the sea flashing below. Soon after the summit is gained we see the grey tower of St. Levan Church. It is situated, with the few cottages that constitute "Churchtown," in a saucer-like depression on the hill-top. Crossing a small stream, where close to the path there is a well, should you be thirsty, and passing by the side of a cottage-garden veronica hedge, we reach the fourteenth-century church. The interior has been well restored ; it used to be in a most dilapidated condition. The arches are quaintly small, and there is some excellent carving on the pew-ends. Its patron saint was a bit of a recluse, like so many of these religious enthusiasts. He retired to a cavern in this remote region, where plain living and high thinking could be practised *in excelsis*. His holy well is still to be seen between the village and the cliff-edge.

Keeping along the furzy down we see in front of us a lofty Marconi mast, and soon we come to a well-kept cricket-ground, a very unexpected sight in this region. It belongs to the Eastern Telegraph Company, whose cables enter the sea in the cove below, which is called Porthcurnow. As we descend into the valley we see several large houses and other buildings, and an asphalt tennis court. The luxuriant vegetation and the flat roofs of one or two of these houses give the place quite a foreign look. It might be a corner in Algeciras, or even Tangiers. This is not lessened by the brilliant colour of the sea and the whiteness of the sand in the

cove, which is composed of broken shells. There is excellent bathing here.

Mounting the next hill, we have in front of us the striking rock peninsula of Treryn Dinas, which means Treryn the fortified. Here is the rather foolishly celebrated Logan Rock. The castle has a fine outline, as our illustration shows. Seen by moonlight, or on such an afternoon as this when sea and sky are like twin sapphires, it leaves an indelible impression on the mind. As we cross the neck of land that gives access to the "castle," we notice the remains of the old fosses and embankments that defended the approach to this natural stronghold, by whom constructed is not known. The cognoscenti do not agree. Borlase thinks the Danes, Polwhele the Irish; others, again, favour the Romans. But why should it have been any of these? Surely no invaders from over the sea would have fortified all these headlands, for most of them show traces of having been strengthened; while the Romans would have probably followed their usual custom of fortifying the hill-tops. These coast headlands would, I think, have been the last places to which either Danes or Irish would retire. No ship could live, much less effect a landing; anywhere near their rocky walls. Foreigners holding them would be in much the same straits as a rat in a trap, unable to escape at either end. Between the devil and the deep sea would fairly describe their position. I believe it was the Cornu British themselves who fortified these natural strongholds. They were to them what the old castles were to the Norman and English barons, places of safety in case of a scrimmage with a neighbouring



J. C. Douglas.

ST. LEVAN CHURCHTOWN



A. Begbie.

TRERYN DINAS

To face page 198



A Begbie.

IN ST. LEVAN VALLEY

To face page 109

chief or tribe. Building on a large scale was unknown to these people. Therefore, what could be more natural than to take advantage of these ready-made castles, whose rocky ramparts would defy the flint-tipped javelins and arrows of their assailants ?

It is a sharp climb up to the Logan Rock, more than some people can accomplish. And unless you want to say you have done it, really not worth the trouble. Certainly the rock "logs" a little, when force is used, as do many others along the coast, but except to children this is not a great inducement. A rock far more worthy of a struggle is the pinnacle which crowns the seaward extremity of the peninsula. Although higher it is not so difficult to climb to as the Logan. It is reached by the southern side of the castle. After a scramble up the sloping granite walls, we seat ourselves by the side of this natural monument and look round. What an eyrie for a poet ! and even to the average man what a dream-compelling spot is the topmost tower of this old sea-girt fighting-place ! Now all is peace. The June sun is westering in an almost cloudless sky, the sea is a sheet of fretted silver ; even the gulls have ceased their aerial wheelings and sit brooding on the rocks below. And out there the white-winged ship is motionless. It is peace with her too. But what are those three black monsters to the southward, each one surmounted by a column of murky darkness which mars the fair radiance of the sky—a bar sinister on an azure shield ? They are battle-ships. On they come, tearing through this pageant of Peace like dragons of old, belching forth columns of hideous smoke and churning up the water like a mill-race.

Each one has cost at least a million of money, and holds any amount of restless energy, schooled and trained for the taking of life. That these monstrous engines of destruction are necessary, does not say much for the efficacy of the various religions on which Europe spends so many millions a year. The ethics of their Founder's Sermon on the Mount are still as far from the practice of the nations as when He first delivered it. It is still just as necessary for a country, if it would retain its position and possessions, to show its neighbours that it is ready and able to give them a thrashing as it was in the days of the Philistines.

Half a mile from Treryn Dinas, across the fields, is the hamlet of Treryn, pronounced Treen. There is an inn here where quarters can be obtained for the night. And as we have dawdled by the way, and the sun is setting, we will take advantage of its hospitality.

CHAPTER XIV

TRERYN TO PENZANCE

LEAVING Treryn inn on the following morning we descend the hill, and when about half-way down we turn to the right and follow the road to Penberth Cove. Had we returned to the coast, we could have kept along the top of Cribba Head and descended into the cove by its furzy flank. The Penberth valley is, however, a very beautiful one ; and the rich foliage of the trees, the lush meadows, and the little whitewashed cottages with their gardens of trailing roses, fuchsias, and lilies, make a pleasant interlude in the more epic grandeur of the cliffs. As we walk along beneath the small-leaved elms, a variety so peculiar to Cornwall, we are surprised at the great size of the ferns and water plants by the side of the stream. Presently, in the most unexpected manner, we reach the cove, and see the brook losing itself amongst the rocks. There is no wild leap, no neutral zone of brackish estuary. A fringe of rushes and flowers attends the nymph almost down to high-water mark, where the wave-worn boulders strew the shore. Amongst these she quietly disappears to join the great mother of waters. Just before these boulders are reached are one or two cottages and a slab bridge, as our illustration shows. Would that it could show you the brilliancy of the June morning

atmosphere and the Southern colouring of the valley ! There are also a stone-paved launching-slip, a large wooden windlass, a few boats, crab-pots and other marine litter, amongst which fowls wander and cows stand ruminant.

We must now commence the ascent out of this happy valley. Up we go, past great granite rocks, many of them covered with ivy or masses of scented honeysuckle, through whole battalions of foxgloves standing shoulder-high, past thickets of bracken and gorse bushes, many of the latter being completely hidden by the ruddy tentacles of the predatory dodder, through parterres of crimson campion, and tall marguerites that peep at us out of this festival of colour like pale-faced nuns. Here and there a lady fern bends her graceful fronds towards us. Lizards scuttle across the path. The warm air is heavy with the sweet breath of all these growing things. "This is indeed the South !" we exclaim, as we peer down into the emerald water of the cove, where great jelly-fish, streaked with brilliant colours, are floating.

On reaching the cliff summit, we see in front of us a bay surrounded by fine headlands, on whose sloping flanks we notice a number of small gardens encircled by hedges of elder. They have been won from the wilderness by working men in their spare time, on the very unsatisfactory tenure of a few years' lease, at the expiration of which they will revert, with all the improvements, to the landlord, and the rents will be raised. Not because their creators could not have purchased the freehold of the then almost worthless moor, but because the "lord" would not sell it, though himself unable to render it

productive. These little well-tilled, neatly hedged oases of fertility bear eloquent witness to what the people of England could do with the land of England if they could get it into their own hands ; as the people of France have done with the land of France. The soil of a country should be the birthright of the people of the country—a sacred trust to be used almost entirely for the production of food. It should not be possible for individuals, however wealthy, to own large tracts and exploit them as they may think fit, as game preserves, as pleasure estates, or for social aggrandisement. How many hundreds of thousands of acres of good land in England at the present time are non-productive, owing to the above causes ! Land should not be subject to the same private ownership that by natural right attaches to things produced by labour. Only those who cultivate the soil should own it, except for residential, garden, and business purposes, and in limited areas for pleasure and recreation. The non-working partner is a terrible handicap. He should be bought out, as the Government is buying him out in Ireland at the expense of the English taxpayer, who, forsooth, is not allowed to buy out his own landlord.

Passing above the gardens we reach a steep coombe, at the bottom of which a stream goes singing to the sea. This little valley, which is called Porthguarnon, is fashioned somewhat like a theatre, draped as for some gala performance. There are no gardens here. Its sides are covered with a tangle of bracken and gorse, with here and there a clump of osmunda fern. Half-way up the opposite slope are a few pinasters, surrounded by a dense thicket of rhododendrons and escallonia. At the top of

the vale there is a plantation of various trees, and above them towers in the distance the rounded bulk of Chapel Carn Brea hill. Seawards is the cove, its water sparkling like a living emerald. It is a stiff climb down, as the bracken is breast-high, the ground rocky, and the slope nearly forty-five degrees. As we approach the stream we can hear it but not see it, for it is completely hidden in the miniature jungle. Sliding down between some gnarled blackthorns, our feet sink into a soft cushion of mint and moss, and we are surrounded with aromatic odours. It has been said that a stream is the soul of a landscape. If so, nearly every valley in the West possesses a soul; and round it cluster the fairest children of the vale, watching in reverential silence the passing of their impetuous spirit to the Nirvana of the sea.

As we force our way up the eastern slope beneath the pinasters, the escallonia, excited by the warm rays of the June sun, emits its pungent incense, while a cuckoo fills the vale with its oft-repeated and melodious cry. The next headland is called Trevedron, and has a broad flat summit covered with gorse. From its extremity we see Treryn Dinas on one hand and the Lizard on the other, being the whole broad sweep of Mount's Bay. Let us sit awhile; it is a great mistake to hurry as if one were a lamplighter or a village postman. The sun is nearing the zenith, the air is warm and still, and full of the humming of a myriad busy wings. It is the acme of summer, the heyday of love and life. As we sit and drink our fill of all this pulsing beauty, the purple bell of a tall foxglove falls to the ground at our feet, like a silent tear. A gentle reminder that Death stalks ever stride by stride

with Life, that the snake lies coiled in the lily's shadow, that a skeleton sits at every feast. Then the quick thought comes, bringing a hot resentment, Why is it ever thus? Why do we grow old and wither like the flowers? Why is it not always summer? Why should not youth be ever at the helm and pleasure at the prow? Well, perhaps they will be in some future life. But whether they are or not, let us take what the gods give us and be thankful. Let us gather the rosebuds while we may. "Take no thought for the morrow" has a deeper meaning than many people seem inclined to admit, or there would not be so much feverish and egotistical anxiety about the future.

We now descend by a steep path into a valley of oak and ash trees. These are the Boskenna Woods, which follow the stream right down to the sea. Still descending, we pass in front of a cottage, and crossing a field of dead narcissi, beside which runs the stream, we reach the rounded boulders of the beach, and hear the waves calling to each other in the sunlight. I doubt if one could find a warmer spot in England during the winter than this little St. Loy Cove. Sheltered from the north and west winds by the tree-clothed hills which rise immediately behind it, and from the east by the fine Boscawen Point, it is a regular sun trap, where even in the severest winter the warm sea-water keeps Jack Frost at bay. Huge reeds tower above our heads, and the alexanders and other water plants attain an unusual size. Leaving the shore by a rude track which scales a low rubble cliff, in which are traces of a raised beach, we gain a piece of flat sward, with a fine background of trees. Soon we

commence the ascent in a diagonal direction of the flank of Boscawen, and find ourselves in a jungle of bracken, gorse, heath, reeds, and boulders ; and if we are not careful shall soon get staggered, as we say in Cornwall, which means bogged. Keeping to the rough, nearly obliterated track, we find that it turns to the left and goes straight up the hill-side, past some ivy-covered stone walls enclosing a few little cliff gardens. Here it turns to the right over the top of one of these walls, or hedges as they are called in the West, and the summit of Boscawen is soon gained, a hundred yards or so north of the Point. This is a lonely part of the coast. The voice of the sea-gulls and the cry of the young kestrels are the most frequent sounds, together with the hoarse croak of the carrion crow. These birds will often beat the flanks of the headlands much as kestrels do, whether in imitation or entirely on their own initiative I do not know. Their clumsy methods contrast very unfavourably with the graceful wheelings and motionless poisons of the falcon. Their attempts to remain in one position against the wind, while examining the hill-side for prey, are often quite ludicrous. But when they do give themselves to the gale with somewhat clumsy abandonment, they never lose control of themselves, though they are often carried to leeward at a terrific rate.

We must now cross a few fields, as the sloping cliffs are such a tangle of undergrowth that progress is difficult ; and as there are no perpendicular headlands in this neighbourhood we don't miss anything by keeping a little inland. Presently we reach a lane and a couple of cottages. Passing in front of these and following a field

path, we come upon as curious a collection of little gardens as could be found anywhere. Scores of little plots, each one surrounded by an elder hedge ten to fifteen feet high. So thick are these hedges and so small the plots they enclose that the whole thing seems a cunningly constructed maze, through which you wander from one little garden to another, till all sense of direction vanishes. After the primeval tangle of the cliffs and the weedy spaciousness of the contiguous farm fields, the shaded tidiness of these well-tilled enclosures is strange indeed. One seems to have suddenly entered another country, where our slovenly agricultural methods have been superseded by a Dutch or French thoroughness. In these gardens, many of them not more than fifteen or twenty yards square, the earliest potatoes in England are grown. After threading our way through these oases of productiveness we emerge upon the bracken-covered hill-side, from which they were originally won. Following a rude path we reach the summit of Carn Bargez, the "kite's carn." Alas! this fine bird has long been extinct upon this coast. An enormous upright mass of granite stands upon the summit of the head, rising from a horizontal block of the same stone, thus forming a colossal chair. Here, perhaps, some arch-Druid of old may have sat and gazed over the then untraversed sea, speculating with dreamy eyes upon the possibility of adding another mummary to his already terrible and elaborate ritual.

Leaving the head and descending through a couple of small gardens to the low cliff-edge, we reach in a few hundred yards an outcrop of rock, and just beyond it

we notice a granite cross with the letters "D. W. W. Mar 18. 1873" cut on its surface. It marks the spot where a young man fell over the cliff and was killed. A little way further on, after a scramble over some large boulders, we come to Lamorna Cove. Here there is a small quay, built some years ago for the shipping of granite from the quarry on the opposite headland. But the Atlantic was too unruly. The difficulty of getting vessels in and out of the little harbour proved to be more than was originally bargained for; so this mode of transport was abandoned. The small harbour is rapidly filling with boulders, and the stone quay will eventually succumb to the waves, unless kept in constant repair. There are a few cottages on the shore, and near them a trout stream comes singing to the sea. Like all these streams, it brings with it its attendant reeds and flowers right down to the brine-encrusted beach, thus adding greatly to the beauty of the cove. In this instance the nymph has cajoled even the forest trees to accompany her to within a few yards of the sea. The Lamorna valley is an exceptionally beautiful one, owing to this happy combination of trees with the furzy, bracken-covered hill-sides which rise abruptly on either hand. Perhaps it is seen at its best in early autumn, when the woods are slumbering in violet shadow, and the westering sun is gilding the deep green of the gorse and the rich cinnamon of the dying bracken with an almost magic effulgence.

We will now leave the coast for a while, and make an excursion inland to visit some of the old Celtic monuments and the fine church of St. Buryan. Following the road



J. C. Douglas

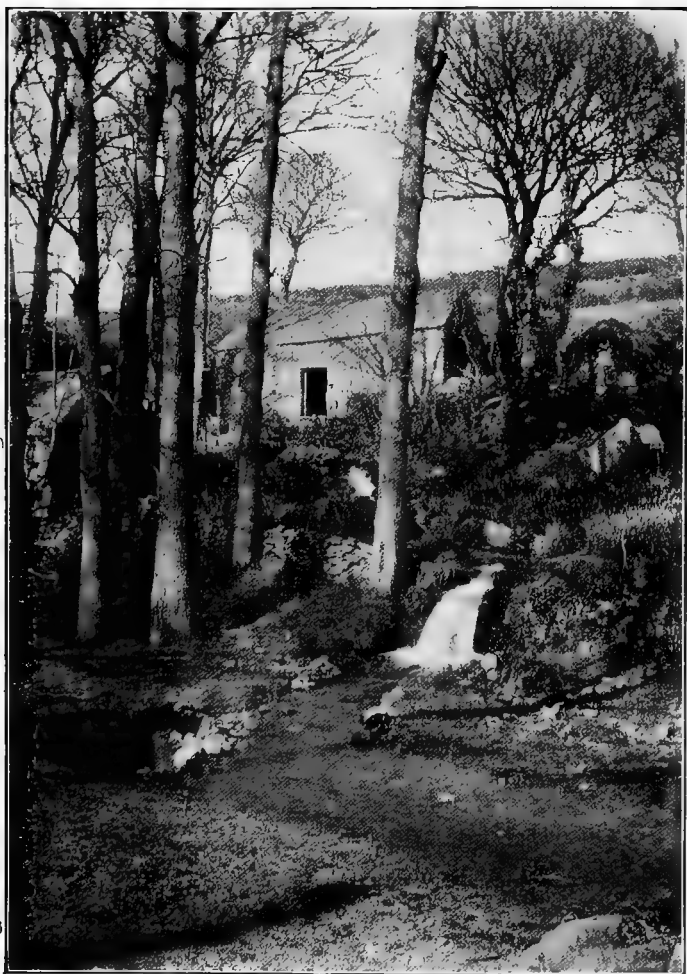
LAMORNA COVE



J. C. Douglas.

PENBERTH STREAM

To face page 208



J. C. Douglas.

LAMORNA MILL

To face page 209

up the valley, we pass several picturesque cottages nestling beneath the trees. On the hill-side to our left is a temperance hotel, where the pedestrian, who is "doing" the coast, can obtain excellent quarters. A little further on we pass the village inn and post office; while down a road to the right, embowered amongst trees and ferns, are the stream and an old mill, of which we give an illustration. Following the road in a northerly direction past the schoolhouse, we presently reach the main road. Turning to the left, we mount a hill; not, however, before noticing Trewoof manor-house (pronounced Trove), sheltered by tall elms on the north side of the valley. But little remains of this old home of the Trevalis family. It is now a farm; and only here and there, in an old door-jamb or stately chimney, do we trace signs of former grandeur. In the furzy valley below the house are an ancient well and a Celtic cave-dwelling. Ascending the hill, we come to a "farm-place," and just beyond it in a field a few yards to the right of the road we see a huge granite monolith, some fifteen feet high. A few hundred yards to the westward is another monster almost as high. Antiquaries differ as to the origin of these stones. Some assert that they are Druidical, others that they are Celtic sepulchral monuments; while many favour the legend that Athelstan raised them to celebrate his victory over the Cornish, which is known to have taken place at this spot. It is still called Boleigh, which in Cornish meant place of slaughter. The modern Cornish, however, call these monoliths "the Pipers," owing to a superstition in connection with a pagan circle of nineteen stones, a quarter of a mile or so away. The legend is

that these nineteen stones were nineteen maidens who were turned into blocks of granite for dancing on Sunday, and the two monoliths were two pipers who provided the music for this impious revelry. A very modern superstition, obviously originating with those pompous old humbugs the Puritans, whose egotistical fanaticism prompted them to try to make everybody as dour and miserable as they were themselves. What a curious twist that is in human nature that urges men to make of Sunday a day of stodgy and lugubrious monotony, instead of happy rest and recreation for mind and body ! It was rampant in this country fifty years ago, and rampant in Judea nineteen hundred years ago, when the same narrow misconception on the part of the Pharisees drew that scathing rebuke from the world's greatest master of ethics : "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

After visiting the taller monolith we proceed to the top of the hill, where the road turns to the right ; but we pass over a stile in the hedge opposite, and after crossing a couple of fields find ourselves in the midst of the "Merry Maidens" ; for the field path bisects the circle. The centre stone has been removed, otherwise this relic of pagan days is apparently complete. A grass field is not, however, a good setting. It clips the wings of one's imagination ; whilst ruminant cows have rubbed the lichens off the surface of the stones, till all are of one uniform dull grey ; so different from the beautiful tapestry with which Nature clothes these ancient monuments in the sweet seclusion of her moorland sanctuaries.

Regaining the road at the bottom of the field, we scale

another hill and find on the summit, at the junction of the St. Buryan road with the one we have been traversing, an old Cornish cross, or Crows-an-wra as they were called. It is a very good specimen of these wayside crosses, still so numerous in this Western land. It rises from a circular pedestal or kneeling-stone, worn smooth by generations of supplicants. Following the St. Buryan road we soon reach the village, whose church tower has long been a conspicuous object in front of us. There is a Crows-an-wra at the entrance to the churchyard, and another inside it. The interior of the church is chiefly remarkable for its Norman arch on the north side of the chancel, and for the remains of what must have been a very fine wooden screen. Only a portion of the lower panelling and heavy top remain. The carving on the latter depicts hunting scenes of considerable vigour. There are huntsmen, dogs in leash, in full cry, and in the act of pulling down their quarry, some of which appear to be exceedingly strange beasts. The late Rev. R. S. Hawker thought that these sporting incidents were symbolic of the warfare between good and evil spirits for the souls of men. The east window is modern and hideous—a garish red. The one at the east end of the south aisle, though also modern, is harmonious in colour.

We will now wend our way to the Druidical circle of Boscawen Un, compared to which the church is a thing of yesterday. On reaching Leah Farm, we turn to the right through a field, and crossing a small valley drained by the Lamorna stream, here a mere trickle, we see the stones in front of us. They appeal to the imagination far more than the “Merry Maidens.” They rise from a

circular patch of primeval moorland, and no highway or roaming cattle desecrate their eloquent silence. The great centre stone is in situ, though leaning at an angle of forty-five degrees to the eastward ; and the surrounding nineteen are all erect. Each stone is exquisitely draped with many-coloured lichens on a dove-grey ground ; while the central monolith is appropriately crowned with pale gold. A tangle of bracken, heath, whinbush, and heather surrounds them, rivalling the finest mosaic in hues. Thus Nature ever delicately hints to man the right and proper use of colour in harmonious combination. Nothing is known of these stone circles, though they are generally attributed to the Druids. Sir Norman Lockyer imputes to them an astronomical origin, or at any rate he has worked out alignments in connection with these stones and certain heavenly bodies, which, if correct, date their erection some two to three thousand years before the Christian era.

From Boscawen Un it is not far across the fields to Sancreed, a village at the foot of the moor. Above the church rises a hill known as the Beacon, on which are a few wind-twisted pines. All round here are Celtic remains, and a day can well be spent in exploring them. There are the Chapel Uny huts, cave, and burying-mounds. Then Bartinney hill can be climbed, and a stroll taken along its summit to Chapel Carn Brea hill. This rounded granite mass is the last hill in Cornwall, the terminating point of the great granite backbone that runs down the centre of the county. Nothing but a pile of stones now remains (and these are mostly of Christian origin) of what was once, probably, the most sacred centre of Celtic and



J. C. Douglas.

THE MERRY MAIDENS



J. C. Douglas.

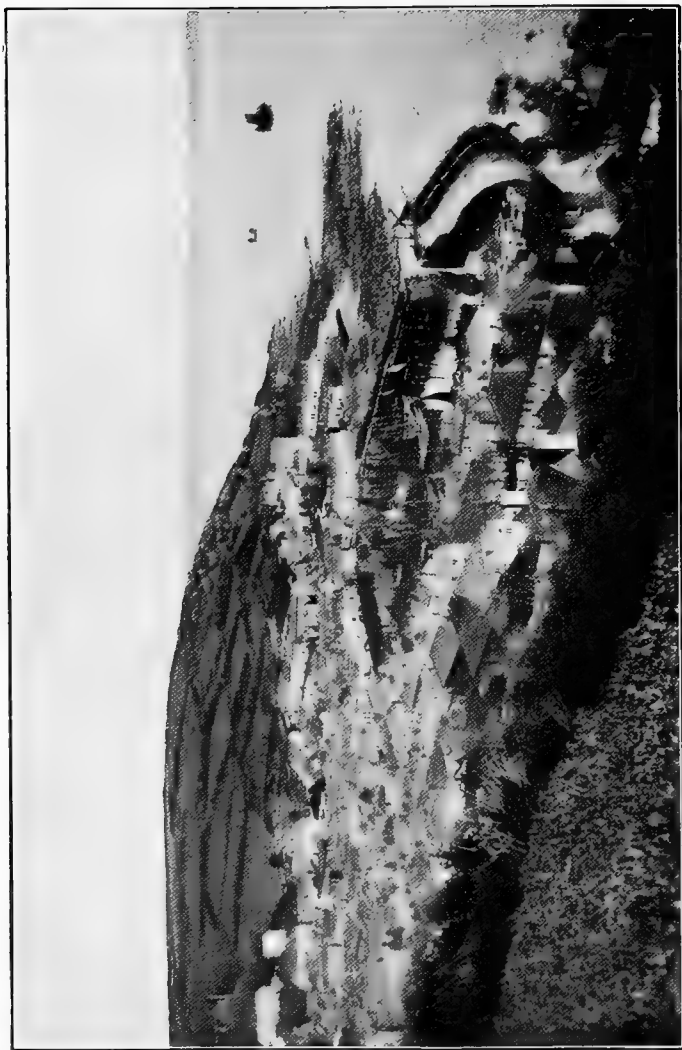
AN OLD CORNISH CROSS



J. C. Douglas.

ONE OF THE PIPERS

To face page 212



A. Begbie.

MOUSEHOLE

To face page 213

pagan worship in the district ; and doubtless also of that still older life before those superstitious days, when men worshipped the Sun-God innocent of the cruelty of sacrifice. What strange, uncouth faces in those far-away twilight times must have gazed from this hill-top, and watched with reverent wonder the sun slowly disappear behind the level rim of the Atlantic ! Strange and uncouth because weatherworn and unshorn, but faces such as our own, from whose roving eyes there looked out souls similar to ours. Eyes bright with primitive passions, as men's are to-day, bright with anger or the lust of slaughter, or moist with tender solicitude. For Love was born in those days, being coeval with Hate, though both were as yet unsung. A great silence surrounds these our forerunners, a silence we shall never pierce. It was an age pregnant but dumb, extending over tens of thousands of years before those few thousands of which we possess records. No poet had as yet caught the music of the spheres and interpreted it to his fellows. Homer had not touched the lyre nor Sappho sung.

We will now retrace our steps to Lamorna Cove. Crossing the stream where it dashes to the beach, we commence to climb the steep side of Carn Dhu, the eastern headland of the cove. Its shoulder has been gashed by a large quarry. As we ascend we find the path is surrounded by a welter of blocks and boulders, the debris of the workings. Above us tower the glistening walls of the quarry, surmounted by an immense crane which can be seen for miles around. The granite here is of very fine quality. In the Exhibition of 1851 there was an obelisk twenty-two feet high, formed of a single block taken

from this quarry. The Thames Embankment was largely built of this stone. It is porphyritic and freely studded with felspar crystals. Most of these are single, but occasionally double ones are found, set at various angles to each other. When these are right angles a perfect cross is formed. I have occasionally found them on the moorland rocks and tors. It used to be considered an augury of great good fortune to find one of these natural emblems of the Faith. The quarrymen save them when possible and sell them for a few shillings.

On the top of the hill we take a field path, as the coast is here of a shelving nature, and that part of it which is not a tangle of wild undergrowth is a maze of cliff gardens, of which we have already had some experience. Presently we come to a few houses. Passing between these, and crossing a bit of wet unreclaimed moorland, where there is a wind-driven pump, we reach a couple of large farmhouses. Beyond these the path descends through a few fields to a lane. The whole eastern shore of Mount's Bay now lies stretched before us, and behind it rise numerous hills, conspicuous amongst which is the rugged outline of Tren Crom, the Matterhorn of Penwith ; while standing boldly out of the sea is the castled crag of St. Michael's Mount. The water of the bay is a deep blue, punctuated with the brown sails of the fishing fleet. A typical Cornish scene, glowing with light and colour. Descending the lane, we pass a network of elder hedges in full bloom. Their great flower disks are loading the air with perfume, and make, in combination with the rich green of their foliage, an amazingly fine effect against the azure of the bay. Presently we see

beneath us as perfect a little fishing town as is to be found in England. It is Mousehole, the most southerly port and town in England, with the exception of Porthleven across the bay, which has the advantage of it by less than two miles. But Mousehole's protecting hills make it the warmer place of the two. A cosier, more compact little fishing haven is not to be found than Mousehole. It is quite unspoilt. The jerry-builder has not laid his desecrating hand upon its fair surroundings, the tripper is unknown, even the ubiquitous artist rarely erects his easel in its narrow streets. It is as primitive and as thoroughly Celtic as it was before the railroad brought the Saxons in their thousands to the "Delectable Duchy." Though given up entirely to the business of fishing, unlike its neighbour Newlyn, its harbour, quays, and streets are not a scene of busy, noisy commerce. No rushing carts and yelling salesmen disturb the sweet serenity of its ancient hills. With the exception of pilchards, which are cured in the town, its boats take their cargoes of fish to Newlyn to be sold, and return empty to their haven under the hill. There is therefore a quiet dignity and repose about its little harbour and clustering streets which, combined with the neatness and simplicity of its houses, the luxuriant vegetation on its encircling hills, and its remote seclusion from the outside world, give to Mousehole a rare distinction and charm. For centuries this peaceful serenity has been undisturbed by any outside influences. There was a day, however, towards the close of the sixteenth century when Mousehole awoke to a scene of ruin and desolation, such as has very rarely come to an English town through foreign

hands. It was indeed a bolt from the blue. On the morning of July 23, 1595, soon after the sun had dissipated a thick fog, four Spanish men-of-war hove to off the harbour entrance, and landed several boatloads of armed and armoured men. The unarmed fishermen could do nothing against these trained bands. They sacked and burnt the town, and, after committing all sorts of atrocities, marched up the hill and burnt Paul church and village. The next day they ransacked and destroyed Newlyn and Penzance. The only house in Mousehole that survived this visitation is the "Keigwin Arms," that belonged to a family of that name. Jenkin Keigwin, the then owner, is supposed to have been killed by a cannon-ball, which the curious can inspect by going into the house and asking leave of the occupier. When I saw it it was reposing on a window-sill in one of the bedrooms. "This," said the good lady of the house, taking it up and handing it to me, "is the one that killed the poor old gentleman," which remark, somehow, seemed to me to make it appear as if the tragedy had occurred quite recently. Such is the undying freshness and buoyancy of tradition. Mousehole is supposed to derive its name from a cave in the cliff-side on the western outskirts of the town. Its original Cornish name was Porth Enys, the "island port." Formerly it was a place of considerable importance, and in 1392 we read of a new quay being built.

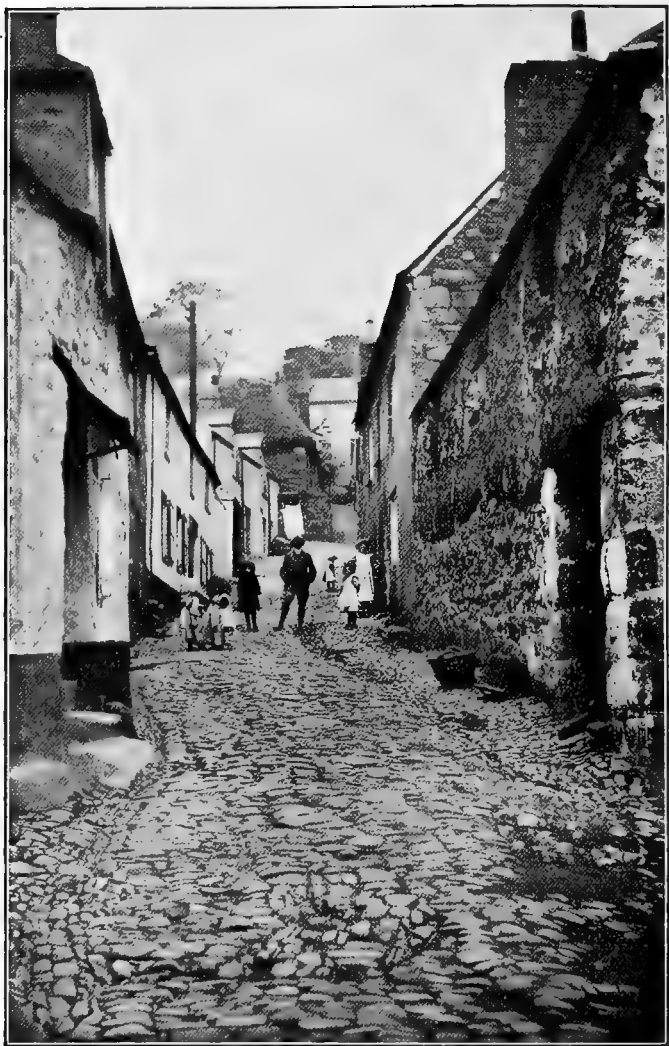
We will now leave the little town by the lower road on our way to Newlyn. Soon after passing the last house, we see on our right St. Clement's Isle. It lies off the mouth of the harbour and forms a most valuable natural break-



J. C. Douglas.

OLD HOUSE AT MOUSEHOLE

To face page 216



J. C. Douglas.

RUE DES BEAUX ARTS, NEWLYN

To face page 217

water. It was the dwelling-place many centuries ago of one of those curious mystics who, with "eyes turned ever on their own navels," mistook egotism for piety, and fled the world in a panic endeavour to save their own souls, forgetful of the dictum of a less ecclesiastical but saner race: *Laborare est orare*. The road winds round the western shore of Mount's Bay, some thirty or forty feet above the water, and discloses as we proceed many beautiful views. To most of these the remarkable outline of St. Michael's Mount gives a peculiar distinction. As we near Newlyn, Penzance opens out before us, its two most conspicuous features being its extremely plain church and the shapely dome of its market house. This latter gives quite an Italian aspect to the skyline of the town. Presently we pass a large quarry that has cut the hill-side from top to bottom. The stone obtained here is basaltic, locally known as blue elvan or ironstone, the hardest of all our Cornish rocks. It is shipped to all parts of the kingdom, ready broken for road-making, being peculiarly adapted for that purpose on account of its close-grained nature. On the beach below is a small railway line. Along it a diminutive engine, which Sandow could almost carry in his arms, draws diminutive trucks, laden with these stones, to the quay of Newlyn harbour, where they are shot down into ships' holds.

Now a few thatch-roofed cottages greet us by the roadside, their gardens full of old-world flowers, whose brilliant colours gain an added charm by the blue background of the sea. Then we suddenly find ourselves in Newlyn's principal street, with houses on one side, and on the other a drop of forty or fifty feet to the boat-

crowded harbour. Leaning over the railings, that protect the road from the cliff-edge, are little groups of sunburnt, blue-guernseyed fishermen, who sweep the level water with that serene and steadfast gaze peculiar to mariners and sea-birds. Should you overhear scraps of their conversation, you will discover that it is as often concerned with the comparative efficacy of justification by faith and by works as with the prospective price of fish. The scene is now one of considerable beauty. The sun has sunk behind the western hills. The little town and its fishing fleet are in shadow, but a shaft of bright light is illuminating the topsails of a schooner and transmuting the long line of the outer quay into a great bar of gold. In the distance Penzance is similarly transfigured ; while across the bay St. Michael's Mount glows like the inspired frontispiece to some poet's dream. As we make our way through the town we notice several quaint little streets straggling up the hill-side to our left. One of these is called *Le Rue des Beaux Arts*, a name which is obviously not of Cornish origin. It originated in the brain of an artist who, many years ago, fresh from Paris and the haunting fascination of the *Quartier Latin*, conceived the idea of thus naming one of these little alleys. Being a man of action as well as of artistic temperament—two qualities that by no means always go together—he promptly painted upon a board in large letters the name of this famous thoroughfare and fixed it to a corner of an old house, where it remains to this day ; whether recognised officially by the urban and postal authorities I know not. And this little street is not unworthy of its high-sounding name : it is classic ground. Here in a

room of an old cottage Frank Bramley painted his "Hopeless Dawn," which now hangs in the Tate Gallery. Here, too, is the famous field, given for all time to the Newlyn Art Colony by Mr. Arthur Bateman, where are many well-known studios, including that of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who, as everybody knows, is the founder of the "Newlyn school," which has for many years exercised such a strong and healthy influence on English art.

Leaving the little Rue des Beaux Arts, we pass along by the new road that skirts the harbour. From this point of vantage we obtain a better idea of the town than we were able to get from its streets. We see that, as a whole, it has not the simple completeness of Mousehole. It is more straggling and not so enchantingly encircled by hills. It is, however, on that account more paintable. There is more mystery and a greater combination of effects—in fact, more variety. In the soft twilight of this still June evening it strikes us as a place full of character and a certain quaint Southern charm. The smoke from the cottages and trawler funnels is rising blue and straight ; the brown sails of many of the fishing-boats are still set, and chequer the forest of masts with rich notes of colour ; a three-masted Russian schooner with a white hull, massive and rough hewn, is lying at the quay side ; while an old hulk, once a broad-sparred brig, whose bluff bows have cut the water of every sea, slumbers in the centre of the harbour, to which its storm-worn bulky presence lends a rare distinction. And the smooth water—for the tide is high—reflects all this pageant of peaceful industry as in a mirror. Even the new ice factory towers up not unpleasantly in the warm afterglow. In

fact, this building, hideous as it is, might easily have been much worse. The tower-like elevation at its north-western end and the lean-to addition on its south-western flank break the otherwise uncompromising ugliness of its outline. Newlyn, like many another old-world place, is suffering as far as appearance goes from an excess of commercial enterprise.

There is, however, one industry in Newlyn that has for its avowed object the cult of the beautiful. It is the Newlyn Industrial Art Metalwork Industry, and it is carried on, as such a work should be, in a picturesque building by the harbour side. In an agricultural district you would take it for a barn. It used to be a fish-curing cellar, as these buildings were called, and adjoining it is what was once an old Tithe cellar: for holy Mother Church took her share of fish as well as of corn. Here, in rude workshops showing the rafted roofs, men and boys are busy at the copper repoussé work and at the beautiful enamel jewellery, for both of which Newlyn is becoming famous. The former industry is the older of the two. It was originally started to give the youths of the place employment during their leisure hours, and some of the Newlyn artists assisted with designs, etc. Then Mr. Mackenzie took the matter up. He saw that if it was to be of any permanent use it must be organised and conducted upon a thorough system. He threw himself heart and soul into the matter, and brought his wonderful taste and sense of proportion to bear upon designing good shapes for articles in everyday use, such as lamps, lanterns, candlesticks, door-plates, fenders, and many other things too numerous to mention; and he has inspired his workers



" A VILLAGE INOUSTRY "

Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist, Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.

To face page 220



J. C. Douglas.

NEWLYN HARBOUR



J. C. Douglas.

LANYON CROMLECH

To face page 221

with a genuine love and intelligent appreciation of the artistic side of their industry. In an adjoining workshop Mr. Dick, another Newlyn artist, presides, like some magician of old, over crucible and furnace. Here he produces those gem-like opalescent enamels that, when suitably set according to his own design (all of which is done on the premises), make an instant appeal to those who know what is right and good in jewellery. In another apartment, on whose walls hang designs for stained-glass windows by Mr. Dick, and delicate black-and-white drawings by Mr. Mackenzie, Mrs. Dick teaches the girls of the town embroidery and making-up work. The whole thing is a splendid attempt to emerge from that slough of despond of bad taste that was so conspicuous in the craft and even in the art of the Victorian era ; and to revive something of the spirit of the old Guilds which sought, more especially in Italy, to cultivate and render practically useful the artistic sense of the working classes. Our illustration is from a picture by Mr. A. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., which he has very kindly allowed us to reproduce. It was in last year's Royal Academy, and was called "A Village Industry." It represents Mr. Mackenzie instructing some of his workers.

As it is now nearly dark we will go into Penzance and obtain quarters for the night.

CHAPTER XV

PENZANCE AND ITS HINTERLAND

The cuckoo wanders to and fro,
And his rich soprano flings
To the deep love note of the crow,
While the speckled throistle sings
With a zest no other bird can share
When the whinbush flames in the sun-kissed air.

ON the following morning, which is an exceptionally beautiful one, we retrace our steps to Newlyn by the road we traversed the night before, in order to visit the Passmore Edwards Art Exhibition. Barely a mile divides the two places, so we have not far to go. After enjoying the pictures, which are chiefly the work of Newlyn and St. Ives artists, we will go down to the path that skirts the shore. Setting our faces towards Penzance, which place we want to see before exploring inland, we are struck by two things. The great natural advantages of its situation and the absence of any intelligent effort to make use of them. Before us stretches a level piece of land contiguous to the shore. The veriest tyro can perceive the importance of this frontage to a town that aspires to be a seaside resort. It is an asset of the highest value, and should be treated with jealous and judicious care. In any of our south coast resorts a broad esplanade, stretching along its entire length from Newlyn Harbour

to Penzance Harbour, would have been constructed long ago. The road behind it would have been planted with trees and bordered with flowering shrubs ; and only houses of good elevation and façade allowed to be erected along its entire length. Instead of these things what do we find ? For the first hundred yards or so there is a dilapidated sea-wall, surmounted by a ruinous rail. Then the whole thing has collapsed, and forms a confused mass of earth and granite blocks, unexpectedly surmounted by a number of inverted tree-stumps whose broken roots point forlornly skywards. Parallel with these is a quagmire of mud, in the centre of which the Urban Authority, with a becoming sense of humour, has erected a board with the words "No thoroughfare" upon it. A little further on, the seashore has been made a dumping-ground for hundreds of old tin pots and pans, spoutless kettles and bottomless buckets, mixed with pieces of worn-out linoleum and other debris, conspicuous amongst which is a badly damaged wicker cradle. Between this scene of desolation and the road are a few meagre grass fields, surrounded by tumble-down fences of broken boat planks and iron rods tied together with rusty wire. Here a few road-worn horses are awaiting removal to the knacker's yard. Presently we come to a brook hurrying to the sea, and well it may, for its surroundings are bizarre to a degree. Right in the centre of this magnificent frontage, and close to the brook, rise two hideous factories with three tall chimneys, and beyond them is a double row of squalid cottages. How they ever came to be erected here I don't know ; for this is the eye of the Penzance of the future. That their

removal should be effected as soon as possible must be obvious to anyone who has the welfare of the town at heart. When this is done, a comprehensive scheme for bringing Penzance up to the level of most English and continental watering-places could be initiated. The flat land at the back of the factories, so kindly placed by Nature in the heart of the Penzance of the next generation, and which is now market gardens, should be purchased and laid out as a public park. It could be planted with pinasters, ilex, arbutus, and a large variety of flowering shrubs, its brook dammed to form a small lake, and a kursaal erected within its boundaries. The esplanade, after the factories and cottages have been removed, should be carried on to Newlyn, and the meagre fields, already alluded to, converted into lawns and bowling-greens. The hill behind the hospital, as far as the grove, should be planted with evergreens, intersected with roads and judiciously built upon. This is no ideal dream, outside the range of practical municipal politics. Many towns, no larger than Penzance and with not a tithe of her natural advantages, have done as much and more. These things take time, cost money, and there is no immediate return, but in the end they pay; and we must think of those who come after us. What would Torquay be to-day, if a sustained and comprehensive system of improvement, and even landscape gardening, had not for many years been carried out by its *patres conscripti*? A mere congeries of bare hills covered with villas.

Traversing the Parade, where are the Queen's and Mount's Bay hotels, the only buildings on the whole

sea-front that are not of the cottage order, we reach the harbour and are struck by the fine site occupied by the church, a modern structure that, but for the tower, might easily be mistaken for a railway station. How our Gallic neighbours would have appreciated this commanding situation, and what an effective building they would have erected upon it ! But so lavish has Nature been to Penzance that, in spite of all these sins of omission and commission, it is one of the most interesting places in England in which to spend a holiday. It possesses a unique bay, a hinterland rich in prehistoric monuments, while on either side stretches a coastline of unequalled grandeur. And over it all is the soft spell of the South. It steals into your heart and brain in many different ways. In the brilliancy and size of the flowers, in the many unfamiliar shrubs and trees, in the faces and manners of the people, in the colour of the sea, in the equality of the temperature and in the clarity and brilliancy of the atmosphere. Statistics show that the mean winter temperature of Penzance is the same as that of Florence ; and Florence, even in sunny Italy, is known as the city of flowers. The late Mr. Whitley, C.E., in a report on the climate of this district said : " The month of January at Penzance is as warm as at Madrid, Florence, and Constantinople. The cause is well understood. The Atlantic Ocean on the west is an immense reservoir of warm water, fed and heated by the Gulf Stream, so that around the Cornish land in the depth of winter the temperature of the surface water is seldom lower than forty-six degrees."

As we wander through the town and chat with its

inhabitants, we discover the reason of the insignificance of those of its houses that face the sea. Penzance, until comparatively recently, has not been a seaside resort at all. It has never troubled itself much about the sea. It left marine matters to its fish-catching neighbour Newlyn. The fact that the sea was within a hundred yards or so of its principal street was a mere accident, and a somewhat unfortunate one, owing to its occasional fury. So Penzance has ever turned its back upon the Atlantic and the spacious beauty of its bay, quietly pursuing the even tenor of its way, like any other self-respecting town in a rural district. For this is what Penzance has ever been—a market town—the centre of a rich agricultural country. The price of corn has always stirred its pulse more than the price of fish. It was also, down to 1838, a coinage town, to which all the tin raised in the Stannary of Penwith was brought to have a coin or corner cut off, so that its quality might be ascertained. Since the advent of the Great Western Railway, this state of things has been gradually changing. The gold of the “foreigner” from “up-along” has been poured into her not unwilling lap, and the voice of the “foreigner” has told her of beauties and attractions that she never knew she possessed. She is now realising that there is an æsthetic as well as an agricultural value in her surroundings, and that the cult of the beautiful may yield her richer returns than the cult of the soil. She has spent large sums of money of late years on capacious docks, imposing municipal buildings and museum, a free library and a school of mining, etc. ; while she possesses in the Morrab Gardens, a pretty if somewhat prim flower garden

and a library of several thousand volumes. Now, as I have already indicated, she should turn her attention to her sea-front. I am not suggesting that Penzance should develop into a western Brighton or Blackpool. I hold no brief for piers or pierrots. I am only advocating a refined and intelligent management of natural advantages, according to modern ideas of beauty and social requirements, so that people of culture and means may be drawn to sojourn within her walls.

There are few abler or more patriotic Cornishmen than Sir Edward Hain, the late Member of Parliament for the St. Ives division. Writing in the now defunct *Cornish Magazine* on "How to develop Cornwall as a Holiday Resort," he said: "Considering that Nature has been so lavish of her gifts in dealing with Cornwall, it is strange that art should have done so little to supplement these natural advantages and turn them to pleasurable and profitable account. . . . I have memories of the broad 'Rambla' at Barcelona, where of an evening the whole city promenades under the trees and the scene is animated and beautiful; of the promenade along the sea-front at Palermo; of the similar promenade at Odessa overlooking the harbour, where one may listen to the music of the fine Russian military bands; and, brightest scene of all, the quay at Smyrna where, until long after midnight, under an Eastern sky, people of every race and shade of colour and variety of costume throng and crowd each other in bewildering movement. It will be objected that such scenes as these are quite impossible in Cornwall, or indeed in England, because we have no large and wealthy municipalities or autocratic

governments to spend as they will for the pleasure of their citizens ; that such scenes are only possible under Southern or Eastern skies, where the genius of the people, combined with their surroundings, lends itself to picturesque grouping and to the colour and movement of an outdoor life. This, of course, is to a certain extent true ; but the success attending the out-of-door entertainments at Earl's Court and other places in London in recent years proves that our people are only waiting for the opportunity for such recreation and rational amusement to be offered to them to enjoy it to the full. Whether our Municipal and District Councils will agree to the necessary expenditure for the provision of these attractions, or whether the Puritan spirit (still so strong in Cornwall) will allow it to be done, is, perhaps, open to question ; but if it be at all possible to move in the direction I have indicated, then I am confident the county of Cornwall will occupy that very first rank as a holiday resort to which she is justly entitled by her undoubted natural attractions."

We will now make a detour inland and go up into the Hinterland, which, as I have already indicated, is of unique interest, owing to its wealth of prehistoric monuments, its Atlantic girdle, and the unconquered wildness of its hills. As we walk up Market Jew Street we notice the pillared façade of the Corn Market and the statue of Sir Humphry Davy in front of it. Turning up Causeway Head, we pass the cricket ground, which commands one of the finest views of any ground in the kingdom. Then some tall pinasters rise above the road and we see the entrance to the cemetery, an exceedingly beautiful God's

acre. The great size of these pines, in shape so like the umbrella pine of Italy, proves what a transformation could be effected in the environs of Penzance by a generous distribution of this tree with *ilex* and *arbutus*. Passing through Heamoor we commence the ascent of the long hill, whose rhododendron-clothed summit is on the threshold of the moor. As we traverse the fields opposite the burnt-out ruins of Poltair House, let us turn and look at the view. The valley beneath us, though highly cultivated, has plenty of tall elms, and as our eyes travel over their stately masses of dark green foliage they are suddenly arrested by the "great vision of the guarded Mount," rising from the blue water of the bay; and beyond in the hazy distance are the fine cone of Godolphin Hill and the long ridge of Tregonning. In the almost too obvious balancing of its various parts this view suggests a drop scene in some Brobdingnagian theatre; yet in spite of this too perfect completeness it is very beautiful. Far more impressive, however, must this same view have been in those old days when the Mount, uncrowned by any work of man, rose a "hoare rock" above the primeval forest that stretched, as tradition tells us, from Clement's Isle to Cudden Point. Mount's Bay must have presented a very different appearance then to our Celtic forefathers when they looked out from these southern hills at the more distant water. Between them and it there were several miles of forest trees, beneath whose sombre shade the elk, wolf, and boar strove for the mastery and in a still remoter period the cave bear, lion, and mastodon.

We now reach Madron village, and see on our left the

church which is really the mother church of Penzance, Madron being by several centuries the older place of the two. The present building is of the fifteenth century. All that remains of the original Norman structure, that was given to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, is the font and the east end wall of the chancel. Still going uphill we come to the high wall of the workhouse. A recent writer on Cornwall calls this building a "monstrous white erection." It is far from being that. There is a dignity about its proportions and something of the quaint grace of a French château that is as pleasing as it is unexpected. A quarter of a mile to the north of the workhouse the curious can find the ruins of the old Madron Baptistery, which the Puritans unroofed. The holy well has dried up, the water having been drained away to fill the cisterns and washtubs of the Madronites.

Crossing a few fields in a westerly direction we regain the road and approach the summit of our long hill, which is now a blaze of carmine, for the rhododendrons are in full bloom. Would that some artist could bring within the compass of a frame this epic of colour! The whole hill-top glows with living waves of pink beneath the deep blue of the zenith. On those who are sensitive to colour it has much the same effect, I should imagine, as one of the great oratorios upon the soul of the musician. Passing the keeper's cottage and almost dazzled by the brilliant masses that overhang the road, we reach the summit and see before us the great rockstrewn moor, the roof, so to speak, of this little western world. There is a gate on the right that leads on to the very apex of the hill. Passing through it we find ourselves in a delicious

jungle of heath, heather, and bracken, out of which rise the wind-rounded rhododendrons, touched to fire by the hand of God as surely as was the bush that greeted Moses in the wilderness. Here and there rise granite boulders spotted black and silver like the back of the male adder. A few late bluebells cluster in their shadow, white stellaria peep at us from the jungle grass, and the bugle vies in colour with the stately foxgloves that stand like sentinels above their lowlier sisters. It is noon of one of the most beautiful June days I can remember. The humming of countless bees fills the air, which is full of sweet and pungent scents. Heat-waves roll like running water over these living colours, the singing of larks rises above the rhythmic humming of the bees. This again is dominated by the pure notes of a thrush who, brilliant soloist as he is, makes all this mingled harmony contributory to his own. Occasionally a cuckoo flies slowly by, uttering his two strangely seductive notes. Is there any bird voice so eloquent of spring and the glory of early summer? I doubt it. On the western side of the road is Trengwainton Carn, a fine outcrop of rock rising from the moor and surrounded by a few pine trees. It commands a magnificent view.

In another half-mile the road bifurcates: we take the one to the left, and soon see Lanyon Cromlech cutting the skyline on the rising ground in front of us. Although some of the moor in this neighbourhood has been brought under cultivation, the spot on which the cromlech stands is still unconquered by spade or plough, so that the grey stones rise, as they have ever done, above the heather and the gorse. Appropriately enough, as we approach,

a carrion crow, still the swarthy scavenger of the wild as he was when this old monument was erected, is perched upon the covering-stone and grunts his low guttural croak of protest at our intrusion. This is a very fine specimen of these tombs, as they are generally supposed to have been. The granite covering-stone is about eighteen feet long and nine in its broadest part, the average thickness being about a foot and a half. It rests on three upright blocks of granite about five feet high. Before it was thrown down by a violent storm in 1816 it was, according to Borlase, high enough for a man on horseback to sit under. It was put back into position in the year 1824 by the same machinery that Lieutenant Goldsmith used in replacing the Logan Rock, which he and his men so foolishly overthrew. Notwithstanding their modern appliances, they evidently found that to replace the covering-stone of this cromlech at its original height was more than their skill and strength could accomplish, so they shortened the uprights. What a testimony to the patient ingenuity of its original builders in the old twilight days ! About half a mile to the north-west is another cromlech, but it has long been overthrown. A skull and other human bones were found beneath it, but no trace of urn or weapons. All around us stretches the moor and its encircling hills, and on all sides are prehistoric monuments ; Chûn Castle and Cromlech, the Mên-an-Tol, the Mên Scryfa, the Nine Maidens and several bee-hive huts. But as we visited all these on our walk from St. Ives to Land's End we will make our way at the back of Lanyon Farm to the hill on which stand up so conspicuously the disused engine-houses of Ding Dong Mine, one of the

oldest in the county. After enjoying the magnificent view from the summit, we will go a few hundred yards to the northward on to one of the wildest bits of the moorland ; for it is always good to get a glimpse of old Mother Earth in her primeval vesture. She is so much more distinguished thus adorned than in any of the trappings man compels her to wear, and appeals to every finer sense. It is Nature, virgin and ignorant of the uncertain ways of man. As we walk along over the springy heather we inhale that indescribable aroma of earth that has never been turned or manured ; even the lichens on the rocks have a scent, and the rocks themselves a subtle perfume. Chip a bit off one of them and you will find that what I say is true. Then there is the silence, that seems to envelop one's soul and raise it as the hills have already raised one's body above the fret and fume of the money-grubbing world. I was once up here on a Sunday morning in August, a calm and beautiful day. A tiny cataract of song from a soaring lark—it might have been a young-eyed cherub—was the only sound. Presently there came up from far Penzance the clanging of bells mingled with the sound of a band, and I remembered that it was the hour of public worship, and I fell to wondering what the Great Spirit really thinks of these fashionably-dressed weekly gatherings. Is He honoured thereby, or have we in our childish love of ceremony missed the whole idea of worship ? Is not this public parading of our most sacred feelings apt to degenerate into a perfunctory performance, undertaken more to keep up appearances in the eyes of our fellow-men than to throw some winged message of appeal into

the ear of Him Who it is our fond belief hears and answers ?

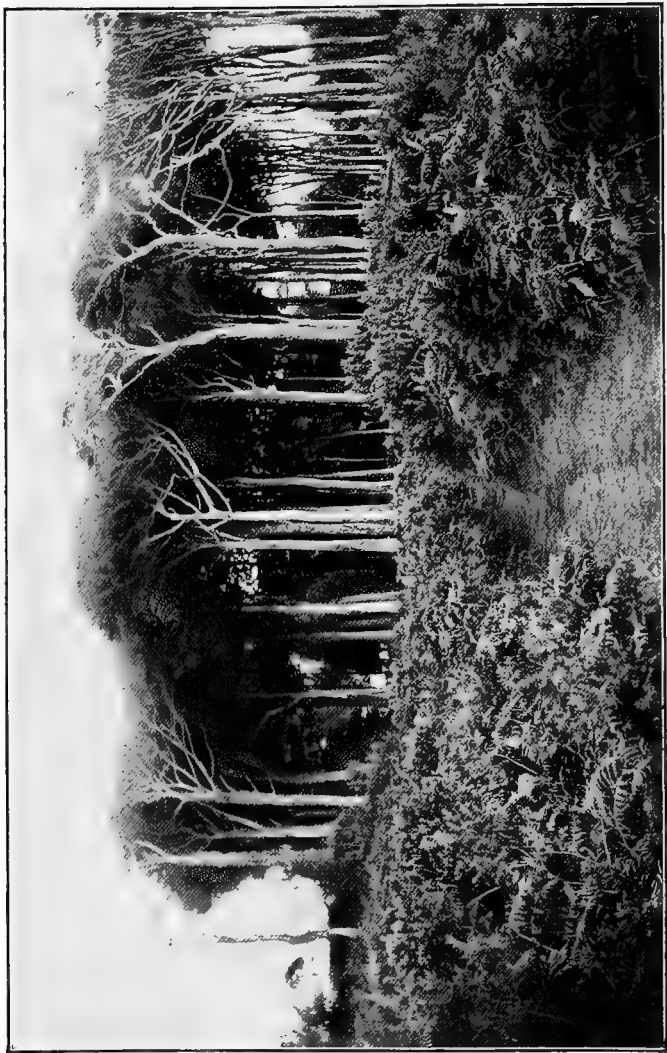
Retracing our steps to the mine engine-house, we reach the road and descend to Newmill. Here, after crossing a little stone bridge, we strike the Penzance and Gurnard's Head road. Following this in a northerly direction for a hundred yards or so, we turn to the right up a hill, and on the further slope of the next valley, which leads up to the great fortified hill of Castle-an-Dinas, we come upon the ancient British village of Chysauster. It is somewhat difficult to find, so that the pedestrian will be wise if he makes inquiries at the neighbouring farm, or of the people about. It is curiously complete, as far as ground-plan goes ; though, like all these prehistoric villages, the space covered strikes one as small. Against the outer wall, and surrounding an open space, are several bee-hive huts, one considerably larger than the rest, probably a chief's, or possibly a tribal common room. The domed roofs of the huts have fallen in—one only a few years ago. On the floor of the larger tenement is a hollowed stone used for grinding corn, similar to those still used in the East. We know nothing of the people who built this village and others like it. They may have been contemporary with the Phœnicians who visited this neighbourhood for tin, or they may have preceded them by many centuries. That they cultivated the soil is obvious, and they presumably used those neolithic flint weapons that still lie scattered about on the hill-sides.

In retracing our steps to Newmill we notice the granite quarry at the entrance to the village. In those parts



J. C. Douglas.

PENZANCE HARBOUR



J. C. Douglas.

TREVAYLOR WOOD

To face page 235

not lately worked its perpendicular walls have taken to themselves many harmonious colours. It has a distinguished skyline, and a road winds up to it with a fine curve. The whole thing, under a good effect of light with, perhaps, a great cumulus cloud rising above the hill-top, would make a picture, if some artist would only tackle it.

We now follow the road to Penzance, and after passing a little chapel, we turn to the left over a stile under a sycamore tree at the foot of a hill. Crossing a stream and a couple of fields we approach what I believe to be the most perfect little wood in Cornwall. There are no forests in England, as in most other European countries ; but there are woods and groves of surpassing beauty. Most of us who were born and reared in the country have memories of one or more of these. What sanctuaries they were ; what temples of mystery to our young imaginations ! We knew the fairies dwelt amongst the bluebells and pale anemones that every spring carpeted their shadowy aisles ; and that they hid beneath the russet leaves during the long winter. Although we never actually saw them, there were many strange inhabitants that we did from time to time catch sight of, as with flushed cheeks and bated breath we tiptoed between the trunks. There were the squirrels, whose round nest of sticks we knew so well at the top of one of the tallest beech trees. There was the dormouse, who had his winter home low down in a hazel thicket. There was the bright-eyed, white-waistcoated weasel that we once saw, one memorable afternoon, slowly dragging a rabbit, many times larger than himself, across a grass path.

Then there was the kestrel's nest in the big fir, from which such strange cries used to come in June, when the young birds were clamouring for food, and the great badger's earth beneath the holly tree. How we used to lie, with our cheek pillowed on the leaves, watching the dark orifice, hoping that the young ones would come out and play about, as we had read they sometimes did ! And then, when we were tired of concentrating our gaze on that gaping void, we would lie upon our backs and look up between the delicately veined leaves at the blue sky, and listen with a curious ecstasy to the softest of all Nature's voices, the cooing of the wood-pigeon. How we loved that little wood, its sights and sounds and most secluded treasures ! We knew where the earliest violets grew, the little knoll where the primroses first opened their pale buds, and the dell where the green spires of the lilies of the valley always appeared between the moss and leaves. Have we not all memories of some such wood or grove, which we never entered without a quickening of the pulse, or left without regret ? It stood for so much in that wonder-world of childhood, that glorious heritage, which none but the poets seem able to retain after reaching man's estate.

But to return to the little wood in the Trevaylor valley which we were just approaching when childhood's memories beguiled us. It stands between the stream and a furzy hill-side. A path leads into it through a tangle of bracken and whinbush. It is composed entirely of beech trees. Their silver-grey stems rise like the columns of a church, branchless till within a few feet of the thick canopy of leaves, then they spread out like candelabra.

The winds have given them a marvellous compactness of form, no tree straggles beyond its neighbour. They rise together like a temple, curving skywards with Greek simplicity of line. Nothing grows beneath the smooth stems but some delicate grass. I don't know why this little wood should be so unforgettably beautiful; I suppose it is its rhythmic completeness, unexpectedly revealed amid the chaotic grandeur of the hills. At any rate, whatever the cause, it is a most perfect sylvan shrine. Here Dante might have met Beatrice, or Arthur received the allegiance of his knights.

Passing between the trees and crossing the stream we reach the road opposite Trevaylor House. As we walk along it in the direction of Penzance we have a wonderful view down the valley of the bay, the Mount, and the distant coast. The sun has set and everything is bathed in a warm afterglow. "Yes," we say to ourselves, as we have often said before during our long walk, "there is a touch of the South, a something not quite English, about this western land. The vegetation is more intense, the colouring more vivid, the atmosphere more brilliant, and the people different from what we are accustomed to elsewhere." The fact is western Cornwall resembles Brittany far more than the rest of England, and the Cornish people are more like their Breton than their English cousins. We have now reached the suburbs of Penzance, and will again seek shelter for the night within her hospitable walls.

CHAPTER XVI

PENZANCE TO PORTHLEVEN

Where now the sea moans and rages
The forest leaves rippled in the sun,
And the full-throated ecstasy of birds
Greeted each golden dawn with melody.

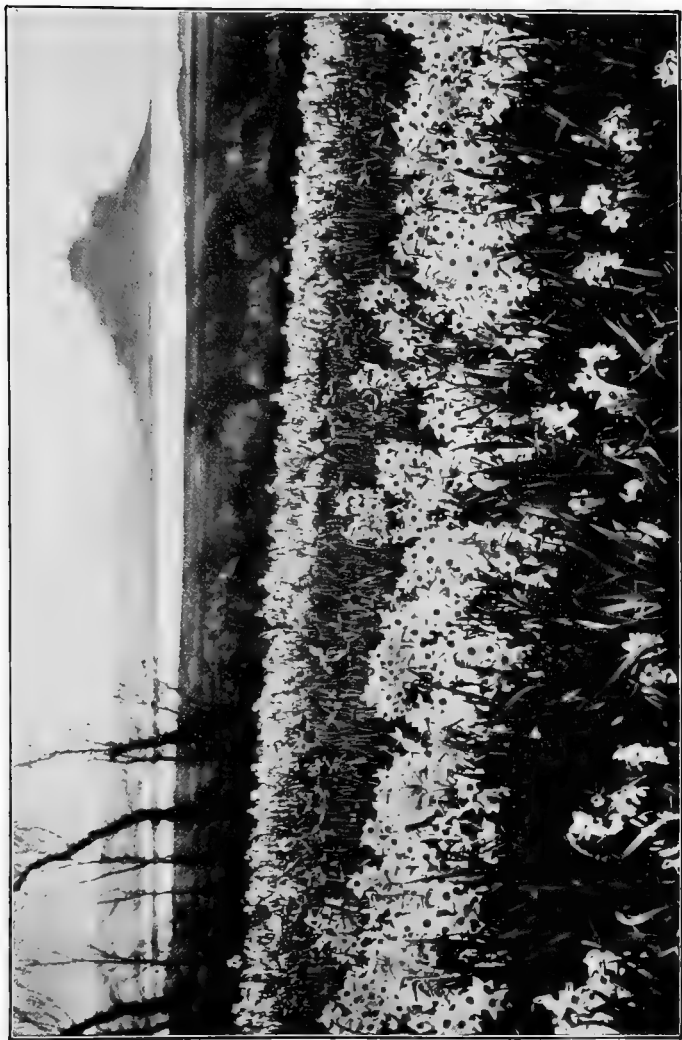
MAKING an early start on the following morning we skirt the harbour; and after passing the railway station we reach a footpath on the left of the road by the side of a stream. This will take us to Gulval, a village about a mile from Penzance. The church and churchyard are worth seeing, the latter on account of its profusion of sub-tropical shrubs. Gulval is one of the flower-growing villages of Cornwall. In the early spring its fields are white with narcissi, or ruddy with the rich-hued bloom of the wallflower. From Gulval to Ludgvan, a distance of about two miles, there is a stretch of level land between the hills and the sea that is extremely fertile and highly cultivated. It is largely tilled by spade husbandry, and is really an immense fruit, vegetable, and flower garden. Here you will see field labour as in France; whole families work together. Idyllic scenes of wonderful picturesqueness greet the eye. In February potato planting commences. The use of the long-handled spade necessitates attitudes of classic grace. The back is not bent, and the spade is not pressed into the ground

with the foot as with the short-handled implement. The body with straightened back is inclined forward, one leg being advanced. The necessary pressure is conveyed through the arms, one of which is bent and the other straight, as is the case with the legs. When the ground is hard the foot is used, but without much alteration in the general position of body and limbs. Each spade-wielder is followed by a boy or girl, who, stooping, drops a seed potato into the trough made by the spade. Another spade-wielder follows and with the same fine pose covers up the open trough with earth. The whole thing forms a striking "motive" such as would delight the heart of Clausen, who has painted several fine pictures of field labour. This is followed by the flower-picking which commences in March. Numbers of women and girls are in the fields all day long, picking and tying into bunches the narcissi, wallflowers, and violets. This is, perhaps, the most wonderful time of the year; it would need the poetic pen of a Ruskin to do it justice. The air is heavy with the sweet scent of the flowers; the buds of the apple trees, beneath which they often grow, are visibly swelling, there is a peculiar brilliancy in the sunlit air; while the medieval outline of St. Michael's Mount, always visible through the trees, gives just that subtle touch of romance which makes the "English" visitor ask himself with pleased surprise, "Am I in England? Is this the month of March?" Yes, it is March, but not England; at least not to a Cornishman, who always talks of "going to England" whenever he leaves his "delectable Duchy." It is Lyonesse, the old Atlantic's favourite child; for not only did she once take to her ample bosom a considerable

portion of this fair land, but she has girdled the remainder with a sapphire girdle, kissing her on both cheeks, giving her, as it were, the seal of the morning and the seal of the evening throughout the years, as an earnest and token that the heat shall not trouble her by day nor the cold by night. Hence these fair flowers and this almost perennial spring.

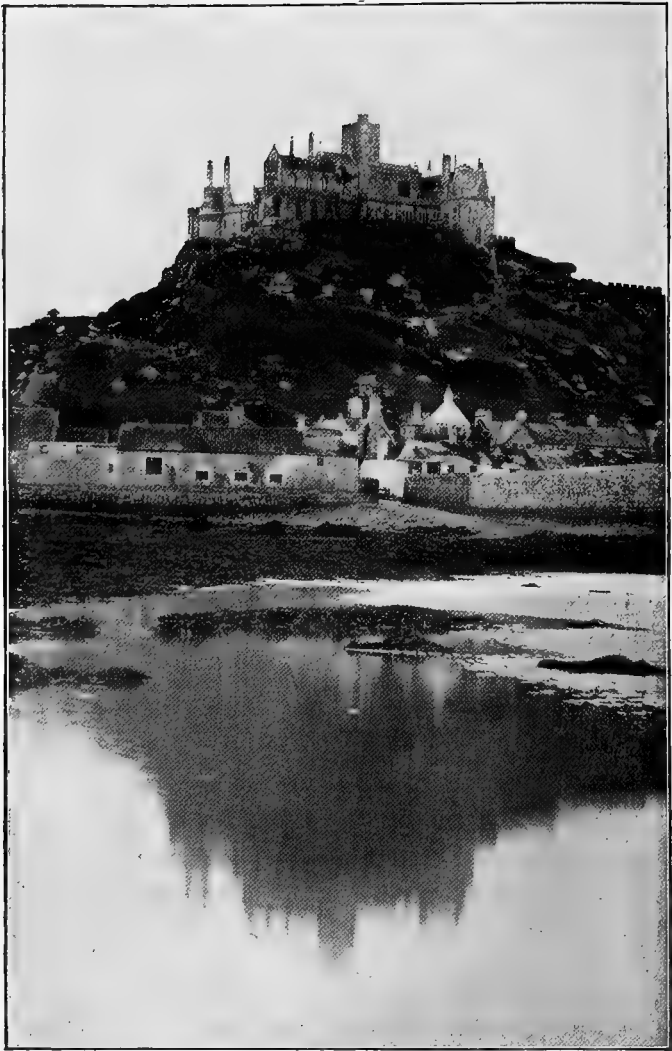
Early in June is the potato harvest. Again whole families are to be seen in the fields, gathering the tubers as the spade-wielder reveals them, and packing them in hampers. Picturesque groups of men, women, and children, clad in many colours, and as joyous as the Tuscan peasants. Even in the dead of winter the kindly earth is bountiful, with the kindly assistance of the moderating sea and its gifts of fertilising seaweed. As early as January men are busy cutting the great flower-heads of the broccoli and packing them in crates for the London and other markets. Many different crops are harvested during the year, and much gold finds its way into the pockets of the landlords. The rental of some of this land is, I believe, as much as £10 per acre.

Making our way to the main road, and crossing the railroad by a level crossing, we gain the shore. As it is nearly low water we can walk along the sand for a couple of miles in the direction of Marazion. It is pleasanter going than the level road. We have the great sweep of the bay and the bold outline of the Mount in front of us, with the reflection of sky and cloud in the many pools, and on the wet surface of the sand. Beneath this sand is a deposit of black mould filled with the detritus of leaves, nuts, and branches. The roots and trunks of trees,



E. Lane, Penzance

A FIELD OF NARCISSI NEAR GULLY



J. C. Douglas.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

To face page 241

and even red deer bones, are sometimes exposed to view, after heavy weather, near the extreme limit of the ebb tide. Tangible evidence to the truth of the tradition that a forest once extended from Mousehole to Prussia Cove.

As we walk along, we notice a number of flint stones on the beach, most of them covered with a white or brownish crust. They have been washed here from a submarine bed of chalk that lies a few miles to the southward of the Dodman Head. Some may have come from the Eocene gravel beds of Ludgvan and St. Erth ; there is no other flint that I know of in Cornwall. Half a mile or so before reaching Marazion we leave the shore and take to the road, as a stream bars further progress. While crossing the bank of wind-blown sand, now kept stationary by rushes and grass, we notice that the latter is almost entirely hidden by a variegated carpet of flowers, amongst which are the sea-holly—one of the most decorative and distinguished of English plants—the sea-convolvulus, rest-harrow, bedstraw, and the beautiful little bird's-foot trefoil. Curiously enough the yellow-horned poppy does not grow on these sands, though we shall find it later on at Loe Bar. The pink trumpet-shaped flowers of the great convolvulus, so strikingly divided by five white bands, make a brave show, as we say in Cornwall. This stretch of coast used to be a favourite resort of the Royston or hooded crow, but they have left the neighbourhood altogether. During the last twenty years I have not seen one. Polwhele in his *History of Cornwall*, published in 1816, says : “The hooded or Royston crow, a bird of passage, generally comes and goes with the woodcock,

and from its frequenting Market Jew in particular, is called in the West of Cornwall the Market Jew Crow." Market Jew is the old name for Marazion. The chough is another bird that I am afraid has entirely deserted his old haunts in the west. On the other hand it is curious how some birds have become common of late years in the Penwith peninsula, that fifty or sixty years ago were rarely if ever seen. Of the green woodpecker, now so plentiful in most of our valleys and woods, Mr. Rodd in his *Birds of Cornwall*, published in 1880, writes : " During thirty years of my residence at Penzance the green woodpecker was unknown in the west of Cornwall." The golden-crested wren was another rare bird ; now it is plentiful. And I am inclined to think the jay is making his way into the extreme west, and of late years bullfinches have become much more plentiful during the winter months.

Crossing the little stone bridge, from which we notice that the rush-margined brook makes an effective foreground to St. Michael's Mount, we find ourselves in Marazion. The tide is low, so we will walk across by the causeway to the Mount and climb the steep hill to the castle. At high tide it is an island, only accessible by boat and a row of nearly a quarter of a mile. As we walk along between the seaweed-covered rocks, the abrupt and rugged outline of the island, and the medieval aspect of its crowning castle, strike us with admiration ; and we long to blow up a hideous stable-looking erection, that is out of scale with every other building in the little village that nestles at its base. As we have a long walk before us and the guide-books give full particulars of

those parts of the interior that the public is permitted to see, we will not go inside the castle, which is now, and has been for over two hundred years, the home of the St. Aubyn family. It is in the Middle Ages, however, that we must look for scenes and events in keeping with the tragic splendour of this amazing stronghold. On the last day of September, 1473, Sir John Vere, Earl of Oxford, entered it with four hundred followers, whether by strategy or force of arms is not known for certain. At any rate, he obtained possession, and soon won the good graces of the surrounding Cornish. This was thought so undesirable in the then unsettled state of the country, that the king sent down one Bodrygan to turn him or starve him out. But Bodrygan's siege seems to have been very slack ; for the earl was able to obtain supplies whenever he wanted them, and no seriously offensive measures were taken against him. The King, hearing of this, put Fortescue in command. Then heavy fighting took place almost daily. During one of these skirmishes Sir John Arundell of Trerice was killed. At last, by bribing the majority of the earl's men, he was compelled by the King's party to surrender. One would like to have seen that fighting and knightly Vere, with his few faithful followers, leave those grey walls, that only treachery could have won from them, and descend the blood-stained path and cross the intervening shore to Marazion, escorted by the knights, archers, and pikemen of the King's party. It would have been a goodly and picturesque spectacle, such as we are not likely to see in these days of long-range guns and smokeless powder. Nearly a century later the castle was the

scene of more fighting, when the whole of Cornwall rose against the use of the reformed Prayer-book. It was taken and retaken again and again, sometimes by the rebels and sometimes by the royal troops. Later still, in the Civil War, Sir Francis Bassett, the then owner, held it for the King, until forced to surrender by the Parliamentarians under Colonel Hammond. But it was not always war. There were softer interludes ; such as when Perkin Warbeck landed at St. Ives and placed his wife, "The Fair Rose of Scotland," in St. Michael's Mount, while he and his followers marched towards London to claim the throne. Yes, fair women as well as brave men have looked out eagerly from those high walls. And in earlier times the sunken eye of the fasting religious mystic must have often wandered, in semi-delirious ecstasy, from the narrow slit in his damp, dark cell over the sunlit sea, whose glittering surface, to his perfervid imagination, must have seemed as the jasper pavements of that celestial city whose citizenship he hoped to win for himself by leading the life of a caged animal. Verily the vagaries of humanity, especially in what is somewhat loosely called religion, are passing strange !

Retracing our steps we find ourselves in the long street of Marazion, which is a large village. It has the reputation of being one of the warmest places in the kingdom. Although the traveller cannot truthfully say of Marazion what Coleridge said of Cologne :

" I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined and several stinks,"

there is, nevertheless, at certain seasons of the year, an all-pervading odour which rises from the shore and the surrounding fields. It is produced by seaweed in various stages of putrefaction ; and although so pungent it is not, I believe, unhealthy. This weed is plentifully heaped up on the shore by heavy seas, and is a source of much vegetable luxuriance. The farmers draw it from the beach and place it in large heaps mixed with sand. When it has arrived at the proper stage of putrefaction it is spread upon the land, on which its chemical constituents act as a strong tonic.

Soon after passing the church, which is modern, we turn down a path to the shore. Here we can walk along the sand or shingle to the end of the little bay, where we surmount a low cliff. Some extremely fine tamarisks overhang this stretch of beach, and at the further extremity the pink flowers of the *mesembryanthemum* star the rubble bank. The path now skirts some fields, and we have to push our way through a tangle of wild flowers, amongst which mallows and fox-gloves are the most conspicuous ; while the earth and stone hedges are topped with the waving plumes of the tamarisk. The character of the coast is different hereabouts from any we have yet encountered. Although the interior of the country is far from flat, no towering cliffs and headlands rise sheer above the sea. Low, rocky promontories stretch their serrated heads far out into the blue water, and elsewhere the shore is guarded by low cliffs of earth and stones, to the very edge of which the land is cultivated. Now and again bosses of basalt, surrounded by little strips of unreclaimed

moor, rise like islands amongst the fields. These alluvial banks, with the narrow strip of flat land behind them, are all that remains of the coastal plain which, in Paleolithic times, is believed to have extended round the entire Cornish coast at the base of the present cliffs, which in those days were probably abruptly terminating hills. As we proceed we notice that the shape of the Mount has completely changed. It is no longer an irregularly shaped island, but an almost perfect cone, out of which the castle rises most impressively, and behind it we see the white houses of Mousehole, across the bay, flashing in the sunlight. This is a view of the Mount seldom seen or photographed. In about a mile we reach the village of Perranuthnoe. It is picturesquely placed on a hill-side above a sandy shore, and its fourteenth-century church is worth a visit.

Continuing our way along the edge of the low cliff, past the blue heads of the viper's bugloss, the tall spires of the giant mullein and foxglove, and a host of humbler but not less beautiful flowers, we gradually reach a higher level and find ourselves on the summit of a considerable headland. In front of us is a small bay, whose sloping cliffs are of a more slaty nature than any we have yet encountered. This bay is bounded to the south by the jagged outline of Cudden Point. The extremity of this rocky ridge, which juts so far out into the sea, is a splendid point of vantage from which to study the waves; while its grassy summit commands one of the finest views of Mount's Bay. Here you will find in August and September the autumnal squill, *Scilla autumnalis*. Its flowers are more pyramidal than the vernal

squill and not nearly so beautiful, being of quite a dingy hue. We must now strike inland, as the coast path ceases. Making our way up a lane, we soon reach a few cottages. Here we turn to the right between the buildings and follow a road that leads to Acton Castle, a private house now belonging to Mr. Pendarves, of Pendarves. Presently we leave the road by a stile on the left, and crossing a few fields at the back of the castle grounds we reach another road. This takes us down the hill to Bessy Cove. This picturesque little cove is one of three which lie within a few hundred yards of each other, and were famous a century ago as the scene of many a bold smuggling exploit on the part of the famous "King of Prussia." The other two coves are called Pixies' Cove and Prussia Cove. The "King of Prussia," or, to give him his right name, John Carter, was a very remarkable man, and his brother Captain Harry Carter equally so in a different way. These two men raised smuggling to a fine art. Their fame dwarfs that of the many able and ruthless adventurers who in those days were engaged in that dangerous and exciting business. They owned between them a cutter of 160 tons carrying 19 guns and a lugger carrying 20 guns. There seems to be no doubt that they did not limit their operations to running cargoes of contraband. They did also a lot of privateering. To put the thing in plain language, though the fact of our being at war with France permitted the use of the more euphonious word privateer, they were pirates who undoubtedly tackled any merchant vessel flying the French flag, and probably others as well, that they thought they could overpower. John seems to have

spent most of his time ashore. He lived in a cottage, lately pulled down, on the shore at Prussia Cove. He received the smuggled or captured cargoes and sold them to the surrounding gentry, farmers, business and working people. In these transactions he earned for himself a name for scrupulously fair dealing. His brother kept the sea, and commanded and directed with conspicuous ability many daring ventures. They were two remarkable men in whom, had their parents been well-to-do, and able to have sent John to Parliament and Harry into the navy, England would have doubtless gained a subtle diplomatist and a distinguished admiral. The sobriquet "King of Prussia" arose through John, as a boy, claiming this title in his games with his confrères. In later years the cove lost its original name of Porthleah and became Prussia Cove in his honour. A Mr. Behrens, a gentleman of German birth, has lately purchased the land contiguous to these famous coves, and Bessy and Pixies' Coves are no longer accessible to the public, except during prescribed hours on certain days from June to October.

Leaving Prussia Cove, where there is a coastguard station, we follow the coastguard path on the summit of the cliff, which is here not very high. In about half a mile we reach a little valley, and notice a narrow cutting through the cliff to the sea. Many people will tell you that this was the work of the smugglers. It really has a much more peaceful origin. It was made several years ago, at the cost of much labour, to enable the local farmers to draw seaweed from the shore to their fields. Owing to the slippery nature of the clay-slate rock and

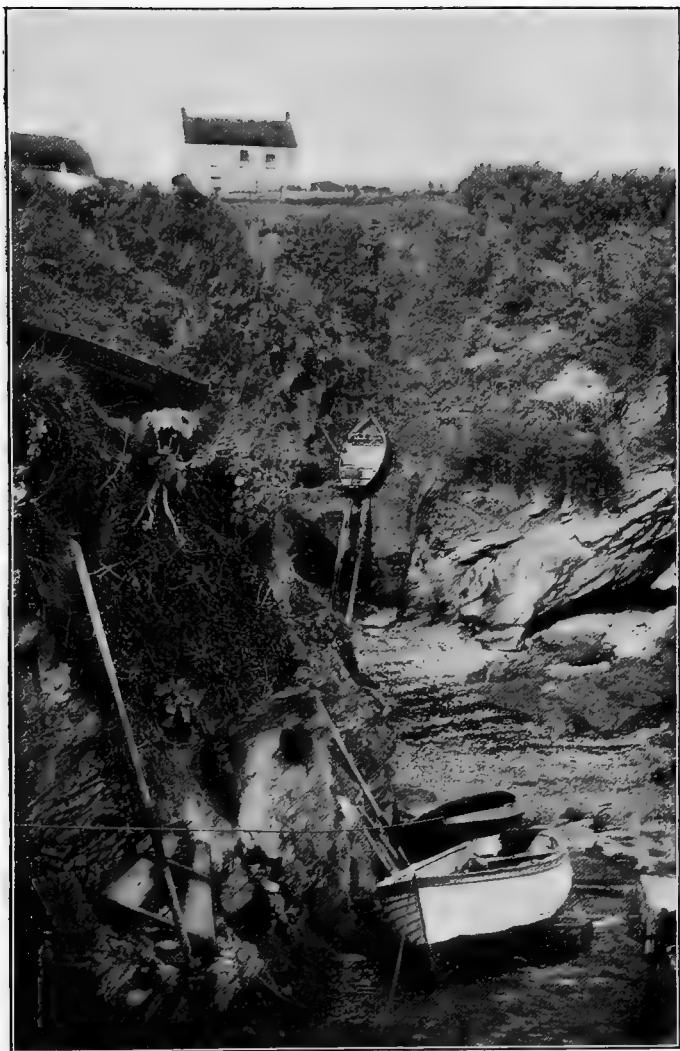
the steepness of the gradient it has been of little practical use. Mounting the next hill, and still following the path, we soon see in front of us the mile-long stretch of Praa sands. At their northern extremity Mr. Reid, F.R.S., has discovered what he believes to be the remains of a Paleolithic race; contemporaries of those gigantic and artistic people who lived on the northern Mediterranean Littoral anterior to the Neolithic Age. No outline drawings of this latter period, found on tusk and bone, can compare for skill and execution with those of these reindeer hunters of the pre-Glacial epoch, whose skeletons have been found seven feet long and those of their women six feet, their skulls often surrounded with coronets of perforated teeth, shells, and fish vertebræ.

About a quarter of a mile from the shore rises the tower-like structure of Penjersic Castle. It was built in the reign of Henry the Eighth by a Mr. Milliton, who is said to have fled to western Cornwall after committing a murder in some distant part of the country. It was added on to a much older castle—the original stronghold of the Penjersics. All trace of this older building has vanished, though a drawing by Buck, in 1734, shows that in that year a considerable portion was still standing. The Penjersics must have been a somewhat uncommon race, for many legends are still extant concerning them.

Continuing our way along the shore, for the tide is out, we come upon the wreck of an iron vessel. The shapely bows project in pathetic impotence from the smooth white sand, and the iron ribs are twisted and distorted. It is the hull of the French barque *Noiselle*.

She was driven ashore about three years ago when on a voyage to Genoa laden with an old ironclad's armoured plating and turrets. These huge steel castings, some of them a foot thick, still strew the shore.

At the southern end of the sands we climb a steep hill and find ourselves on the summit of a pinnacled granite headland known as Trewavas Head. This is the only granite cliff along the whole of the eastern side of Mount's Bay. The granite extends for about a mile, having evidently been forced through the slate, of which the coast on either side is composed. In front of us is a frowning black escarpment, whose smooth sides are regularly striped with grey bands of granite, curiously straight and parallel with each other. The view from this head of the bay and the surrounding hills is exceedingly fine. Following the coastguard path for a few hundred yards, we strike across some fields and passing a farmhouse gain the road. The coast for the next two miles is of so shelving a nature, and the path in places so nearly obliterated, as to make the labour of following it really not worth while. Keeping to the road for about a mile and a half we suddenly see beneath us the little seaport of Porthleven, the most southerly in the kingdom. It is built on a narrow creek, the sides of which have been transformed into quays, making a snug little harbour. As we descend the hill we notice a couple of schooners and several fishing-boats in the inner basin—at the further end of which are two ship-building sheds. On reaching them we see that in one of them men are busy upon the hull of a yacht, which we learn is being built for Lord De la Warr. In the



J. C. Douglas.

BESSY COVE

To face page 250



J. C. Douglas.

THE HARBOUR, PORTHLEVEN



J. C. Douglas.

LOE POOL

To face page 251

other shed a fishing-yawl is nearly completed. It is curious that the East-countrymen should come to this little western port for their boats ; but some of them do, for Porthleven builders have the reputation of turning out the very best of work. Lying alongside the quay is a fishing-yawl destined for Lowestoft that has not long left the slips ; riggers are busy putting finishing touches to her running-gear. As taut and trim a craft as a man could wish to see. Bows like a steamer's, plenty of beam, about forty tons register and fit to go round the world in. As we walk along by the quay-side we notice how narrow is the entrance to the harbour and the immense size of the rollers breaking outside, for there is a heavy ground-sea running in, though the weather is fine and calm. A ticklish place to get into is Porthleven at all times, but with a southerly or northerly gale blowing it taxes the skill of the most knowing. Our illustration was taken from the stone pier at the entrance to the harbour, looking back at the town. It is really not more than a large village, with a couple of inns, two chapels, one of the plainest parish churches in the county, and a few modern lodging-houses. It cannot be called a beautiful place, but there is a charm about its busy little harbour, and the rich valley behind it, backed by the towering bulk of Tregonning Hill ; while the Atlantic breaking on its rocks and beach gives it that distinction which is the birthright of all Cornwall's seaside towns and villages. In addition to this there is, to northern eyes, the unwonted sight of shrubs and flowers, which will not grow elsewhere in England, thriving out of doors without protection.

Creeping geraniums twenty feet high cover the cottage walls with masses of bloom, while the ordinary geranium flowers till Christmas, and in some years throughout the entire winter. Arum lilies flourish in the open. Tall shrubs of lemon verberna and many brilliant exotics are to be seen in gardens, which are surrounded with hedges of fuchsia, escallonia, and veronica, the latter in full flower in January. In fact, like the gorse, it is difficult to say when you may not find this beautiful shrub putting forth some of its exquisitely scented purple blossoms. Enough is not made of the veronica in western Cornwall. It will grow anywhere, and its fine foliage and beautiful flowers give a distinction to even a jerry-builder's villa garden. In the Scilly Islands hedges of it divide the flower-fields; why should it not be put to the same use in Penwith? Of late years certain so-called improved varieties have made their appearance, with long carmine or white and nearly scentless flowers and variegated foliage. They are not nearly so beautiful as the original shrub. Nothing can exceed the harmony of its rich green foliage and purple flowers, whose scent is as delicate as that of some greenhouse exotic. Another reason for planting veronica is that the bees love it.

The sun has long since set and twilight is rapidly deepening into night, so we will get rooms at the inn and sleep the night at Porthleven.

CHAPTER XVII

PORTHLEVEN TO THE LIZARD

THE next day we are up and away before nine o'clock, and so beautiful is the fresh June morning that we regret we are not a couple of hours earlier. Skirting the harbour, we turn up by the Institute and mount a low cliff, crowned with fishermen's cottages. Then, after passing a large villa, we find ourselves on a rough road that hugs the cliff-edge some thirty or forty feet above the shore. This part of the coast is known as Parc-an-als. In about a mile we come to a lodge gate, one of the entrances to Penrose, the seat of the Rogers family. We will now leave the road and descend by a path to the broad expanse of sand, or rather shingle (for it is composed of minute rounded stones), known as Loe Bar. After walking a few yards across its level surface, a most unexpected sight confronts us. The coast hills have suddenly receded, and enclose between their wooded flanks a broad sheet of water. This is Loe Pool, the largest lake in the South of England. It is about a mile and a half long and half a mile wide. Tall reeds line its banks, flocks of wild fowl are scattered over its surface, in which the foliage of the overhanging trees is faithfully reflected, and out of which great trout occasionally rise at the flies. A scene of peaceful rural

beauty, and yet only this strip of shingle, on which we are standing, separates it from the Atlantic, which we can hear thundering a hundred yards or so behind us. For this bar is not more than a hundred and fifty yards wide at its broadest part. Being formed of small stones it acts as a sort of filter, through which the fresh water, being at a higher level, percolates to the salt water, thus maintaining the lake at a more or less uniform height, the percolation being about equal to the volume of water received by the Cober brook and a few other smaller streams. In times of heavy rains this bar used to be cut, in order to let the water off and prevent the lake from flooding the surrounding valleys. Now a culvert carries off the surplus.

Wandering over this broad expanse of sand and shingle the pedestrian will discover many interesting and some rare plants and flowers. The yellow poppy, sea-holly, sea-convolvulus, stunted oxeye, and samphire are the most conspicuous. Amongst those less common is the strapwort, *Corrigiola littoralis*. I believe this plant grows nowhere else in England but here and in two places in Devonshire. It has narrow glaucous leaves and very small white flowers. You will find it amongst the shingle, but not always in equal abundance. Some years there will be hardly any on the bar and large quantities in the Carminowe Creek, and vice versa. The reason of this wandering habit is that it grows and flowers in situations that are submerged during the winter rains. As the water rises its seeds float upon the surface and are driven by the wind in whatever direction it may be blowing. On the turf at the immediate

edge of the lake you will find the plantain shore-weed, *Littorella lacustris*. It has long fleshy leaves and a curious flower with four conspicuous stamens. The wild service-tree, *Pyrus torminalis*, grows amongst the brushwood at either end of the bar, and the Portland spurge, *Euphorbia Portlandica*, amongst the rocks—its ruddy stems are full of milk, like all the rest of the spurges. Cornwall is unusually rich in the smaller flowers, and around Loe Pool you will find some of the most graceful and beautiful of this fairy sisterhood. There is the Cornish moneywort, *Sibthorpia Europæa*, with its trailing stems and rosy flowers; the bog pimpernel, *Anagallis tenella*, whose flowers are also rosy and its leaves round and shiny; the pale butterwort, *Pinguicula lusitanica*, with pale pink flowers shaped like a tiny violet; and, queen of them all, the ivy-leaved bell-flower, *Campanula hederacea*: what can exceed the beauty of its delicate blue flowers, little bells threaded on hair-like stems that often cluster together so thickly in the bogs and damp places as to make you think that the spiders have taken to weaving their webs of gossamer of cerulean hue? On the hill-side to the westward of Carminowe Creek you will find in spring the sweet-scented orchis, *Gymnadenia conopsea*, and the Cornish heath, *Erica vagans*, in the wood opposite.

We have a long walk before us, otherwise we would make a detour inland and visit Helston, which is situated on the side of a hill about half a mile from the upper end of the lake. There is a public right of way by the lake-side from the bar to the town. You go through the lodge gate already alluded to, and the distance is

two miles. Helston is an aristocratic little town of ancient date with several good old houses and gardens, a hideous galleried church and a curious annual festival known as Flora Day, a survival, probably, of Roman times. It is a capital place to stop at, should you wish to explore the surrounding coast and country, the latter including, at the distance of a few miles, that strange district known as the Goonhilly Downs, which is geologically and botanically unique in this country.

Keeping along the pebble shore beneath a low slate cliff we reach in about a mile the little fishing hamlet of Gunwalloe Cove. It consists of a coastguard station, one or two cottages and a few boats and nets. In another half-mile we commence to climb to the summit of the Halzaphron cliffs. They are very abrupt, and are chiefly famous for having been the spot where, early in the nineteenth century, the last wreck occurred on our shores in which the bodies of those who perished were refused burial in consecrated ground. In this case the victims were a number of soldiers and sailors ; they were bundled pell-mell into a trough cut in a neighbouring field. The whole thing caused considerable indignation ; and soon afterwards Mr. Davies Gilbert obtained an Act of Parliament sanctioning the burial of bodies washed up by the sea in the nearest churchyard. Such things as these make one wonder what the condition of Europe would be to-day if the fanaticism of the churches had not been restrained by the common sense and broader humanity of the State. It is curious how much better men really are than the creeds they formulate. Following the path along the summit of the cliffs we reach a bold

point to the south of Pedngwinian. Here you can find the flower known as Dyer's green weed, *Genista tinctoria* ; and a little way inland, if you keep a good look-out, you may discover the adder's-tongue fern, *Ophioglossum vulgatum*.

We now descend past a farmhouse on to the Gunwalloe sands, and see Gunwalloe Church nestling under the hill on the edge of the sand and within a few yards of the sea ; its tower is detached and built into the hill-side.

In the valley at the back of Gunwalloe sands, on the banks of the little stream, grows the great spearwort. Its shiny yellow flowers are very handsome. It is exceedingly rare in Cornwall. After mounting the next headland by the side of the Mullion Golf Links we descend into Poldhu Cove. Here there are another picturesque valley and stream and an abundance of interesting water plants. Crossing the brook by a small stone bridge we mount Poldhu Head. On its summit is the Poldhu Hotel, and facing it the lofty iron poles of the Marconi signalling station, both somewhat unexpected sights on this wild coast. Passing the Marconi towers, for they are really more towers than poles, we descend into an abrupt valley whose flanks are dotted with bungalows ; and on the further side is another large hotel called the "Polurrian." This is a very comfortable family hotel ; it has a bathing-cove of its own and a good tennis lawn. In summer these hotels and bungalows are full of people who prefer the simple life on these Atlantic-washed headlands to the somewhat effeminate amusements of a fashionable watering-place. Passing at the back of the Polurrian Hotel, and gaining

the summit of the next point we come to yet another caravanserai known as the Mullion Cove Hotel. It stands immediately above the cove and commands a fine view. In front of it, close to the path, we notice an old ship's cannon. For many years it did duty as a gate-post on a neighbouring farm, but it is now mounted honourably. In the cove are a tea-house, a lifeboat-house and a small harbour formed by a couple of granite piers, in which shelter a few fishing-boats. From the cove we obtain a good view of Mullion Island and the Gull Rock, which is the breeding-place of innumerable sea-birds. The island is about a mile in circumference, and its summit is clothed with grass, tree-mallows, and beet. It forms a welcome protection to the little harbour. In the cove there is a curious natural tunnel through the cliff and a famous but small cave. Mullion village lies about a mile inland. It possesses a fine church with some interesting old carved pew-ends, several cottage lodging-houses, an excellent inn, and the reputation of being an exceedingly healthy place. As we have not time to visit it we will proceed with our coast walk. Mounting Mullion Head and going to the edge of the cliff, we can look down on Gull Rock, which at high water is an island. Countless sea-birds dot its summit, their white plumage making a striking contrast with the dark cormorants who squat together on the seaward side of the rock. These birds never intermingle during the breeding season. There seems to be an invisible but thoroughly well-defined frontier-line between the two colonies.

Continuing along the coastguard path we dip down

into a steep gorge and then rise to the summit of Mên-te-Heul. From here we see the whole sweep of Mount's Bay, from Treryn Castle to Mullion, with its background of moorland hills, its string of grey towns, its strips of golden sand, its isolated Mount, and its many towering headlands. We now find ourselves on a sloping grass-covered down, punctuated every now and then on the seaward side with huge bosses of rock. On the landward side there is a tamarisk hedge cutting the skyline with its graceful plumes. This range of sloping bluffs is called on the Ordnance Map Predannack Cliffs. It is terminated on the south by Predannack Head. Here we come for the first time to the serpentine rock, which gives to this part of Cornwall so many unique characteristics. As we bear to the left towards a small valley we see in front of us a bay, bounded by a line of dark cliffs mottled with shiny grey patches. These patches are composed of steatite or soapstone, a mineral of almost the same component parts as the serpentine itself, but easily distinguished from it by its laminar structure and metallic lustre. Lodes of it are very common in the serpentine, and are often rich in copper. Though these serpentine cliffs appear from a little distance to be of a dark and sombre hue, we shall find, when close to them in cove and cave, especially where polished by the action of the waves, that they contain a great variety of colours beautifully blended and of wonderful lustre. Descending into the valley and following the stream we come to a small cove, into which the water falls over a perpendicular ledge. In the fissures of the surrounding rocks we notice numbers of sea-starwort, our only British

aster. There is a cave in this cove known as Ogodour. Climbing out of the valley we cross a couple of fields, and still keeping to the summit of the cliffs, we reach St. George's Cove, where there is a rock island, pierced with a natural arch and a fine cave. The climb down to this cave is somewhat steep, but it is worth visiting, because it is a great resort of otters. You will generally see their tracks on the sandy floor and piles of fish-bones, principally those of the grey mullet, the debris of their many feasts. A short distance from St. George's Cove are Vellan Head and Penjersick Point, both fine rock peninsulas. From the latter we keep along the edge of the perpendicular cliffs known as the White Range which form the northern boundary of Gue-graze Cove. Now for the first time we get some idea of the lonely impressiveness of the Goonhilly Downs. A vast extent of level land, unbroken by hedge, fence, or field, lies stretched before us. From the edge of the cliffs to the horizon is a heath-covered plain, punctuated with a few pine trees, or an occasional lonely tarn. The spirit of silence broods over this waste land like a spell, broken only by the whistle of the curlew, the singing of the larks, and the humming of the bees, who come here in millions when the heath and heather are in bloom. How the griglan * riots on Goonhilly ! This is the home of the Cornish heath, *Erica vagans* ; in fact, it is found nowhere else in England. It grows like a shrub, three to four feet high, and is covered in July and August with masses of pale pink and sometimes white flowers. The dark brown stamens protrude through the opening of the

* Cornish for heath.

corolla and give great expression to the whole plant. This remarkable tableland is raised from two to three hundred feet above the level of the sea, which it confronts with a wall of terrific precipices. Here and there its surface has been worn down by streams which, springing from some lonely bog, have chiselled for themselves valleys of wild and unusual beauty in their passage to the sea, which is reached at some sand or boulder-strewn cove surrounded by walls of serpentine. The rich colour of these cliffs and their sentinel rocks, which latter, as in Kynance Cove, often rise to a great height, the clear aquamarine of the waves and the dark sapphire of the deeper sea, the gold of the sand and the luxuriant vegetation that accompanies the streams almost to high-water mark, produce an ensemble more Southern in its intensity than can be found anywhere else in England.

After following the cliffs for a few hundred yards we come to the Gue-graze valley. As we descend the steep path we notice on our right a disused quarry. This is where in olden days they obtained the steatite, or soapstone as it was called. It was used for making porcelain, but has now been entirely superseded for that purpose by china clay, which is the decomposed felspar of granite. Flitting about the rocks in this quarry during the autumn months you will generally see a black redstart, *Ruticilla tithys*. This bird is much more common in western Cornwall than the redstart, *Ruticilla phoenicurus*. We shall also see by the side of the path a flower which is rare in these parts, the little hare-bell. What are the laws that govern the distribution of flowers?

It is not surely only a question of soil. Take for instance the violet ; why are there no sweet wild violets in western Cornwall ? The dog-violet is common enough and the sweet white violet is occasionally found, but never *Viola odorata*. And yet whole fields of it are cultivated in Penwith. Almost all varieties, particularly the Russian and large Neapolitan, flourish exceedingly, and load the air with perfume even in midwinter.

At the bottom of the valley is a small stream, and if we follow it to the cove we shall see, in the water-worn surface of the cliff wall, how beautiful are the colours of the serpentine. We shall also find amongst the boulders on the beach quantities of soapstone. Pick a bit up and you will find it feels soft and greasy to the touch. On the southern slopes of the Gue-graze valley are a few juniper bushes, a rare shrub in Cornwall. They are difficult to find, as instead of the upright, compact form so familiar to all who know our English chalk downs, they are here prostrate amongst the heath. This creeping habit is probably assumed in order to avoid the salt-laden gales. Ascending out of the valley we reach the summit of its southern head. Now if we go a few yards down its rocky slope we shall see what is, perhaps, the most dramatic arrangement of crag and precipice in Cornwall. Immediately in front of us is that astonishing amphitheatre known as Pigeon Hugo. Its perpendicular walls rise more than two hundred feet, and enclose in their sombre shadows a deep pool of troubled water, ever moaning and foaming in the caverns at their base. Two pairs of ravens have their nests on the ledges of these cliffs ; we can see the



J. C. Douglas.

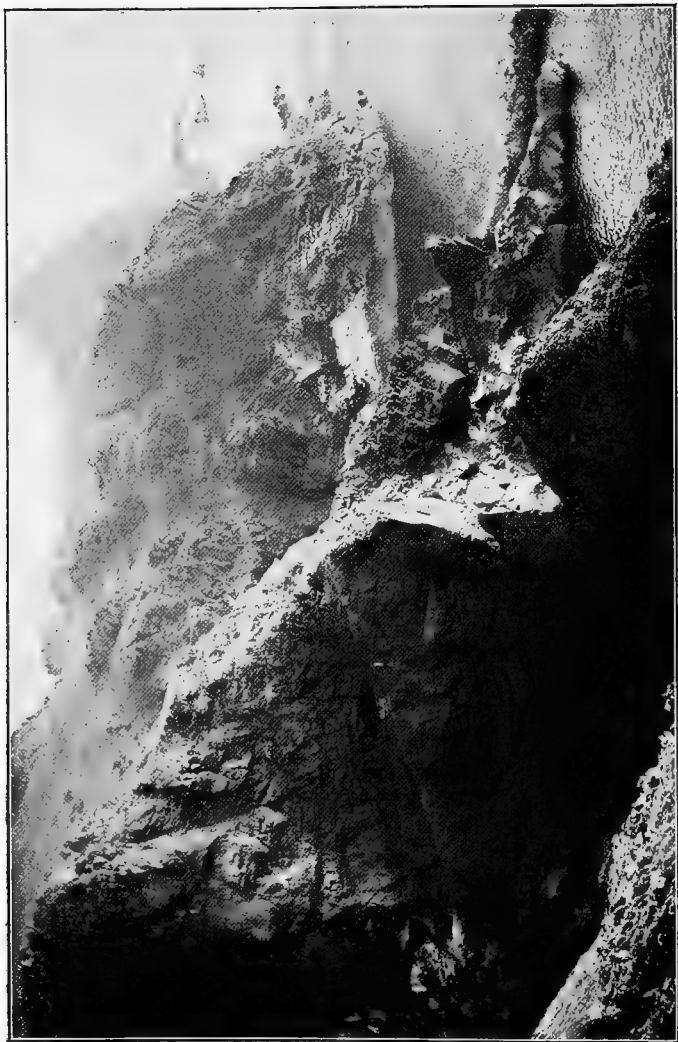
GUNWALLOE CHURCH



J. C. Douglas.

GULL ROCK, MULLION COVE

To face page 262



J. C. Douglas.

PIGEON HUGO AND THE HORSE

To face page 263

great masses of sticks of which they are formed, and in spring, by going to the edge and looking over, one can see their callow young crying open-mouthed for food. Beyond Pigeon Hugo rises that strangely shaped peninsula known as "The Horse." In our illustration you see it raising its rocky head high into the air. Its crest is a jagged edge of rock-fangs that defy the climber, while on either side it slopes almost perpendicularly to the sea.

This view is certainly one that makes an instant and never-to-be-forgotten appeal to the mind. Terribly grand, even on a summer's day, but when those jagged fangs and dark towering walls frown fitfully through the rents which they have torn in the misty shroud that so often envelops them, you seem to be looking at the very cradle of the dark spirit of Tragedy itself.

In the northern flank of "The Horse" is a fine cave called the "Sea-birds' Home." It is worth climbing down to on account of its polished serpentine walls and wagon-shaped roof, its huge boulders and deep pools and its grand surroundings. At the extreme end are some curious ledges of conglomerate, the result, I suppose, of the action of the waves, which throw up a certain amount of sediment mixed with lime, a fraction of which, throughout the centuries, remains and forms these shelves or ledges.

Regaining the summit of the cliffs we reach in a few hundred yards the Rill, and see in front of us the celebrated Kynance Cove, and beyond, cutting the level skyline, the Lizard Lighthouse towers and the houses that form the village known as "Lizard Town." The

Rill is a fine headland, and its heath-clad summit bristles with rock-fangs of a ruddy or ferruginous hue that gives to this district a curiously volcanic appearance. As we saunter towards Kynance we notice that a considerable portion of the cliff has slipped, and forms an inclined plane covered with a chaos of boulders. Amongst these is the entrance to an old smuggling cave, known as "The Sheep-stealers' Home." The descent into Kynance Cove is steep and brings us to a tea-house under the hill-side. Though the refreshment it provides is often welcome, its presence and the crowds of summer visitors greatly detract from the natural grandeur and beauty of this extraordinary combination of cliff, rock islands, sand, and sea. It is best seen during the winter months, when your only companions are the sea-birds, or by moonlight, when the visitors are playing bridge or discussing each other's peculiarities in the lodgings and hotels of Lizard Town. Then one can forget the absurd names that have been given to these sea-worn rocks and caverns; forget that all this chiselled beauty is daily desecrated with the debris of picnics, and the inane laughter of the festive but non-appreciative tripper.

On leaving the cove we climb up by the side of a little stream. On its banks are a number of flowers. Noticeable among them are the crimson crane's-bills, a very handsome flower that grows freely in this and the adjoining valley. The next head is the "Yellow Carn" and facing it is the bold "Lion Rock," which must have been torn from the mainland during some convulsion of Nature. Geologists assure us that all this

region is of volcanic origin. The path now skirts a bathing-beach, and after crossing a steep valley mounts the grassy flank of the Quadrant, a headland with an outline supposed to resemble the late Lord Brougham. On reaching its summit we know that the sun has set by the brilliant flashing of the Lizard light from the white tower in front of us. We have now nearly reached the end of our day's walk, and have only a few hundred yards more to go. Crossing a small valley which terminates in a little cove, we gain the summit of the cliff above Polpeor Cove, where there is a lifeboat station. On a board by the side of the path is a long list of the names of vessels that have been wrecked in the vicinity, and of the numbers of lives saved from each by the lifeboat. The last two on the board are :—

March, 1907, s.s. *Suevic*. Lives saved, 167.

July, 1907, ketch *Fanny*, of Bideford. Lives saved, 3.

Another fifty yards brings us to the edge of the cliff overlooking Polbream Cove, the most southerly land in Great Britain. Before us lies the level floor of the Atlantic, out of which for a distance of a mile from the shore bristles an archipelago of rocks, and all of these at some time or other have taken their toll of human lives.

Keeping along the path by the side of a tamarisk hedge we reach in the deepening twilight the white walls of the lighthouse buildings. Here, before seeking shelter in the neighbouring village, let us sit upon the



J. C. Douglas.

LION ROCK, KYNANCE



A. Begbie.

KYNANCE COVE

To face page 264

heath, beneath the flashing streamers of those brilliant warning rays, which pulsate with such unerring beat from the silent tower above us, and watch for a while the passing of the ships, and drink in the sweet incense of the summer night.

CHAPTER XVIII

MENEAGE

ON coming out of our hotel in Lizard "town," or village as it would be called outside Cornwall, the morning after our arrival we were confronted with a rough kind of village green. On two sides of it are houses, mostly one-storeyed tenements where in little workshops men were turning on lathes the many ornamental articles made from the local serpentine rock, or polishing them with oil and emery powder. This industry is now of many years' standing, and much skill is shown in its accomplishment. Walking further afield we see that the surrounding country is flat, and we obtain extensive views in all directions. To the south and west stretches the Atlantic, and cutting the horizon is the white outline of the two lighthouse towers, only one of which is illuminated. Elsewhere extends a plain, several miles square, known as the Goonhilly Downs. In olden days it was called Meneage from the Cornish word *moenic* (rocky), though certain antiquaries, who see an Oriental origin in many Cornish words, derive it from a Persian word meaning a heath from which brooms are made. Certainly this latter derivation more accurately describes the surface of this great upland. Other parts of the Duchy are equally rocky ;



J. C. Douglas.

THE LIZARD

To face page 265

in fact, the neighbouring Land's End district is far more plentifully strewn with boulders, whereas no other part of the county produces such uninterrupted expanses of heath and heather as Goonhilly. But whatever was the original meaning of its ancient name, this peculiar region is geologically and botanically unique. It consists for the most part of serpentine, talcose slate, steatite, and a basaltic rock locally known as greenstone. On its surface flourishes in enormous quantities the Cornish heath (*Erica vagans*), and many rare flowers, especially of the Leguminosæ order. It may be described as a tableland, with a mean elevation of nearly 300 feet. It falls in perpendicular cliffs to the sea and in abrupt slopes to the Helford River and the valley of the Cober, in the vicinity of Helston, which, with Loe Pool, practically form its boundaries. Its northern and eastern extremities are under cultivation, but to the south and west it consists for the most part of hundreds of acres of barren moor. Barren from a food-raising point of view, but a wonderland of flowers, with a peculiar fascination of its own. Now and again the level plain is broken by a line of sturdy pinasters, or punctuated with a gleaming tarn, where dragon-flies hawk like living jewels in the sun and frogs chant their monotonous but not inharmonious chorus. And as you wander amongst the heath bells you realise, if you have something of an artist's eye, what a vantage ground these downs are for studying aerial perspective and the forms and colours of clouds.

We wandered far over this bee-haunted garden of Allah on this our first day at the Lizard. It was late spring, and the heath had not yet attained its full glory,

but here and there were purple patches. Eventually we reached the neighbourhood of Croftonoweth Tarn, sometimes called Leech Pool ; a lonely sheet of water in a vast expanse of level moor. From here we could see several groups of dark pines, and beyond them were the grey hills of the granite backbone of Cornwall, and above them the deep azure of the sky dappled with clouds. We sat down to eat our lunch on a boulder of quartz that rose solitary from the heath. In the nearest pine grove a thrush was singing as only a thrush can, filling the air with rich, loud notes and strangely interpolated trills. Further afield two cuckoos were answering each other across the scented moorland. The air was resonant with the hum of wings. Bees darted hither and thither laden with pollen, and eager for more, while butterflies floated from flower to flower. It was a magnificent summer pageant, spread before us with all the opulence of colour, form, and detail which Nature has ever at her command. And it was ours to enjoy without money and without price, for which we trust we humbly thanked the gods.

We had not been on our rock more than ten minutes when two bicyclists passed within a few yards of us along a rough road that here crossed the moor. Before they were out of earshot we heard one of them say to the other :

“ Shouldn’t care to live in this howling wilderness, Bill, would you ? ”

“ What do you think ? ” replied his friend. And they raced along, their backs curved like railway arches and their noses within an inch of their handle-bars. We wondered why such people as these go on bicycle tours.

One would think that riding round a track would afford them an equal amount of pleasure at far less expense ; for they rarely look at the country through which they pass. It is a pity that so many people seem to be entirely without a love of Nature and of natural beauty. It is such an asset in the happiness of life. If you doubt this statement, take to the road, knapsack on back, if possible in mid-spring, when the earth is awakening from her winter sleep. Walk sometimes through the night, and make acquaintance with the ever-changing stars and the mysterious beauties of dawn. Learn a little geology, botany, and natural history—not much, for the worshipper of Beauty must not be too scientific—you cannot serve two masters. Still be wandering when the summer salutes you on both cheeks and twines her roses around you. Then will come to you through every sense the realisation of the magic beauty of the great symphony of Nature, which is the poetry of the heavens and the earth, the thoughts of the gods made manifest. And these thoughts will be yours, if you can pay the price ; and the price is Love.

If this love were more general there would not be such a universal obsession for games as now possesses England. Games are good in moderation, but when indulged in to the exclusion of every other interest, they must in time have a paralysing effect upon the mind.

These thoughts occurred to us as we sat on our solitary rock after witnessing the unobservant progress of the two bicyclists. Returning across the moor we passed several Celtic burial mounds and the remains of a British

village, where we picked up a few flint flakes. And just as the sun was dipping his lower rim behind the distant Penwith highlands we reached our hotel.

The next morning we went down to the Lizard Head and sat beside a great boulder, and looked out from this, the most southerly land in England, over the Atlantic, and the constant procession of ships. This busy sea traffic adds much to the interest of life at the Lizard. For every kind of vessel, from the largest liners to the humblest coasters, pass close to the Head, in order to signal their names to Lloyd's station, which is situated a little to the eastward.

"If they would only sink Lloyd's signalling station," once said an old pilot to us, "there would be no more wrecks on the Manacles or around the Lizard Head, because captains would then give that corner a wide berth."

Certainly there have been an extraordinary number of wrecks during the last twenty or thirty years around this part of the coast. Vessel after vessel has piled herself up, generally in thick weather, under the beetling cliffs or on one of the many reefs of rocks that often run out a mile or more from the shore: amongst them such well-found liners as the *Mohegan* and the *City of Paris*. The last of these great ocean greyhounds to come to grief was the *Suevic*. She ran on to a reef close under the Lizard Head during a dark night in a dense fog. Fortunately no lives were lost, but her back was broken, and she seemed a hopeless wreck. Science, however, rose to the occasion. The foremost half of the great fabric, which was the most damaged, was blown

up with dynamite. The afterpart was then made watertight with powerful bulkheads, pumped dry, and towed into dock, where a new forepart was built and riveted on to it, thus making a facsimile of the original *Suevic*. A wonderful triumph for science and skilled workmanship.

While seated on the Head watching the passing of the ships a merlin falcon alighted on a rock close to us, accompanied by a pipit, who perched within a few feet of him. The falcon must have had a nest near by, for he kept dashing away and wheeling round, but always returned to the same rock, and invariably followed by the pipit. After watching these curiously assorted companions our attention was drawn to the large number of flowers that grew upon the sloping sides of the Head. Amongst them were quantities of creeping broom, bluebells, thrift, bladder campion, red vetch, and several tall, globe-shaped tree mallows. This handsome plant reaches a greater size, and carries more bloom in the Lizard district than anywhere else in England.

That afternoon we visited the lighthouse (the public is admitted every weekday at certain specified hours). We found everything within the living quarters and lofty tower as clean as a new pin. Mounting the steel spiral steps we soon reached the machinery that revolves the light. It works on the principle of a grandfather's clock, by means of weights, which are wound up every half-hour throughout the night. Then more steps, and we came to the light itself, or rather to the unfamiliar mechanism where the light is produced. We gazed into the prism-surrounded centre. Here, after a bit, we made out two large black sticks of carbon, between



CHURCH COVE, LANDEWEDNACK

To face page 272



OLD HOUSE, CHURCH COVE



BUMBLE HEAD, NEAR LIZARD

To face page 273

the points of which that terrific electric spark of fifteen million candle power is generated. An intensity of brilliance which it seemed to us the mind is wholly unable to realise. We only know that if a man goes up into the tower and looks at it with unprotected eyes he is blind for several days, and that it is visible for over sixty miles. Descending to the ground floor, we inspected the engines that generate the electricity and blow the foghorns, whose warning blasts have doubtless saved many a good ship from destruction. We left the building more than ever impressed with the scientific ingenuity of the great age in which we live. This electric light was installed in 1903, and a permanent lighthouse was first erected on the Head in 1752.

Before returning to our hotel we went to see Landewednack Church. This is the most southerly church in England. It is also the parish church of Lizard "town." Though so near together—barely a quarter of a mile apart—these two villages are not only totally different in aspect, but invisible to each other. This is owing to Landewednack being situated in a hollow in the surrounding tableland. Lizard "town" consists for the most part of modern square-built houses standing in a row upon a treeless, wind-swept tableland. Landewednack is composed of old, irregularly shaped, thatched cottages dotted about here and there in old-world gardens surrounded by trees.

Passing the Lizard Board School we turned down a lane, and in a couple of hundred yards or so saw the tower of Landewednack Church peeping between the elms. It is dedicated to St. Winwaloe, whoever he may have

been. There is a Norman archway over the south door. The interior would be quaint and picturesque, but it is spoilt by plastered walls and hideous yellow distemper that clashes with the grey of the granite bays and pillars, as do the red tiles of the flooring. Why were they not slate? When will the clergy and their advisers learn that the original stone walls of a church, neatly pointed, are much more dignified and decorative than plaster, whatever colour it may be stained? The interior of St. Germans Church is a good illustration of this, and should teach those responsible for church restoration in the Duchy a most salutary lesson. The old wagon roof in Landewednack Church is good, but the less said about the modern pulpit and reading-desk the better.

On leaving the church we went down to Church Cove, a few hundred yards away. The road descends a little valley by the side of a stream past some picturesque cottages covered with creepers and flowers. Just before reaching the cove is a solitary house that used to be an inn many years ago. It was a famous smuggling rendezvous, and if those old walls could talk, what yarns they would spin! In the cove are a lifeboat station and a square stone building formerly used for pilchard-curing. In its Spanish-looking *patio* is now stored a curious jumble of marine and agricultural implements. Hen-coops and lobster-pots, nets and rabbit-traps, sails and potato-sacks lie about in all directions. On the cove beach were a few boats which in bad weather are hauled up a stone-paved slip by means of a windlass. Delighted with the cove, valley, and village of Landewednack we returned to wind-swept Lizard "town."

CHAPTER XIX

FROM THE LIZARD TO FALMOUTH

When Spring commands the old hills robe in gold,
The gentle sisterhood of flowers unfold
Their virgin charms and turn with dainty glee
Toward the sun their young life's Deity,
Who now comes forth in aureate pomp arrayed,
Herald of Love on hill-side and in glade.

THE following morning we shouldered knapsack and camera, and again went down to the Lizard Head. Here we recommenced our coast walk. It was a beautiful day, full of sunshine, the song of birds, and the scent of flowers. Descending a grassy slope, after leaving the lighthouse wall, we noticed on our right a large hole looming dark amongst the flowers a few yards from the edge of the cliff. Going up to it, we found an enormous circular funnel, a hundred feet or so in depth, and at the bottom the sea was snarling, having entered through an opening at the side. These funnels are not uncommon on the Cornish coast—we have already encountered two or three. They are but one of the stages in the process of coast erosion. During the first stage the sea, finding a flaw or soft place in the cliff wall, chisels out a small cave. Then, should the flaw continue upwards, the sea, following the course of least resistance, drives a passage often right up to

the cliff summit. Here the orifice becomes known as a blowhole, owing to the noise the compressed air makes when forced through the narrow passage by each advancing wave. Gradually the opening grows larger and ceases to blow. From time to time the sides crumble, and tons of earth and stone are sucked out by the retreating waves. Presently, after the lapse of centuries, the seaward face of the orifice collapses, sometimes leaving a small portion immediately above the opening through which the sea originally entered, thus forming a natural arch, as in the "Devil's Frying-Pan" at Cadgwith. When this falls the orifice becomes a cove, and the wearing away of the horns of several of these coves produces the land curve known as a bay. And so the work of destruction proceeds. Now and again particularly hard masses of rock remain and stand high above the waves, often a mile or so from the shore, marking where once the coastline stood tens of thousands of years ago.

After leaving the "Lion's Den," as this great hole is called, we descended a steep little coombe where a stream trickles to the sea through a wilderness of sedge and flowers, and warblers chant their cheerful little ditties through the long summer days. Mounting the opposite slope we passed on our left the new Housel Bay Hotel, whose inmates may have the satisfaction of knowing that they are further south than those of any other caravanserai in the kingdom. Then, turning to the right past Lloyd's lofty Marconi pole, we reached Penolver Point, a fine rocky headland. From here it is but a few hundred yards to Lloyd's signal

station, a whitewashed, castellated, pepper-box-looking building, and one of the busiest signalling stations in the world. Here nearly every vessel, as we have already mentioned, homeward or outward bound, stands in and reports herself. All around the building *mesembryanthemum* has run riot, covering many square yards of land with its fleshy growth, and giving the place quite a sub-tropical appearance.

Soon after leaving the station we passed above a little cove whose steep sides were literally a mass of bluebells and white campion. Never had we seen such colour effects as this extreme southern coast presents to the eye of the pedestrian. Every cove and headland is ablaze with millions of bluebells, bladder campions, thrift, vernal squill, and other spring flowers. And the effect of this brilliant tapestry, falling in uninterrupted sequence to the dark serpentine rocks, which rise from water of the purest emerald green, is about as sumptuous a *coup d'œil* as one could find anywhere. But it is only in late spring, when these flowers are rioting in their millions, that the visitor can be thus amazed. In summer, when the bracken has attained its full height, although the colouring is wonderfully rich and beautiful, it is not of such dazzling intensity.

At Hot Point we found a seat where we sat awhile and saw some of the houses at Cadgwith across the bay in front of us. Close to us rose a great lichen-covered boulder ringed with golden gorse. Immediately below, on a flat ledge of rock, a cormorant was standing with extended wings, as motionless as if carved out of stone. And then slowly round the Lizard Head came a large

white full-rigged ship with every sail set. A phantom ship she seemed to be, from some distant land of dreams, so stately, so shapely, so apparently motionless she lay, carved like a cameo against the golden haze of the horizon. Above her towered an immense cumulus cloud—also divinely white—piercing the blue heaven like some mighty Alp. And ship and cloud were as a poet's dream.

After leaving Hot Point we descended into Church Cove, which we have already visited. Passing at the back of the old pilchard house we mounted the grassy slope of the Balk. This head is a solid mass of serpentine of fine texture and colour, and has been a good deal quarried. On the summit is a wooden landmark painted red and white. Crossing a few fields we skirted the precipices of Perranvose Cove. Here a steep path goes down to a little strip of sand. Soon we came to a small valley whose western slope was covered with mare's-tails. Never before had we seen this survival of the carboniferous flora of such luxuriant proportions. They grew so thickly that they resembled a plantation of young larches. Many of them were over a yard high, and as thick as a good-sized walking-stick. On leaving the valley, at the bottom of which a stream falls to a small cove, we circled Polbarrow Bay, where we noticed a ruined building once used in connection with the pilchard fishery. Just beyond the eastern extremity of the bay the path turns suddenly to the left near a new bungalow, and we saw below us the almost perpendicular sides of the "Devil's Frying-Pan." This tragic-looking abyss is, as we have already pointed out, at a later stage of

development than the "Lion's Den." Here the seaward side of the orifice has fallen away, all save a narrow parapet that surmounts the opening through which the sea originally entered, thus forming a great arch. The "Pan" is more than a hundred yards in diameter, and its precipitous sides are clothed with undergrowth and flowers. On the top are a few twisted tamarisks. The coastguard path along its summit has fallen away, so we entered a field and made for a farm gate, which brought us to a farmyard. There is a way through this yard and a plantation of elms down to the eastern horn of the "Pan," but we must hasten on.

Descending the road past the farmhouse, we saw below us between the trees the village of Cadgwith, nestling in a picturesque valley and around its boat-strewn cove. Leaving our knapsack at the village inn, where we intended to sleep, we spent the afternoon in exploring the surroundings. There are plenty of old cottages in Cadgwith with thatched roofs, immense chimneys, and quaint porches; and many of them are covered from ground to overhanging eaves with geraniums, myrtle, lemon verbena, honeysuckle, jessamine, and roses; while phalanxes of arum lilies rear their white chalices window-high. At the back of the village a stream comes down a wooded valley, vocal with the song of birds.

In the afternoon we got an ancient mariner to row us in his boat to the arched entrance of the "Frying-Pan." It was a day of brilliant sunlight, and the colouring of the rocky arch and the deep aquamarine of the sea were almost tropical in intensity. Then we visited

Dolor Hugo Cave, a few hundred yards away to the westward. Here again the colours of the sea-chiselled serpentine walls and roof were marvellous, while the water in the cave was so clear that we could see the stones at the bottom more than twenty feet below.

Towards sunset we strolled up the valley by the brook-side to Ruan, where are a few cottages and a garden, in which we saw a rhododendron twenty feet high, a mass of crimson bloom. From Ruan we climbed the hill to the village of Ruan Minor. A cluster of old cottages, a few modern villas, and a small church with four arches, certainly not more than eight feet high, while the granite pillars that support them are less than five feet from base to capital. The tower is castellated and the chancel is higher than the nave. This is all we can recollect of Ruan Minor, whose chief recommendation seemed to be that it is near Cadgwith.

How the thrushes sang as we descended the hill to the little fishing haven, and what glimpses we caught of dark foliage, blue water, thatched roofs, and massive old chimneys! And the poignancy of their appeal was heightened by the accompaniment of familiar village sounds, the clanging of the blacksmith's hammer, the voices of the children, snatches of song, the barking of a dog. After supper we sauntered above the cove, and drank in the incense of the flowers and the tonic tang of the sea. The Lizard light was below the western hill, but its reflection flashed to the zenith with rhythmical swing. It was as if we were in the vicinity of some portentous natural phenomenon of possibly volcanic origin. As we sat on the cliff summit above the cove we



CADGWITH



PORTHOUSTOCK

To face page 280



COVERACK

To face page 231

heard some shrill cries, almost whistles, following each other in quick succession from the rocks below. They were the love cries of the male otter, which he only produces when serenading his paramour. They are not often heard so near the village.

It was another beautiful morning when we shouldered our knapsack and left Cadgwith ; and the faces of the children just starting up the hill for school glowed ruddy in the sunlight. Passing the coastguard watch-house, we soon reached the summit of Kildown Point, where we looked down over millions of bluebells and campions at the heaving sea. The scent of these flowers in the fresh, pure morning air was exquisite, and we felt a sudden pity for those restless beings who form the bulk of what is called "Society." Pleasure-seekers (save the mark !) who at this great epic triumph of the year are at the height of the feverish inanities of a London season. For tell me honestly, you who may read these lines, has any gilded drawing-room ever caused you the same intense thrill of pleasure as the sight of a glade of blue hyacinths ? Or is the scent of patchouli to be compared for a moment with the sweet breath of a field of lilies ?

Crossing a stile or two we reached the top of Enys Head. Inland is now visible the level line of the Goon-hilly Downs, broken by dark pinasters and the distant summits of the Penwith highlands ; while overhead the summer clouds seem to be chanting immortal harmonies.

From Enys we descended a gorse-covered hill to a rough cart-track lined with boulders of serpentine. This we followed past hundreds of foxgloves already

commencing to flower, and also quantities of spurge. This curious and apparently flowerless plant always recalls memories of childhood. We used to delight in persuading some unsuspecting person to taste its white juice with the tip of the tongue. No evil effects are felt at the moment, but in half an hour's time the tongue burns as if it had been seared with a hot iron. At the bottom of the hill is a stream which comes down the Poltesco valley. Crossing it by a small wooden bridge, just above where it flows on to the boulder-strewn beach of Carleon Bay, we reached a large, sombre-looking, ruined building. This used to be an ornamental serpentine factory. Now the great overshot wheel that drove the lathes is rotting; as also is the wooden trough that brought the water from a neighbouring pool. Beneath this dripping trough a cloud of gnats were disporting themselves in the sunlight. What a life of joy and vividness these little creatures seem to lead; whirling round each other, up and down, in and out, for hours. They cannot be feeding on the wing, as swallows and dragonflies do, for the whole company moves with one accord. It must be just an intense *joie de vivre* that prompts these little children of a summer's day (Ephemeræ as they are called from the shortness of their lives) to engage in these aerial frolics.

Ascending Polbream Head we crossed a few fields and struck into a road. In a few hundred yards it brought us to a gate. Passing through this we found ourselves on the long level expanse of the Kennack Sands. Inland are partially cultivated hills crowned with farmhouses and clusters of elms. Two streams flow on to

these sands ; and the steep sides of their valleys are vivid with heath and gorse and a jungle of indigenous undergrowth, above which rises here and there a stately palm-shaped pinaster. The scenery hereabouts reminded us of parts of the Portuguese littoral. One or two bungalows have been lately built near the sands, and a more charming summer resort could hardly be found for those who desire to get away for a few weeks from the busy, noisy haunts of their fellows. Embayed amongst bold headlands, with the unique Goonhilly Downs but a mile inland, and facing nearly due south, these sands form a paradise for children and a most interesting arena for the Nature-lover and botanist. As the tide was out we walked on the seaward side of a low tongue of land that divides the sands into two parts. We passed several serpentine boulders and many smaller water-polished stones lying in the sand pools, and marked with a variety of colours. At the eastern extremity we came to a steep ridge of shingle. Clambering up it we were confronted with a small fresh-water mere surrounded by rushes and flowers. In the sand around were quantities of prickly Butcher's Broom (*R. aculeatus*), not at all a common shrub.

As we lay by the side of the mere inhaling the scent of the mint and the rushes our attention was drawn to two magpies who were going through some extraordinary antics on the hill-side about eighty yards away. The Corvidæ are the most brainy birds we have, and the magpie is the brainiest of the Corvidæ. His antics, especially during the courting season, are most amusing. In addition to the bowing and wing-spreading in which

all his tribe indulge, he endeavours to secure the affections of his lady-love by a series of long and high jumps of astonishing dimensions. In executing these he bounces about like an india-rubber ball. When he thinks she is sufficiently impressed he proceeds to strut round her in a sort of elaborate cakewalk. The whole thing is most amusing, but you must be well concealed, for the magpie is very shy of man's approach. Gulls, on the other hand, seem totally devoid of imagination in the conduct of their love affairs. The rival swains seize each other by the neck or leg and hold on, without either bird moving, for several minutes at a time, while Beauty looks on in solemn conclave. It is a most bucolic affair.

Leaving the mere we climbed the next head, which bristles with rocky fangs. Geologists tell us that all this serpentine district is of volcanic origin, and it certainly looks it. On reaching the summit the path traverses a narrow strip of heathy moorland that crowns so many of the Cornish cliffs. In about a mile we reached the outstretching point known as The Castle. Probably an ancient British stronghold; the earthworks are still discernible. Continuing along the summit of the shelving cliffs we suddenly descended to sea-level at the bottom of downas valley. The climb out of this was very steep. On the way up, amongst the boulders and heath we noticed several almost prostrate Burnet rose bushes and a quantity of madder. In another mile we were standing on the top of rugged Blackhead.

And now for the first time we saw the long line of the coast we are going to traverse almost to Plymouth. Immediately below us was the curiously shaped Chynhalls

Point. Beyond it, across Coverack Bay, rose the dreaded Manacles. Far away on the horizon was the bold Dodman, and beyond, a thin blue line marked the coast in the vicinity of Polperro and Looe.

Gradually descending we passed the new Headland Hotel and entered the fishing village of Coverack. It is a pretty village full of old-world, thatch-roofed cottages. There are a few modern villas, hideous, of course, as these exploits of the jerry-builder invariably are, but they are not as yet in sufficient numbers to spoil the general effect, though they give the visitor some nasty shocks. There is a small stone quay, a lifeboat station, a village shop, a post and telegraph office, and a new inn on Dolor Point called "The Paris," after the liner *City of Paris* that was wrecked on the neighbouring Manacles. Here we stayed the night. In olden days Coverack was a great smuggling centre. Early in the last century Captain Laurie, who was the first district commander of the then newly formed coastguard, in his first annual report asked for an increase in men, on the ground that he was quite unable to prevent the wholesale smuggling that went on around Coverack, in spite of the utmost vigilance. He informed the authorities that during the preceding twelve months he had reliable evidence to prove that seven thousand ankers of brandy had been landed in the bay and successfully run inland; the bulk of it going to the mining districts around Camborne and Redruth.

But apart from smuggling Coverack must have witnessed many an exciting naval incident in the days of the French war. The Post Office packet vessels were

constantly being chased into Falmouth by French frigates and privateers. And their captains, who were first-class sailormen and knew the coast like a book, when hard pressed would bring their little vessels close in under the cliffs, passing inside the Manacle Rocks and sometimes running up the Helford River, where the larger Frenchmen dare not follow. Lately several cannon-balls have been found by quarrymen embedded in the cliffs around the Manacles. These had evidently been fired by French guns at their crafty prey. To-day the little village basks in perennial peace cheered by the southern sunshine and the song of birds, except when the winter gales shriek over Blackhead and the livid fury around the Manacles is as the face of Death. The parish church of Coverack is St. Keverne, but lately a little chapel-of-ease has been built in the village.

The next morning we set off to circle the bay. For a mile or more the path traverses some rough ground at the base of a moorland hill, covered in places with enormous boulders, ivy-coated and resembling medieval castles. Then the hill recedes, and we traversed a piece of flat land almost on the sea-level, till we came to Lowland Point, on which are a few fields. Then followed a steep climb to a quarry, where the din and bustle seemed curiously out of place on this lonely shore. From the quarry we gradually descended to Godrevy Cove and crossed a small stream. Inland is a cultivated valley, on the top of which stands St. Keverne Church, but it is not visible from the shore. From the stream we mounted through fields to the coastguard watch-house on Manacle Point, and saw beneath us the dreaded rocks.

Following a road from the watch-house we took the first turn to the left, and in about a mile reached the village of St. Keverne. Though just a cluster of a few cottages and houses and a couple of inns, it is known in the neighbourhood as "the town." The church is a fine one, and the interior walls have not been defaced by plaster. In the churchyard are the graves of many shipwrecked wanderers. The victims of the *Mohegan* disaster alone numbered one hundred and twenty, and they lie together on the north side of the graveyard. The lych-gate is curious.

Retracing our steps we descended to the fishing hamlet of Porthoustock (pronounced locally Proustock). These little Cornish havens are all so similar that to describe each one in detail as we come to it would be but a wearisome repetition of words. So let the following remarks stand as applying to all, unless some special mention is made of different characteristics. They one and all possess the rich Southern colouring peculiar to Cornwall. They are nearly always situated at the bottom of a steep valley close to a shingly or sandy cove enclosed by abrupt cliff walls. Down the valley and through the village and into the cove invariably comes a stream, bringing with it many flowers and an unspeakable charm. On this south coast, where there is little mining, and railways are for the most part distant, these villages retain their old-world picturesqueness and rural charm. But few modern villas deface them, and the cottages are generally large-chimneyed, thatch-roofed homes, their walls smothered with creepers, and their gardens brilliant with flowers.

On just such a fortuitous conjunction of good things were we gazing as we looked down on Porthoustock from the St. Keverne road. There was the clear emerald water in the cove, the sapphire of the deeper sea, and the cliff walls brilliant with lichens and crowned with flowers and ferns. There were the old cottages, garlanded as for a wedding feast. There were the old gardens, haunts of bees and golden memories ; and there was the village bridge that spanned the tinkling stream, the evening rendezvous of old and young from time immemorial.

There is no inn at Porthoustock, so after exploring the village and taking a photograph, we climbed the eastern head, past extensive quarry buildings, and continued our coast walk. In about a mile we came to a coombe where there is a large bungalow. In another mile we saw on our left a row of ugly but substantial-looking cottages ; and then we descended a rough path to the little fishing village of Porthallow (pronounced Prallow). Here there is an inn, "The Five Pilchards," where we stayed the night.

Porthallow possesses all the characteristics of Porthoustock, and is of about the same size. That evening we lounged against the parapet of the little bridge, and discussed politics with the *patres conscripti*. Broad-beamed individuals in blue guernseys, with a habit of emitting tobacco juice at regular intervals. Later on, in the bar-parlour of "The Five Pilchards," we met an ancient agriculturist, who was loud in his lamentations over the decadence of the age.

"Take pig's ear," he said to me, "as a proof that

people aren't what they was. When I was a young man most wives knew how to cook pig's ear, and a greater delicacy wasn't to be found. But now the wummen don't seem to take no account on it whatever. I don't know what we be a-coming to, I'm sure." We all have our measuring rods, and with them we solemnly judge the epoch in which we flutter our ephemeral wings; so let us not laugh at this countryman who made the cooking of pig's ear a test of national efficiency.

The next morning early we climbed past more quarry works, and after a couple of miles of undulating going, that call for no special remark, we reached the summit of Nare Head. Here we obtained a wonderful view of Falmouth Bay. To our left lay the Helford River, like a lake amid its beautifully wooded hills. Across the bay was castle-crowned Pendennis Head, and to the right of it the wooded Zoze Head, enclosing between them the entrance to Falmouth's famous harbour and the spacious Carrick Roads. And beyond, faint against the sky, rose the rugged moorlands of the interior, the unchanged sepulchre of a vanished race. This view combines some of the most characteristic features of Cornish scenery, the rich and the rugged being delightfully blended.

Bearing to the left down a lane we passed a farm and followed the road to the hamlet of Listowder, and then along the top of the hill, till it descended to the hamlet of Carne, at the head of the Gillan Creek. An alternative route on leaving Nare Head would be by the southern shore of Gillan Creek, but the going is very heavy, and one cannot always depend upon getting rowed

across the creek to St. Anthony Church. Turning to the right by a large mill we followed a tree-lined road for about a mile down the northern shore of Gillan River or Creek till we came to the little hamlet of St. Anthony. The church stands close to the water's edge, surrounded by elms, and with the Vicarage and a cottage or two makes a charming picture. Whether this church was really built by some shipwrecked Normans, as tradition says, it is impossible to say. The remoteness of its situation is by no means conclusive evidence of such an origin, other churches in Cornwall being quite as isolated. There is an interesting old inscribed font, but the pews and pulpit, etc., are new. Returning to Carne we crossed the stream a few hundred yards above the mill, and ascending a hill by a good path soon found ourselves in Manaccan village. Green meadows, wide-spreading elms, and picturesque old cottages are our recollection of Manaccan; while the large fig tree growing out of the south wall of the church close to the tower gives to that ancient edifice considerable notoriety. The south porch is Norman, with good moulding.

On leaving the village we took the footpath to Helford Creek. For nearly a mile it traverses a wood full of squirrels. A village boy whom we overtook at the first stile accompanied us. He had all the best kind of boy's wood-lore and interest in Nature. He showed us several nests *en route*, amongst them a home-screech's, as he called the missel-thrush. He also pointed out three squirrels' nests, to all of which he had climbed. He told us of a double wren's nest which he had found the previous

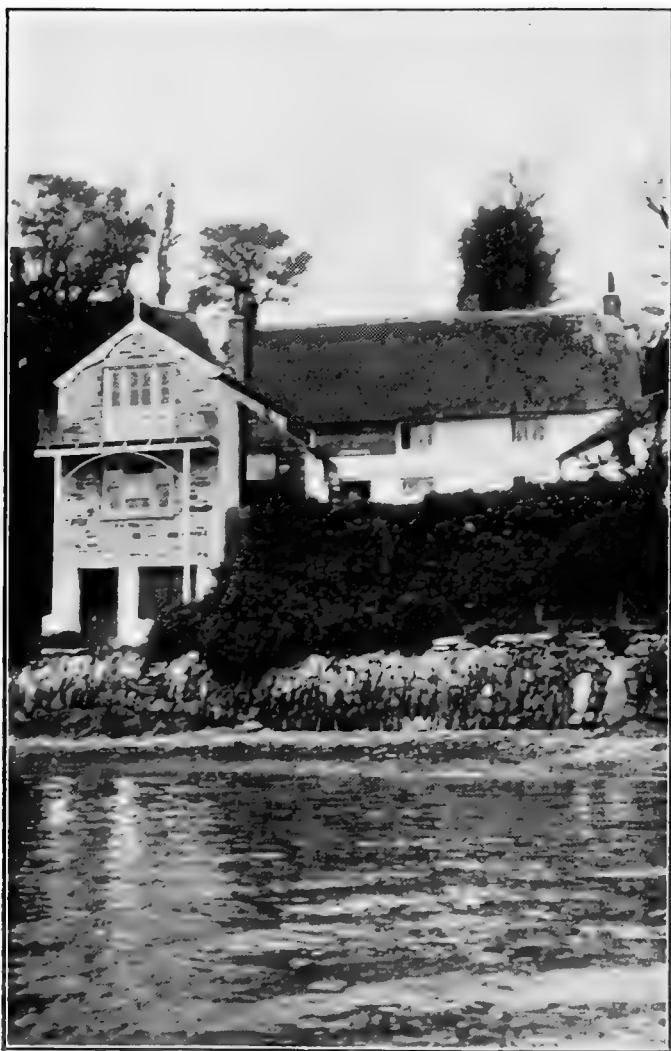


HELFORD RIVER, NEAR GWEEK



HELFORD CREEK

To face page 290



THE SHIPWRIGHT'S ARMS, HELFORD CREEK

To face page 291

year in an ivy-covered bank. Two complete nests, each with the ordinary entrance hole, but back to back, so that at the point of juncture one side was common to both, as in two semi-detached houses. Two pairs of wrens brought up two families in these nests. The boy was certain of this, as he had watched them until the young birds flew. We feel sure his word can be depended on. This wholesome youngster was a pleasing contrast to a sallow, pimply-faced youth whom we had previously met at the entrance to Manaccan village. On asking him the way to Helford Creek he answered, "First stile to the left. Will you give something to the missionaries?" all in one sentence and on one shrill, raucous note. A product of the times that, let us hope, is not common. The approach to Helford Creek through the wood is delightful. You suddenly see a gleam of blue water between the trees, a gable-end or two, and then you are in the little village walking along by the creek shore past the thatch-roofed post office to the "Shipwright's Arms," a charming inn by the water's edge, which commands a grand view of the Helford River, into which the creek here opens. This would be an ideal spot for a summer's holiday with a boat, a few books, and a boon companion.

That evening at sunset we took the inn boat and rowed some distance up the river. We wonder how many people know the Helford River. The late Queen Victoria was taken down the Dart and Fal, and much admired them both, as have many of her subjects. But the Helford River is rarely visited, and yet in some ways it surpasses in beauty either of these two famous streams.

There is a peculiar charm about its wooded shores, its many secluded creeks, that wind far into the heart of the hills, its deep, clear water, and its delightful landing-places, where gnarled oak-stems are reflected in the smooth surface of the stream, and kingfishers dart like living jewels at one's approach. It is five miles from the entrance between Dennis and Rosemullion Heads to Gweek, which is as far as boats can go ; and there are as many more miles of winding subsidiary creeks. And everywhere there is the charm of forest, of still water, of enfolding hills, and incomparable vistas. That evening the water was like a mirror ; smoke rose straight and blue from an occasional cottage, the shores were echoing with the songs of thrushes and blackbirds, a heavy-looking cormorant flew up the centre of the river at a train's pace, and a heron stood motionless on one leg close to a spit of land crowned with some palm-shaped pines. It was a scene of great beauty.

The next morning, after a night at the little inn, where we were made very comfortable, we were rowed across to Dargan. From there we climbed the road for a few hundred yards, and then cut across some fields to the Porthallack valley and Parson's Cove, and then up the hill to Mawnan Church. The interior we found plastered with texts and oleographs. Let us get back to the pure dome of heaven and the benign influences of the "green book of Nature," in whose fair pages the lineaments of the great Spirit are never distorted or belittled. The view from the tree-surrounded churchyard across the river is very fine.

We now passed over the top of Rosemullion Head,

and after a couple of miles of walking across low, field-covered headlands we reached Maen Porth. Here there are a beautiful strip of sandy beach and a fine valley of some breadth at the back of it. Mounting by a broad path, we kept along the summit of a shelving cliff, and were soon standing on Pennance Point and looking down on Swanpool and Falmouth. Descending, we skirted the reedy margin of the pool, and entering an avenue of lofty elms, we passed a house of some size with a plaster model of a brig over the entrance. This is Marlborough House. It was built by the celebrated Captain Bull, who commanded the Post Office packet brig *The Duke of Marlborough*, in which he fought several famous actions; and the model we have just seen surmounting the entrance faithfully represents her. Following a path underneath the railroad we reached the top of the hill, close to the observatory, and then walked down into Falmouth, where we got quarters for the night.

CHAPTER XX

FROM FALMOUTH TO FOWEY

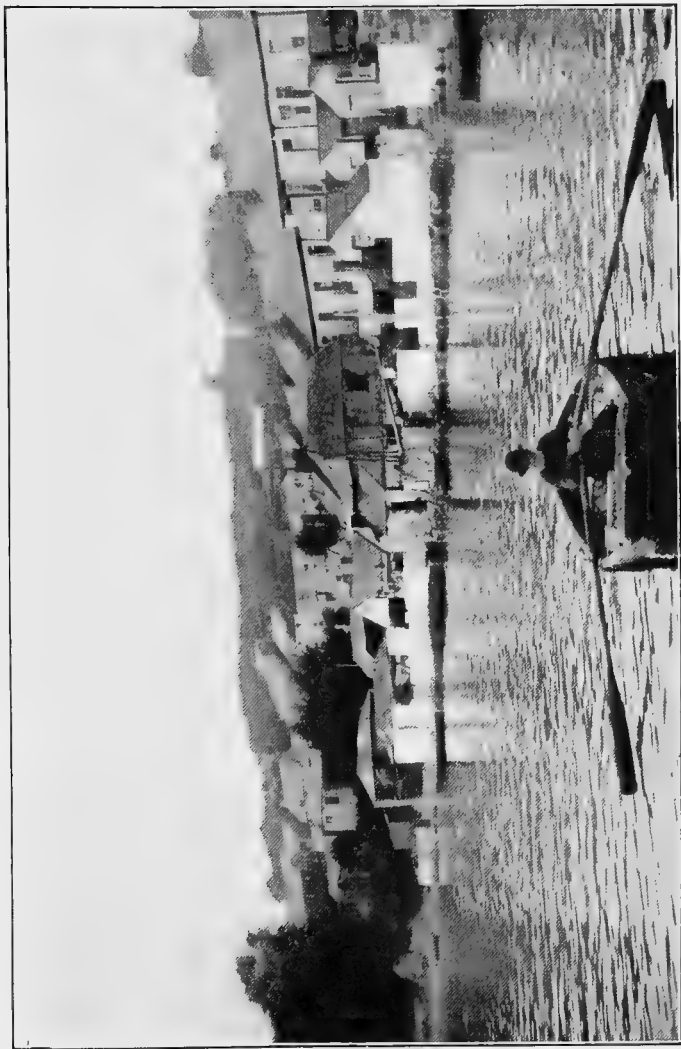
THE next few days we devoted to exploring Falmouth and its beautiful surroundings. It is not an old town. Penryn, two miles away, on one of the many harbour creeks, is centuries older, but Falmouth's life history has loomed large in the naval annals of the last two hundred years. In 1688 Falmouth became the head-quarters of the Post Office Packet Service. In that year two packets commenced running regularly to Corunna with mails. In 1702 more vessels were put on to run to Barbados, Jamaica, and certain places in North America. In 1704 a service to Lisbon was started. In 1808 there were thirty-nine Post Office boats regularly sailing from Falmouth for Northern Spain, the Mediterranean ports, the Brazils, the West India Islands, and New York. Their officers and men numbered over twelve hundred. These vessels were mostly brigs of about two hundred tons, but some were barquerigged and a few full-rigged. They were stoutly built, and all were fine sailing craft. They were armed with a few four or six-pounders, and in addition invariably carried a couple of long brass nine-pound stern-chasers, known as Post Office guns. Their crews usually numbered between twenty-five and thirty-five officers and

men, and they were always well supplied with muskets, boarding-pikes, cutlasses, and ammunition. Though their captains had orders to escape whenever possible, and save the mails, many a gallant fight did these little vessels put up against overwhelming odds. In fact, some of their achievements rival the tallest yarns of a Marryat or a Stevenson. Cornishmen particularly ought to be better versed than they are in these too little known feats of heroism and seamanship; for the majority of those who took part in these actions were natives of the Duchy. Every "Cousin Jack," for instance, should read how Boatswain Pascoe, in the *Atalanta*, after his captain and officers were killed, fought and took a big French privateer, more than twice her match in every particular. How Captain Anthony, in the *Cornwallis*, off Tarifa, engaged and beat off six Spanish gunboats armed with several twenty-four and thirty-pounders. Of the brilliant actions of Captain Bull, in the little *Duke of Marlborough*; of the gallant defence of the *Townshend* against two American privateers; and of many another tough engagement, in which were displayed as high courage and as brilliant seamanship as even a Nile or a Trafalgar can claim. At the commencement of the nineteenth century there was plenty of money in Falmouth, and stirring scenes were to be witnessed nearly every day. Men-of-war were constantly entering and leaving the harbour. And not a week passed but one or more gallant little packets, bending under a cloud of canvas, would pass Pendennis Head. And often—too often—there would be sighted, staggering across the bay, a battered hull with shattered masts

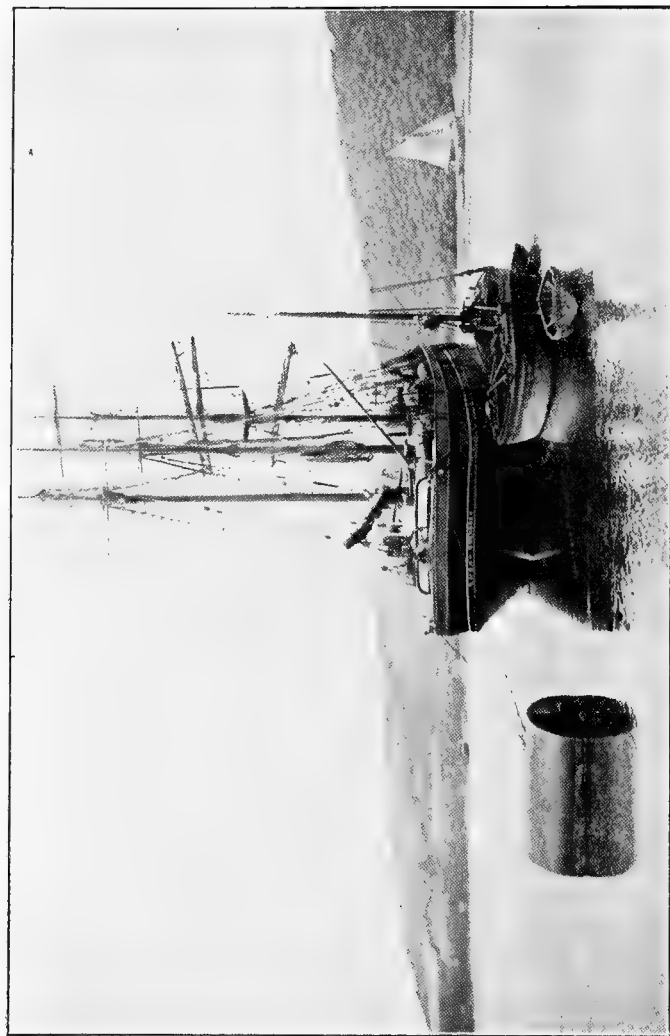
and spars, torn sails and dismounted guns, as a little Post Office boat, having sunk or beaten off her enemy, crawled laboriously home.

In Cromwell's time Falmouth, although then a mere village, saw a good deal of fighting. Pendennis Castle, built by Henry VIII to defend the harbour entrance, was held for the King by Colonel Arundell, and withstood a siege of six months. And in still earlier times, when the powerful Killigrews lorded it over the district, curious deeds of piracy and plunder were perpetrated in Falmouth Harbour by their retainers and tenants. For do we not read that in the winter of 1580 a Spanish ship, the *Maria* of St. Sebastian, was driven into Falmouth Harbour, having lost her masts, and that during the night she was plundered by "certaine Englishmen, whereof three or fouer are said to be Killigrew's ser-vantes"? In fact, there can be little doubt but that Lady Killigrew ordered the raid. So much for the past.

Falmouth of the present day possesses many striking characteristics. The beauty of its surroundings is probably unrivalled in the Duchy. The town is situated on a somewhat hilly promontory terminating in Pendennis Head. It has two fronts, one facing north and the busy waters of its spacious harbour, the other facing south and the Atlantic. This southern frontage of late years has been exceedingly well laid out and built upon. Wherever possible trees have been left standing and others planted; broad, well-kept roads have been made in suitable directions, a superior class of dwelling-house insisted on, and gardens have been made. This should be a lesson to the whole Duchy. For many of her sea-



FLUSHING



THE TRURO RIVER, MALPAS IN THE DISTANCE

To face page 297

side towns have fallen far short of this high standard, and (in reality) far-seeing policy. They have allowed the jerry-builder and local speculator far too free a hand. Their municipal authorities have failed to realise their responsibilities. They have viewed this matter of town extension from the narrowest of penny-wise points of vision. A momentary profit has often tempted them to a mean and meagre policy, the fulfilment of which can bring nothing but shame and loss to future generations. For they have not had the good sense and courage to forbid the erection of shoddy, hideous villas and houses and the cutting of narrow, treeless streets. They have thus failed to do their duty as the responsible trustees of those who will come after them.

One of the most delightful features of life in Falmouth during the summer months is the numerous expeditions up the rivers and creeks that radiate from its spacious harbour. Every morning a fleet of steamers leaves the Prince of Wales's Pier for Truro, St. Mawes, the Helford River, the Manacles, and Coverack; and two or three times a week for Fowey, Looe, the Lizard, and Penzance. And whenever there are suitable tides, to the Tresillian River and the Fal. The fares are exceedingly moderate, and the scenery revealed has that luxuriance of growth and colour which is peculiar to Cornwall.

Our first trip was to Truro. On leaving the pier we had a fine view of Falmouth, its houses rising tier on tier upon its twin hills, so abruptly divided by a steep valley. But why did the municipal authorities allow so hideous an erection as the galvanised iron electric power station to crown the skyline? It occupies the most

dominating position in the whole town, and is the first object to catch the eye of all who approach Falmouth by sea. Threading our way amongst scores of yachts and other craft we passed the old *Foudroyant* training-ship, and were soon steaming up the broad waters of the Carrick Roads. Here four large full-rigged ships were at anchor. As we neared them many eyes paid tribute to their stately presence. For who can gaze on one of these white-winged wanderers, fresh from the Antipodes or the Pacific, without feeling that something of the romance and spirit of the great waters still clings to them? One knows that but yesterday, as it were, those shapely hulls glowed in the magic of tropic dawns and sunsets, that the Southern Cross looked down on the salt-stained decks, and the lonely albatross soared over the towering masts.

In a few miles the roads contract, and we were steaming up a comparatively narrow river between wooded shores. After a devious course of great beauty we saw in front of us the spires of Truro Cathedral. Truro as a town has not much to recommend it. It lies in a valley, but its cathedral gives it a certain distinction. It is a fine building, but in no sense a masterpiece. It lacks the dignified simplicity of our Norman and the ornate richness of most of our Gothic cathedrals; while the general effect of the exterior is, in our opinion, somewhat marred by the squatness of the central spire. There is an excellent museum in Truro, a good free library, first-rate schools for boys and girls, and an important market. The streets are broad and well kept, and, judging from the remarkable number of



A TRURO STREET



ST. MAWES

To face page 298



FALMOUTH



ST. MAWES CASTLE

To face page 290

parsons and policemen we saw in these streets, we shall surely be safe in hazarding the conjecture that the spiritual and material welfare of the inhabitants are fully assured.

On another occasion we crossed the bay and steamed up the Helford River to Gweek, where we landed and explored the village in the hollow of the hills. After which we had tea in an old mill-house, and knew that we should never get nearer to Arcady than this sheltered vale, miles from anywhere, into which we had so unceremoniously blundered, along a river whose riparian scenery must assuredly have come unchanged from Fairyland itself.

On yet another occasion we crossed over to St. Mawes, visited its old castle (which, like Pendennis, was built by Henry VIII), and basked in its sunny street, so curiously reminiscent of a French village. Then we climbed the hill and walked to St. Just in Roseland, and stood amazed at the sudden vision of the blue creek, with its steep, wooded sides, its grey old church close to the water's edge, and its graveyard full of scores of standard roses. Unfortunately the interior of the church is spoilt by a hideous yellow distemper and a new roof covered with texts.

One fine morning we went up the Tresillian River, far into the heart of the Duchy, along an ever-narrowing stream, till we lay beside a wooden jetty that protruded from a flowery meadow. And close by was Tresillian village, with a picturesque old inn, an historic bridge, and a church with an Italian-looking campanile, the bells hanging outside. Once we visited the Fal,

perhaps the most beautiful of the three rivers that together have formed the Carrick Roads. Most people think it is the Fal that runs past Truro, but such is not the case. It is the Truro River they are navigating when they visit the cathedral city. The mistake has arisen through the many advertisements of "Up the Fal to Truro," etc. etc. They should be worded, "Up the Truro River to Truro," etc. etc. The Fal comes down past Tregony and Lamorran, and joins the Truro and Tresillian Rivers just below Tregothnan, Lord Falmouth's fine place.

One day we walked round Pendennis Head. The road describes a circle and thus commands some of the finest views of the coast, the harbour, and the town. On this particular occasion we saw a most stirring incident. As we reached the extremity of the point three large, full-rigged ships were heading for the harbour entrance. They were not more than half a mile away, and three hundred square yards would have covered the lot. It was blowing nearly half a gale of wind on their port quarter. All three were carrying top-gallant sails, and everything was as taut as a board. On they came at a tremendous pace, hurling the water from their bows like live things. They tore past us, not a cable's length from the shore, two nearly dead level and the third only a few yards astern. It was a most exhilarating spectacle, and beat any regatta we had ever seen.

And now, before leaving Falmouth, let us place on record our belief that there is no seaside resort in Cornwall that can offer quite so many attractions. It can

gratify so many tastes. If you do not care for scenery, there are miles of sheltered water for boating, fishing, and sailing. If you do not care for these things, there are excellent golf and tennis. If games offend you, there are some of the finest walks in the West awaiting your adventurous footsteps. And finally, if you are not robust, or are suffering from what an eminent statesman once described as *Anno Domini*, then Falmouth offers you a climate so equable and a winter so robbed of its rigours that you will find yourself spending more time in the open air than you had hitherto thought possible north of the Mediterranean littoral.

About three o'clock one glorious afternoon we crossed the harbour in the *St. Mawes* steamer, and landed close to Place House, a gloomy-looking mansion facing north, with the little church of *St. Anthony* in Roseland adjoining it, and which, by the way, we found locked. Climbing the hilly road we turned to the right, and soon reached the summit of Zoze Head, where there are a fort and a coastguard signalling station. The western slope of the head, facing the harbour, is covered with a fir wood. On the shore below is *St. Anthony's Lighthouse*, with a large bell hanging outside it. It happened to be a very clear day, and we could see Dartmoor faintly outlined against the eastern sky. Passing the signalling house, we kept along the summits of the sloping cliffs, past Porthmellin Sands, where some children were bathing. Then on to Porthmellin Head. Here we opened up Gerrans Bay, with Nare Head and the Gull Rock. In less than a mile we descended to the Towan Sands. The adjacent coast is low and cultivated, the

nearer hills being crowned with plantations, giving to the country quite a Devonian appearance. A branch of the Percuil Creek comes to within a few hundred yards of these sands, so that a very short cutting would make the land we have been traversing an island. Continuing along the sands, which we noticed were covered with small yellow and orange shells, we reached Greeb Point. Here we sat down by the side of an old tamarisk tree and watched a man and a pair of horses ploughing the field we were in. And as we saw the dark earth being turned up in ridges by the ploughshare we thought of the eternal fruitfulness of this wondrous mould, this earth mother from which we have all come and to which we must all return. For if there is any one thing certain it is that from this very earth has issued every living thing, from the first pulsing protoplasm of the primal ooze to the men and women of the present day, to say nothing of the trees and flowers. The low alluvial sides of Greeb Point were covered with kidney vetch and bird's-foot trefoil, and here and there enormous hemlocks. The larks were singing gaily as we continued our way along the low cliffs. Though grandeur is lacking, there is a charm about this softer scenery. The cawing of rooks mingled with the lash of the waves ; and the life of the fields lent an added charm to the life of the sea. Hereabouts we noticed some oyster-catchers flying at a great pace in single file close to the shore, and uttering a series of loud, melodious cries. Their wings, being equally divided lengthways into black and white, give them a striking appearance when flying.

In another mile we reached the fishing village of Port-



TRURO CATHEDRAL

To face page 302



PORTSCATHO



GORRAN-HAVEN

To face page 303

scatho. Unlike the majority of Cornish fishing havens, it lies in a low bay, and not in a steep valley, with a cliff-guarded cove. It is a clean village, with an inn, a shop or two, and a post office. Its parish church is on the hill in the village of Gerrans, half a mile inland. After getting a room in a flower-surrounded cottage opposite the Ship Inn (where, under the present management, they do not let bedrooms), we strolled up to Gerrans, just as the sun was setting. The church has a well-proportioned but small tower and spire. Close to the south porch is a fine Celtic cross. On the way back we were much struck by the view over Gerrans Bay. The distant shore makes a grand curve, which terminates most effectively in the abrupt Nare Head, while beyond, a curious repetition in form, towers the Dodman. Cutting the level skyline across the bay is the huge barrow known as Gerrans Mound. This marks the tomb of the Cornish King Gerranius, who was buried there about the year A.D. 600. He had a palace at Tregurrel, in the bight of the bay, and the tradition is that his body was rowed from there across the water in a golden boat with silver oars and buried, boat, oars, and all, on the top of the hill. A pretty story, but unfortunately not corroborated when the tomb was opened about half a century ago. A stone coffin was found containing ashes, but no golden boat or silver oars. As we re-entered Portscatho there was not a breath of wind, and the stocks and lilies in the cottage gardens were loading the air with perfume; and the voices of the children mingled with the screaming of the swifts and the mellow solos of a couple of thrushes.

The next morning we were off early, and passing the

coastguard station were soon skirting a small cove where there is an old limekiln. After rounding Pedn-waden Point we had two miles of undulating, sloping cliffs that call for no special remark. Then we descended to Pendower Sands, which are of considerable extent. Inland a trout stream comes tinkling down a fine valley, whose steep sides are a wilderness of bracken, gorse, blackthorn, and elder. Along the bottom of the vale some tall elms add much to its picturesqueness. Close to the sands is a house known as Pendower House. It has a lawn-tennis lawn, a good kitchen garden, and some stables ; and we believe lodgings can be obtained there. For those who really desire to get away from life's hurly-burly, and who experience a real pleasure on lonely shores, we cannot imagine a more delightful retreat. Nothing but the voices of the gulls and the shrill cries of the young kestrels will disturb their reveries.

We left the sands by a road that goes straight up the hill, in order to visit the tomb of King Gerranius. We found it in a field on the top of the hill, an enormous mound covered with gorse. From here we took a field path to Veryan. We know no Cornish village quite so embosomed amongst trees. The cottages are very picturesque. Some of them are round, with a cross on the apex of the circular roof, indicating, we imagine, an ecclesiastical origin. The church, like the village, is surrounded with foliage. It has a good roof and some interesting mural tablets. Retracing our steps we made for the hamlet of Carne, which is high above the sea near Gerrans Mound. From the coastguard station we descended a gorse-covered hill past a curious outcrop

of slate rock heavily veined with white quartz. In about a mile we reached Pradda Cove, where we noticed a natural archway known as Fregeagh's Cave. Climbing up the wild southern slope of the valley we finally reached the broad summit of Nare Head. From here there is a splendid view of the coast both east and west. Nare Head is over three hundred feet high, and its cliffs bristle with slaty fangs, but not being perpendicular, they lack the imposing stateliness and symmetry of the granite headlands of Penwith. In fact, all along this southern coast of Cornwall it is not so much the cliffs that excite one's admiration as the noble sequence of bays and headlands, the luxuriant vegetation, and the frequent picturesque coves, valleys, and fishing havens.

From Nare Head, after a couple of miles of up and down going over humpy headlands and skirting numerous fields, we reached the steep slope of Jacka Point, and saw beneath us the fishing village of Portloe. Let us sit awhile before descending and drink in the spirit and beauty of a fitting ending to a lovely day. For it has been one of those days that come sometimes in June, and are amongst the brightest gifts of the gods. The sun had risen (and we had been lucky enough to see it) through a thin veil of mist—golden-hued and rapidly vanishing before his all-conquering beams. Then the sky had become a deep azure, in which a few white clouds hung well-nigh motionless. The scented air throughout our walk had seemed to us sweeter than all the odours of Araby, for it brought us visions of similar days in the long ago, and of bright eyes that mirrored happiness and love, when hand in hand we had wandered

through Elysian fields and drunk the milk of Paradise, visions which, though fraught with sadness, we would not part with for a kingdom.

Our reverie over—and who does not indulge in them sometimes?—we climbed down past quartz-ribbed boulders and engaged a room at the little Ship Inn. After supper we explored the village. It is like so many of these Cornish havens. A few dozen cottages, a steep valley, a stream, a small cliff-guarded cove, brilliant colouring, and a wondrous surrounding growth of flowers and ferns. A little later, when exchanging opinions with some ancient mariners *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam rebus*, a little girl called out, “The bus, the bus.” Instantly everyone was on the *qui vive*, and we saw slowly approaching us down the village street an antiquated vehicle, drawn by a most antiquated-looking steed. The vehicle was packed with villagers, all in their Sunday best. They were wedged in between a miscellaneous collection of merchandise, which rose high around them. On the front seat by the driver sat an old man with a large sewing-machine on his knees. At his side was a girl holding at arm’s-length a fashionable hat, whose ample proportions were but slightly concealed by a paper bag. Each of the inside passengers clasped some bulky purchase.

“Where do they come from?” we asked an old salt, as they slowly drew up near us.

“Truro,” he wheezed. “She be the Truro bus. She do belong to go twice a week to Truro and once to St. Austell.”

Yes, this rickety old wagonette was the only means

of communication, bar the post, that Portloe has with the outside world of care, commerce, and catastrophes. Lucky Portloeians !

The next morning we went down early to some rocks above the cove to take a photograph or two. What a morning it was ! In its golden alchemy the little village was a poem, almost a prayer. The smoke from one or two early fires rose like incense. Every gable and boat's mast was crowned with a motionless gull. A line of ducks was solemnly waddling down the empty street. A cuckoo was calling up the valley, and nearer several thrushes were singing. The less abrupt sides of the cove were covered with sea-pink and samphire. House martins were skimming over the brilliant green water like snowflakes that had become possessed of a pair of dark blue wings ; and the drowsy Atlantic murmured softly as it almost imperceptibly swirled around the rocks. That early morning vision of Portloe was worth going far to see.

After breakfast we shouldered our knapsack and climbed past the coastguard watch-house to the summit of the head. For two miles the going was heavy, a certain amount of hedge-climbing having to be done, and a good deal of uneven surface covered ; but we were from time to time rewarded by some sudden vision of brilliant colour or happy combination of effects. After passing Perhargas Point we descended to West Port-holland. It consists of two cottages, a chapel, and a disused limekiln, that stand close to a small cove into which runs a stream, after traversing a fine valley. Following the coast road we came in a few hundred

yards to East Portholland, likewise situated by the side of a stream that drains a fine valley—more wooded than its western sister—and enters the sea in a small cove. East Portholland is larger than West Portholland, for it can boast of four cottages and two chapels, so we think we may conclude that the spiritual needs of the Porthollanders are well looked after. And if pure water, romantic scenery, a wealth of wild flowers, and the tonic breath of the Atlantic can administer to their physical needs, then these, too, are well catered for.

Continuing along the coast road we mounted a hill, and soon reached a gate on the summit. Passing through this we entered the main road, and descended through a wood to the beautiful valley and cove of Porthluney. Here all is park land and scenic grouping of foliage, for the lower part of the valley forms the beautiful demesne of Caerhays Castle—one of the finest “seats” in Cornwall. The house, which has an imposing castellated façade, stands some three or four hundred yards from the road near a pretty lake. This property formerly belonged to the old Cornish family of Trevannion, but is now in possession of the Williams. Crossing the stream by a bridge we left the road and made for the rough hill-side to the east of the cove. We now faced almost south, and for some distance the undulating headlands are in places clothed with bracken, gorse, and heath. After passing a coastguard watch-house, we presently descended to the broad Hemmick Sands—a great picnicking and bathing resort for the local folk. It is a beautiful spot, with grass-covered slopes and cave-hollowed cliffs. But we must not linger. Climbing its



PORTLOE

To face page 308



MEVAGISSEY

To face page 309

southern flank we soon reached the hamlet of Penare, where are two or three picturesque old farmhouses. Following a lane we came to what looked like an ancient earthwork. And such it proved to be. It runs right across the flat summit of the Dodman. It was used during the Cromwellian rebellion, but whether erected then or on some previous occasion we know not. There must have been a good deal of fighting about here, for the farmers from time to time find cannon-balls and other relics of war. The Dodman is four hundred feet above the sea, and its level summit is covered with gorse. We were soon out on the extreme limit of the head overlooking the sea. Here stands a fine granite cross some twenty feet high. It was put up by a former Vicar of St. Michael Caerhays, and is now, we believe, charted. It is a conspicuous object from the sea and the surrounding country. There is a magnificent view from the Dodman. The coast from Blackhead to the Bolt Head in Devon is visible on a clear day, and inland rise the Hensbarrow Moors, dotted with china-clay dumps; and further away the more mountainous Bodmin Moors, where we recognised the bold outlines of Brown Willy, Roughtor, the Cheesewring, and Caradon Hills. Projecting beyond the surrounding headlands the Dodman has been the scene of many wrecks.

Retracing our steps to the earthwork we bore to the right, and following a path reached a farm, where, striking a lane, we soon saw beneath us, nestling amid elm trees, the fishing village of Gorran Haven. There is no inn here, so we got a room in a private house. The valley at the back of the village is extremely well

wooded and picturesque, and down it runs the inevitable stream. The village consists of several cottages and villas, a coastguard station, a small church, a lifeboat house, a sailors' reading-room, and in the cove, around which are fine cliffs, is a substantial little stone quay. The place looks east across St. Austell Bay, and leads its own self-contained simple life undisturbed by the goings and comings of the outside world. Its *patres conscripti* were seated in a long row on a rude bench as we strolled down to the foreshore after supper. Room was made for us, and we were soon in *medias res*. One old fellow did most of the talking, as is so often the case under similar circumstances. This particular oracle had an unusually developed gift for drawing the long bow. He informed us that the church was so old, that although the "antiquacks," as he called them, had gone back a thousand years, they had not got to the end of it, or rather to the beginning of it. As a matter of fact, it was built in the fifteenth century by the neighbouring Bodrugan family. He also told us that Lostwithiel ("Lostwithall," as he called it) was originally called "Withal," but being totally destroyed by an earthquake, it was rebuilt and renamed "Lostwithall."

The next morning we kept along the cliff-edge, and were soon standing on the low, far-reaching Chapel Point. There are now no traces of any sacred building, but we got a fine view of the bay and the opposite coast between Fowey and Looe. Keeping along the low shore we passed the chasm over which one of the Bodrugans is said to have jumped his horse when hotly pursued by some of the Edgcumbes during one of those feuds

which these two families were so constantly waging. The old Bodrugan mansion lies about a mile inland from Chapel Point, but is not visible from the coast. It is now a farmhouse. Following the low cliffs across some fields we presently reached a road, and descended to Portmellon, where there are a sandy beach and a few Italian-looking houses on the hill-side. Mounting this hill we suddenly saw beneath us the fishing town of Mevagissey. Here we spent the afternoon, and slept the night at the Ship Hotel.

For narrow streets, quaint houses, and appalling smells Mevagissey may be safely reckoned *facile princeps* in Cornwall. There is a medieval air about the little place which is interesting for a time, but we should not care to live there. It is surrounded by hills, and you cannot get away from it without mounting high. There are two fine harbours, an outer and an inner, many boats and nets, and a large fishing industry. The people are well disposed towards visitors, and the town from certain points of view is exceedingly picturesque. The church is situated a little way up the valley. The sundial over the porch is dated 1703. In the chancel we noticed a large tomb with two nearly life-sized stone figures in Elizabethan garb. On it was the following inscription :

“Stock Lancashire, Birth London, Cornwall gave
Otwell Hill inhabitation and grave.”

The next morning we were away again, and tramping the narrow path on the summit of the cliffs. Presently we descended into a steep coombe, where are a couple

of old thatch-roofed cottages. In another half-mile we came down on the long level strip of the Pentewan Sands, the home of many wild flowers. At its further extremity is the little port of Pentewan. This was our first experience of a china-clay harbour, and the white dust covering everything in the vicinity was not pleasant. There is a fine wooded valley at the back of Pentewan, down which comes a considerable stream. But its once pellucid waters are a thick, opaque white, and an oily slime of the same livid hue covers its banks and the few flowers that still linger near it. This fouling of so many streams in Cornwall by mining and clay-digging operations is a sad business, and one to which the Nature-lover can never quite reconcile himself. So often does he see a brook rushing down the upper part of some high valley, clear as crystal, sparkling in the sunlight amidst ferns and flowers. Suddenly a torrent of foul water leaps obscenely at the breast of the happy Nymph, and she becomes in a moment foul, dishonoured, and hideous to behold. Her former playmates, the flowers, no longer dare to accompany her. Henceforth she must creep along through bare, slimy mud banks, a deflowered and disreputable-looking slave, her beauty and her purity destroyed, that men may make a little more gold.

Pentewan village consists of an inn, a shop and post office, and about a dozen or so cottages. Near it is a quarry of the famous Pentewan stone. Passing the church we climbed the hill, and after a mile or so of cliff summit we descended to the beautiful coombe of Hallane. This bosky natural theatre of greenery faces due south,

and is a regular sun-trap. From here we continued our walk to the end of far-reaching Blackhead. Not so high and bold as its namesake near the Lizard, it commands a fine view looking back towards the Dodman. From there we soon reached Gerrans Head, which opens up the great curve of St. Austell Bay and the moors beyond. Joining a road from the coastguard station we skirted a jungle of bracken and dwarf trees that here covers the sloping face of the cliff at the bottom of which is a single house. Continuing along the road we presently took a field path to the right, and after crossing several fields joined another road. Following this for a few hundred yards we again took a path to the right, broad and tree-lined, which brought us to the village of Porthpean, situated on the brow of a hill and surrounded by trees, through which we caught glimpses of the blue water of the bay. Porthpean possesses a small modern church, a few cottages, a wealth of roses, and the inevitable shop and post office. From the village there is a steep descent to the cove. Here are a few boats and bathing-machines, and a good-sized house and garden. It was piping hot when we were there, the water in the cove was stained with clay, and the seaweed smelt horribly. Let us hope these conditions do not always prevail. A little way beyond Porthpean Cove we passed a large house standing in a small park. Then traversing a little plantation we saw beneath us the clay and coal port of Charlestown. This place used to be called Polmear. Then its name was changed in honour of an unfortunate King. And now it should be changed again to Little Hades.

The smoke of its torment ascended in heavy clouds of black and white dust as we scrambled down the steep hill-side into the gruesome pit, where a crowd of undistinguishable beings are for ever emptying and loading an inexhaustible fleet of schooners. What the natural features of Charlestown originally were it is impossible to say, for everything is coated with white or black dust, and sometimes with both together, the result being a most depressing grey, as of ashes. Grass, trees, flowers, houses, and people, all share the same fate. Nothing escapes; and the result is indescribable. How anyone can be persuaded to work, much less live in such a nightmare of a place, we cannot imagine. But what will not necessity compel men to do? It was, we must admit, blowing half a gale from the eastward when we were there, after a month's drought, so probably the conditions were worse than usual. Let us hope so. At first we could see nothing, but gradually our eyes accustomed themselves to the murk, and we made out that on one side of the harbour vessels were being loaded with china clay, and their crews were as white as millers. On the other side coal was being discharged, and here the crews were as black as Erebus. The villagers, and those not immediately concerned with the shipping, were black or white, according to which side of the port they resided on. While some were both black and white, like magpies. It was more than we could stand. We went into an inn for tea. We were shown into a small room mathematically square. The one window was closely shut because of the dust, though the shade temperature was over 70°. In spite of this a white

film covered chairs, table, mantelpiece, piano, and artificial flowers. On one of the walls was a tragic rendering of the Deluge, arms, legs, and heads being hopelessly mixed up with tree-trunks and domestic furniture. It was all most depressing. After tea we staggered out and stumbled up against a man carrying a large shovel over his shoulder. His face and clothes were the colour of ashes.

"How on earth do you fellows manage to live and work in such an appalling atmosphere?" we asked in a husky voice.

"Well, boss," was the prompt and equally husky answer, "we couldn't do it if it warn't for the beer."

We left this champion of our national beverage with a feeling of respect. His hearty faith in any vital principle in such a veritable Gehenna was most stimulating. About two miles inland from Charlestown is St. Austell, a thriving market town with a fine church, but we had not time to make a detour to visit it. As we climbed out of Charlestown we gleefully shook her dust from our feet.

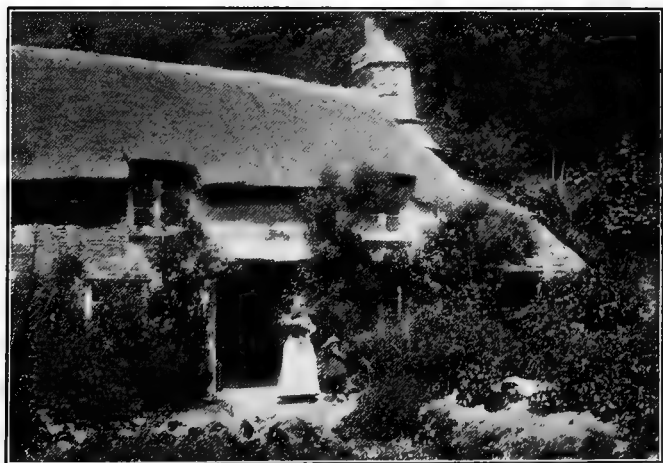
The next two miles were along low cliffs by the side of a long strip of sand and shingle, where are a few boats and bathing-machines, and call for no particular remark. Then we saw Par in front of us. Here are more schooners and more black and white dust. Let us hurry on. Par and its neighbour, St. Blazey, possess no attractions worth turning aside to see, so we continued our walk along the edge of the broad sands that line the bight of the bay. At their eastern extremity we climbed a narrow lane to our right, which brought us to a farm.

Then we crossed a field, and after skirting the edge of a considerable cliff, dropped down by a steep path to the little village of Polkerris. Here Nature is her own sweet self once again, and trees, flowers, and water their natural hues. Polkerris and its little semicircular cove are so completely surrounded by a crescent-shaped hill that they resemble the stage and pit of a huge natural theatre. The old thatched cottages are very picturesque, and the little gardens are gay with flowers. In front of one cottage, of which we took a photo, grew two lemon verbenas quite twenty feet high and in full flower. This testifies to the mildness of the climate, for a very slight frost will cut down this delicate shrub. There is a lifeboat station at Polkerris ; but as several of the crew live at Par, nearly two miles away, one wonders why it is not removed to Fowey. The village school is one of the quaintest we had ever seen. It is situated in a disused pilchard-curing building. A wooden staircase from the granite-supported quadrangle leads to an upper room in the north wing overlooking the cove. The whole place has a curiously foreign and monastic aspect.

Leaving the school and following a steep path through a wood, we turned to the right by the side of a field at the top of the hill, and soon reached the coast, which we followed in a southerly direction over low hills by the side of numerous fields. Presently we came to a wood and the slate cliffs of Gribbin Head, where numerous gulls nest. On the top of the head is a lofty stone tower painted red and white. It was erected by the Trinity Brethren as a landmark for shipping. Near it is a ruined

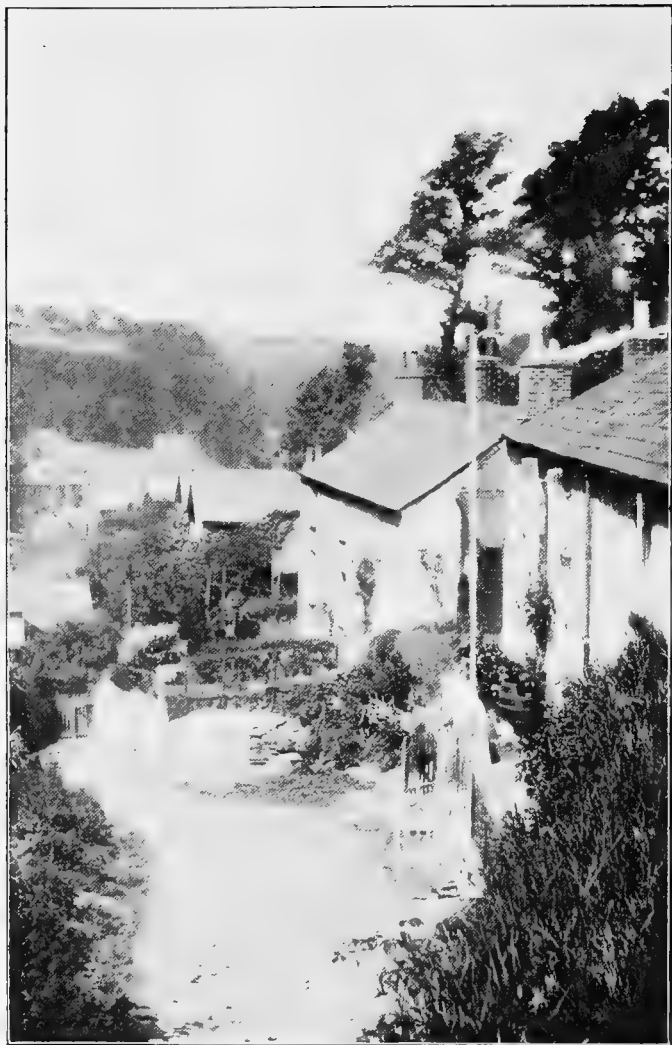


POLKERRIS



COTTAGE IN POLKERRIS

To face page 316



BODINNICK, NEAR FOWEY

To face page 317

coastguard watch-house, around which we noticed a quantity of hound's-tongue, the most evil-smelling plant in Great Britain. Descending the easterly slope of the head, the house and park of Menabilly, owned by the Rashleigh family, came into view. On reaching sea-level we passed a field of oats in which were some purple corn cockles (*L. Githago*), a rather rare flower in Cornwall. We now walked round little Polridmouth (pronounced Pridmouth) Cove, where there is a sandy beach. Close to the shore is a cottage and a curious grotto. This was built by a former owner of Menabilly. The interior walls and roof are covered with Cornish minerals, crystals, agates, marbles, sponges, etc. etc. In another mile we came to an abrupt valley, at the bottom of which, close to a little sandy cove, the Fowey Golf Club has one of its "greens." Climbing its eastern slope, which is steeper than a good many roofs, and must, one would think, be productive of a good deal of "language" from tired golfers, we wound round a smooth bluff, and bearing to the left by a wood suddenly saw before us one of the most exquisite prospects that even the Cornish coast can command. To our right, between bold, rocky heads, was the narrow entrance to Fowey River, which wound in front of us between wooded hills. On its western shore Fowey rose in a picturesque confusion of roofs and chimneys. On the eastern shore and close to the river entrance the village of Polruan climbed the hill. And between them lay ships and yachts and boats of many countries and many rigs. Descending through a wood we skirted Ready Money Cove, a favourite bathing-place, and mounting past a large house called

Neptune's Point, we reached a row of villas on our left hand. On our right were several little gardens full of lilies and roses. And we looked over these down on the deep river. We now noticed the two blockhouses at the river's mouth, between which in olden days the Foyans used to make fast a huge iron cable, thus blocking the entrance to their harbour. A little lower down the hill, opposite the large hotel, some elm trees grow in one of the gardens. Here the view was so perfect that we had to pause again. The sun had set an hour ago, and the long June day was coming to a close. A green Italian brigantine was lying under the opposite wooded hill, now a rich plum colour in the gathering gloom. Polruan rose tier on tier of old-world houses framed by the elms. Overhead was a sky of violet shot with gold. It was a wonderful twilight and a most wonderful picture. But there was yet another glory to come. As we gazed, the moon, first like a golden bow and then in full-orbed splendour, rose slowly over the roofs of Polruan and completed the witchery of the coming night. Thanking the gods for this foretaste of Paradise, we entered the little town and got quarters in one of the hotels.

CHAPTER XXI

FROM FOWEY TO LOOE

England is the Love-land of a myriad little poets who come on eager wing with throbbing hearts, often thousands of miles, to woo and mate and rear their young. The nightingale who thrills our souls in the moonlight may quite possibly have spent the winter within sight of Himalayan snows, or in some dreamy jungle on the Upper Nile. If only the great Spirit had given us wings !

IT is difficult in the restricted space at our command to give a correct idea of Fowey. It is unique. There is nothing quite like it elsewhere. It and its river have been compared to Dartmouth and the Dart, but the resemblance is mainly superficial. The latter are on a larger scale and lack the homogeneity, the compactness, the happy grouping of line and colour which characterise Fowey and its surroundings. In addition to this, there is the Atlantic, the Celtic spirit, and the subtle Cornish colouring which are naturally absent from the Devon port. This harmony and compactness of scale are great factors in the fascination of Fowey. The visitor is confronted with a *coup d'œil* that leaves an impression not easily effaced. At once he is intimate with the life of the town, the coming and going of the ships, the rich verdure of the enfolding hills, and the beauty of their inmost recesses, revealed by the sinuous windings of the river. Live a week or two in Fowey, and you will find the charm of it all grow upon you.

It is a cosmopolitan little place, because ships of nearly every European nation are constantly calling for china clay. Fortunately for the æsthetic attraction of Fowey, they are loaded at jetties some way up the river above the town. These vessels, while waiting for their turn, often anchor for several days abreast of the town, close under the wooded hill of the river's further shore; and their presence adds much to the general picturesqueness. There are often large, full-rigged ships, white, square-sterned Norwegian and Swedish barques and brigs, Danish schooners, with picturesque deck-houses and elaborate wooden taffrails, Russian three-masted fore-and-afters, and one or two large tramp steamers carrying seven or eight thousand tons; for vessels drawing as much as twenty-six feet of water can lie alongside the jetties. Then again, the life of the place is very attractive, especially to the dwellers in inland counties. It is almost amphibious. Even the children can row and manage a boat. As at Venice, the river is the great highway. You take a boat at Fowey as you take a tramcar or carriage elsewhere. There is always a flotilla awaiting your call. Farmers bring their market produce by boat, people pay their calls and go to the station by boat; local choirs and school-treat children, instead of arriving by Jersey car, often come by boat; doctors visit their patients by boat, and sometimes the last journey of all is made by boat. Thus the busy waterway enters largely into one's memories of Fowey.

We recall one Saturday night when we stood on the town quay and watched the market people going home

in their boats. Mostly women and children with empty baskets and numerous household purchases. With many a hearty "good night" they glided out on to the silent river, their oar blades making little maelstroms of sparkling diamonds as they stirred up the phosphorus. Slowly they disappeared into the darkness that was punctuated with the riding lights of vessels. Then, after the sound of their oars had died away, there would come distant greetings, or the faint echo of a song, generally in some foreign language, from the fo'c'sle of one of the anchored ships; or the long-drawn-out "Ship ahoy," as some skipper, anxious to be put aboard, hailed hoarsely. Then gradually these sounds ceased. Burghers and sailors sought their respective beds and bunks, and all that remained to break the silence was the drumming of the nightjars on the opposite shore. By the way, Wordsworth was wrong when he said, "The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth with burring note." This burring, or drumming, is only produced when the bird is at rest, never when it is on the wing. Occasionally when flying it utters a few quick notes, something like the whistle of the curlew, but not so loud. Of this we are certain, as we have watched them carefully night after night in Cornwall during many summers.

A week or more could well be spent in exploring Fowey River, its creeks and its tributary, the Lerryn. Pont Creek, nearly opposite the town, is very beautiful. At its eastern extremity stands Lanteglos Church, some two hundred feet above the water. A most interesting church that has lately been restored with

great taste and a reverential care in preserving its original characteristics. How different would the churches of England be to-day if such care and good taste had been general. There is a fine Celtic cross in the churchyard close to the south porch. Penpoll Creek is also well worth a visit, for at high tide you can go as far as the hamlet of Penpoll, and from there climb the hill to St. Veep Church, famous for its melodious bells.

The Lerryn River makes a charming expedition. You ascend for a couple of miles an ever-narrowing stream between hanging woods, and just as you think they are going to bar your further progress, they open out and reveal a smiling valley and the picturesque village of Lerryn, with its medieval bridge, its old cottages, its great elms, and its idyllic village life, as yet unsullied by motors and petrol, for it is miles from anywhere. And then, if you like and the tide is a high one, you can scull your boat through the old bridge and up under the willows, where, in a silent pool beneath the shadowy trees, cows stand up to their knees in the water to avoid the flies, and the sunlight finds its way between the leaves and dapples their ruddy sides with gold; and the scented rushes tower above you, and the voices of the haymakers in the meadows are borne to you, mingled with the singing of birds. And the spirit of summer enters into your soul. Moments such as these are worth having. Unhappy indeed is the man who has never felt a thrill of pleasure when a summer's day has kissed him on both cheeks and whispered of Elysian fields where the sunshine is eternal and the flowers never die. Who has not sometimes bowed his head

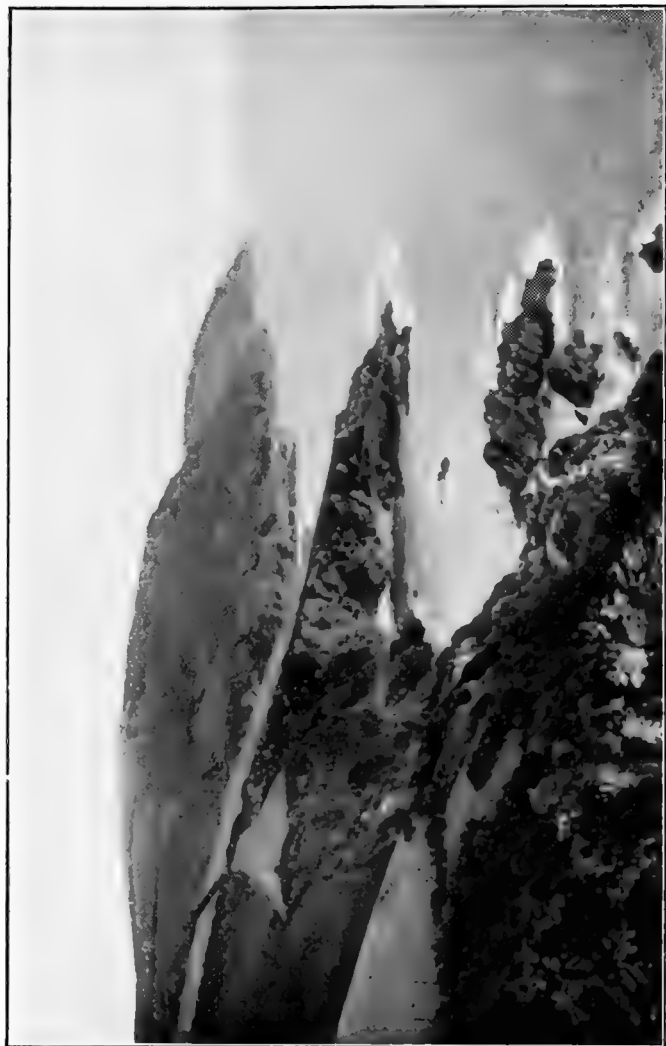


FOWEY RIVER, POLRUAN IN DISTANCE



LERRY BRIDGE

To face page 322



LANSALLOS HEAD

before the benediction of the coming night, when the sun has set in a passion of flame behind the purple hills, and the shriven stars have lighted their tall tapers in the dome of night? If we do not care for these things, then our place is behind the counter or on the office stool; for the chink of gold will ever be sweeter to our ears than the singing of nightingales, and the contemplation of a goodly balance in our bank-books a fairer spectacle than the lilies of the field or the Godlike crest of the noblest Alp. I am inclined to think that a love of Nature and natural beauty is the profoundest passion we can know. Custom does not stale it, age does not lessen it, for "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." And those whose spirits can dance with the daffodils, and whose ears can from time to time catch echoes of the glad singing of the morning stars, will never be wholly overwhelmed by the arrows of Fate, be they never so numerous and sharp.

Finally there is the broad reach of the Fowey itself, past Golant, whose orchard-surrounded cottages rise most effectively above the river crowned by St. Sampson's Church on the top of the hill; and then on to St. Winnow, whose grey church tower rises close to the water's edge. Both St. Winnow and St. Sampson are worth a visit. There are some good stained glass and some old oak pews in the former, and a fine pulpit and roof in the latter. But the local guide-books give full particulars of all the churches in the neighbourhood, so it is unnecessary to say anything about them here. At spring tides it is possible to row up to Lostwithiel, but it is better to visit that place by train.

There are two public ferries at Fowey, one from White-House Quay to Polruan, and the other from a quay alongside the Railway Hotel to Bodinnick. This is a charming hamlet of old cottages and an inn. They line the road from the ferry as it climbs a steep hill, amid tall elms and spreading sycamores. Half-way up this hill to the right is a grass walk that every visitor should visit. It runs along the brow of the hill overlooking the harbour, and commands a really fine view of Fowey, Polruan, the river, and the sea and coast beyond. It is called Hall Walk. A few hundred yards above it is a farmhouse known as Hall. A portion of it represents all that remains of the ancestral home of the once powerful Mohuns, with the exception of the chapel now used as a cow-shed. Here the curious can see sleek cows munching their hay where once High Mass was celebrated. Fowey Church is of considerable size and interest, and just behind and above it is Place House, for many centuries the home of the Treffry family. It is a somewhat ornate structure, half house, half castle, with a lofty tower out of all proportion to the rest of the building. But church and castle, when seen from the town below, especially in the gloaming, produce quite a medieval effect.

Salmon enter the Fowey River in large numbers during the summer months. Men in boats lie in wait for them near the harbour mouth, and enclose them in seine nets which are "tucked" in the same way as in the pilchard fishery. Over ninety large fish have been landed in this way at one haul. We happened one afternoon to be close by when thirty-two fish were caught. It was a

stirring spectacle as the last few yards of net were being hauled into the big seine boat, disclosing a seething mass of leaping fish, many of them over fifteen pounds in weight. One man during the process got so excited that he leant over the gunwale and seized one of the largest fish in his arms. But he had leant just an inch too far, and went headlong, fish and all, into the water, from which he was at once retrieved by his companions, still clasping the fish. It reminded us of two Frenchmen we once saw at Longprè, in Picardy. They had come down one Sunday morning from Amiens for a day's pike-fishing in one of the Longprè meres. We happened to be sketching close to them. For an hour or so both fished in silence. Then one of them suddenly commenced reeling in his line in a frenzy of emotion. His friend, throwing down his rod, seized the landing net and stood at attention. Presently a pike's head appeared. The friend knelt down, and dipping the net under the fish hurled it on to the bank. Then falling down on the top of the astonished pike, he clasped him as a mother clasps a baby to her breast. He then commenced running up and down the bank in an ecstatic frenzy. The man who had caught the fish, and who in his excitement had hurled his rod into a tree, ran after him and tried to take the fish away, shouting, "*Donnez moi, donnez moi, nomme de chien, c'est le mien.*"

"*Non, non,*" yelled his friend, and resisted every effort to make him give up his prize. We noticed that one of his thumbs was in the pike's mouth and was bleeding copiously, but monsieur heeded it not. So much for Gallic enthusiasm !

And now the time has come when we must leave Fowey. There is much more to say about this interesting little place, not only as it is to-day, but as it was in the past. For Fowey has loomed big in the fighting annals of England. She took a large share in the Crusades, and in Plantagenet times was the third largest port in the kingdom. But we have not space for these matters. Besides, are they not to be found in many books ? Before leaving, however, let us give the reader a bit of advice. If you should go to Fowey for a summer holiday, hire a boat at once by the week or month. Without one you would be like a bird with a broken wing.

Early one morning we bade a reluctant adieu to Fowey, and took the ferry-boat to Polruan. Polruan, generally supposed to be "the haven under the hill," possesses an almost more briny flavour than Fowey. As you approach it the sound of caulking from the building-yards, and the wrinkled faces of ancient mariners peering down at you from the quay head, suggest visions of "Treasure Island" and the *Jolly Roger*. And as you walk across the cobbled surface of the little quay the following notice :

"Beware of Ship's ropes and chains"

completes the picture ; and henceforth you know that marine matters are all that really matters in Polruan.

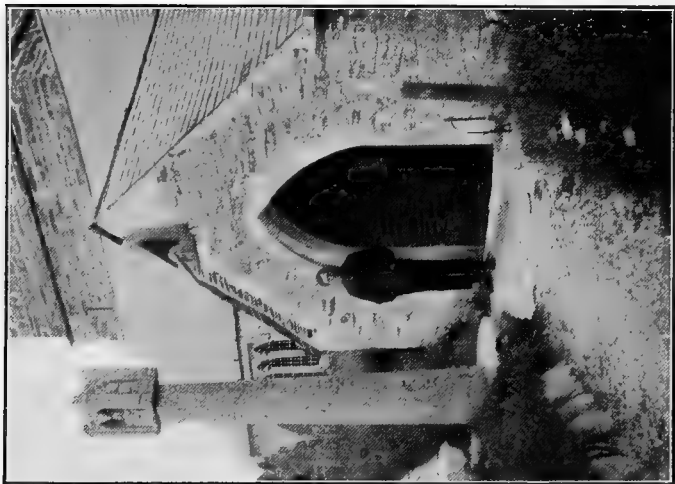
Climbing the steep village street, past the old wayside cross, we at last reached the shoulder of the hill, and left the road for the cliff summit. The grey slate walls are here about two hundred feet high, but not perpendicular. Turning eastward the path bears somewhat to the

left, and we made the circuit of Lantic Bay, and reached the summit of Pencarrow Head, a low, far-reaching point. At first sight it looks as if it had been fortified, but possibly the undulations are natural. From here we crossed a field and rejoined the path by a coastguard watch-house. The path now skirts a lofty bracken-covered hill, and is lined with flowers. On our right low cliffs, in places draped with ivy, descend to deep pools of marvellously clear water. Presently we came to a small cove locally known as Palace Cove—how this name arose we know not. Then, after a few hundred yards of up-and-down going, we reached Lansallos Cove, where there is a nice little beach, and immediately commenced the steep ascent of Lansallos Head, four hundred feet above the sea. From the top we got a fine view of the coast as far as Blackhead. About half a mile inland is Lansallos Church, which is worth visiting, if only for the fine font and the old oak pews. Many of their three-inch-thick shelves have been hacked by the knives of generations of boys, some of whom as men might have sailed with Drake, or even fought at Agincourt. Following the path we dropped down into a deep coombe. Here is an old Trinity landmark for the Udder Rock, a mile or so out to sea. It is now, however, marked by a bell buoy. From this coombe we had another four-hundred-foot climb; and then, in a mile or so, we commenced descending a rough hill-side past numerous little gardens. These have been won from the wilderness at the expense of infinite labour by the Polperro fishermen. They are held on lease, and are a pathetic illustration of the earth hunger, as Gladstone called it, that has not yet

been wholly stamped out of the souls of the people by the dog-in-the-manger attitude of the landlords. These *gentry* won't sell, but are only too glad to lease unbroken land, for reasons that must be obvious to even the densest brain.

Slowly descending, the path turns sharply to the left, and the little fishing port of Polperro appeared before us with the suddenness with which so many Cornish coast towns do reveal themselves to the follower of the coast paths. It was a lovely evening, and the little town, seen through the thin haze of its own blue smoke, was a dream of picturesque quaintness. Polperro is more snugly tucked in under lofty hills than any other Cornish port, and that is saying a good deal. In this respect it reminded us somewhat of Lynmouth, but in no other. Here are quaint old houses, with quaint old porches, immense chimneys, outside stairs, narrow streets, a bisecting stream, a picturesque population, a picturesque harbour filled with picturesque boats. In fact Polperro teems with what may be called the artistically obvious. It is full of "bits" so dear to the painter student and the black-and-white man. The place is at its best, in our opinion, by moonlight. Then it seems as medieval and soul-compelling as any old Breton or Norman town. The church is comparatively modern, and its plain and plastered interior would satisfy the soul of the most exacting Quaker.

We slept that night at a comfortable little inn, and the next morning made an early start. We skirted the harbour, and after taking a few photos struck into the cliff path amid a wealth of flowers, amongst which we

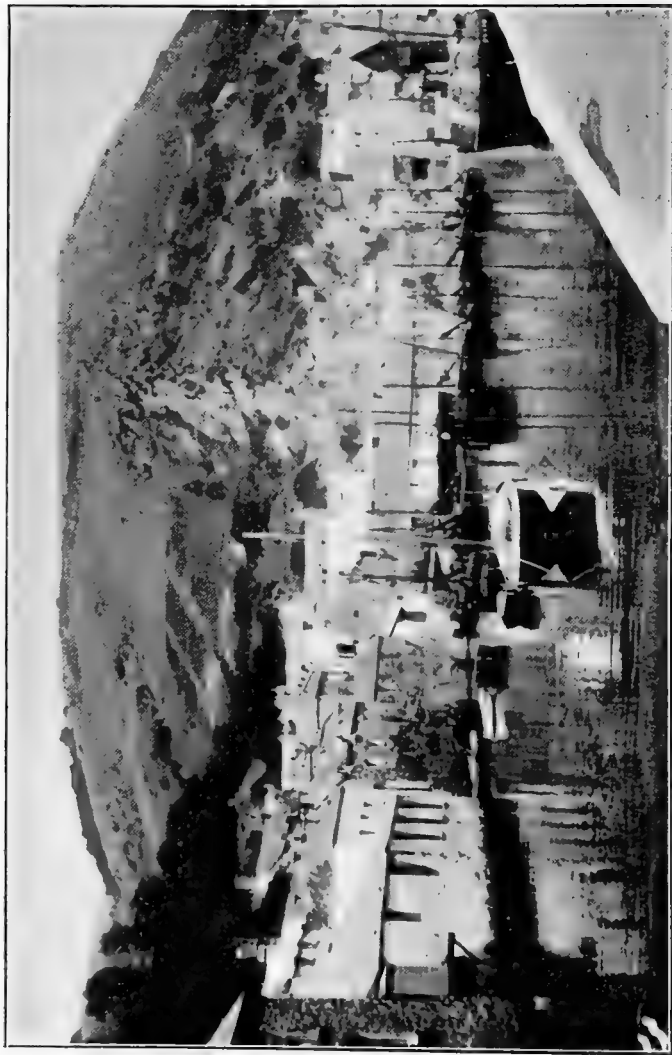


LANTEGLOS CHURCH PORCH



STREET IN EAST LOOE

To face page 328



POLFERRO

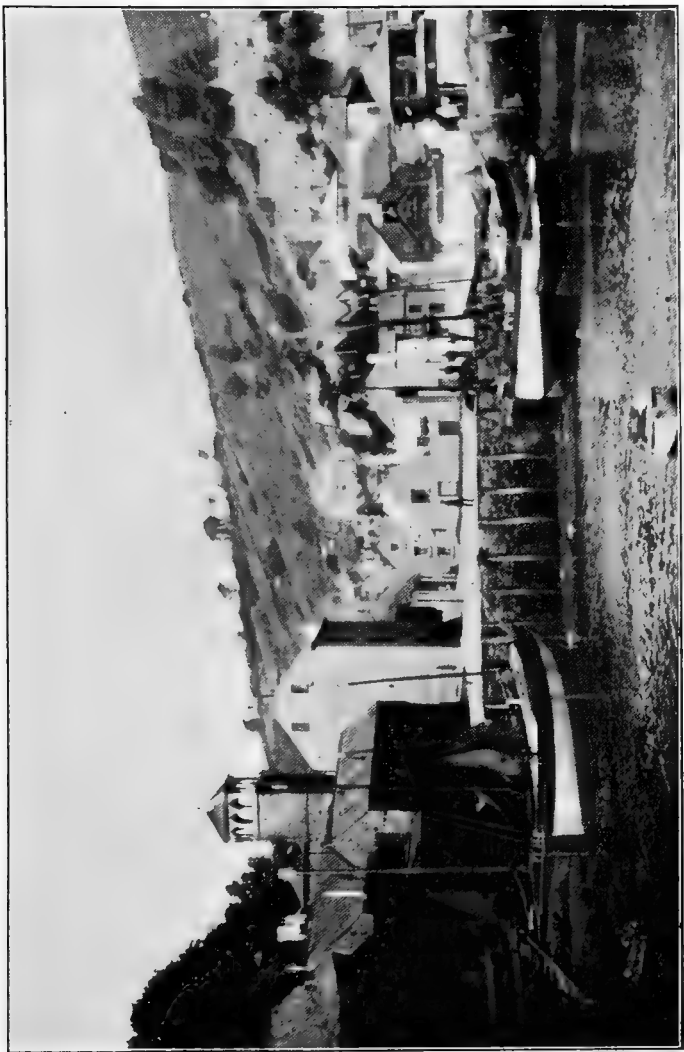
To face page 329

noticed mallow, wild carrot, white and yellow bedstraw, campions, foxgloves, stellaria, St. John's wort, and many others. From this path is one of the best views of Polperro. The flowers make a good foreground, and the lines of the town and surrounding hills are well balanced and converge towards the narrow valley that the stream has cut through the hills. This carries the eye on to a further plane, thus completing the picture. We also got a good idea from here of the narrowness of the harbour entrance, guarded by slaty fangs only a few yards apart. The path now circles fern-covered Downend Point, and descends into Talland Bay, beyond which, on the hill opposite, we could see the tower of Talland Church. Close to it is one of the Admiralty measured-mile marks ; the other one being just above Polperro. It is curious how very little these lofty erections attract the eye. They are not nearly such blemishes in the landscape as one would have imagined. Descending into the little bay or cove, we passed a cottage close to the boulder-strewn beach. Here we noticed that the low cliffs consisted of purple and blue slate in regular alternations. Inland the lower part of the valley is filled with reeds and flags. Ascending the road we soon came to Talland Church. Close to it is a farmhouse and the Vicarage, but we saw no signs of a village. The church was locked, but we managed, by peeping through one of the windows, to see that there were some fine old oak pews and an elaborate tomb against the south wall of John Beville's, dated 1574. Above it were two helmets. The tower stands a few yards away to the south of the church, but is connected with it by a low passage. This is per-

forated by two arches and serves as a porch to the south door. In it we noticed the village stocks.

From the church we made a bee-line across the fields to the summit of Talland Head, or Hore Stone Head, as it is usually called, from a great vertical fang of slate that rises from the lower part of its seaward face, invisible from the summit, but a conspicuous object from the sea. Leaving the head, we descended a precipitous down to a valley, where a small stream runs into Portnadler Bay. The hills now recede somewhat from the coast, and the intervening strip of land is flat and cultivated. Looe Island rises boldly on our right front about a mile out to sea. On its cone-shaped grassy slopes we noticed a small fir wood, and two or three cottages. Its area is between forty and fifty acres. Presently we came to a new road with some villas to the left of it; and soon a sudden turning brought us face to face with the narrow mouth of the Looe River and part of East Looe town.

There are two Looes, known as East and West Looe, situated on either bank of the river which divides them. The former is a small town, the latter a big village. In both of them seventeenth, and even sixteenth-century houses abound; and the river and the surrounding hills give them much distinction and picturesqueness. There is, moreover, a foreign look about them that is difficult to explain. At their inland extremity a fine modern bridge of several arches spans the river. One cannot, however, but regret the destruction of the old one some fifty years or so ago. This old bridge was built about 1400. It was only six feet two inches wide, and on it was a



WEST LOOE

To face page 330



EAST LOOE AND RIVER

To face page 831

chapel dedicated to St. Anne. Leland, writing in 1530, says : " East Loow is a praty market towne. There ys a great bridge of twelve arches ouer Loow creke to go from one towne of Loow to the other." That a broader structure had to be provided to carry the growing traffic is obvious, but was it necessary to destroy this interesting relic of the past ? One would suppose that as an æsthetic asset it would have paid for its maintenance by attracting visitors. A few hundred yards above the bridge two rivers converge—the East and West Looe. The valleys they drain are very picturesque. The railway from Liskeard runs down the eastern valley ; and for a couple of miles or so a footpath—open to the public—traverses the western one. This path goes through the woods by the side of the river, and, especially when the tide is high, commands a series of exquisite vistas. Every visitor should take this path as far as Watergate, where are a few cottages, and where tea can be obtained. When the tide serves one can do the distance by boat. The churches at Looe call for no special remark, though St. Nicholas, in West Looe, has a picturesque Italian-looking campanile. The guildhall at East Looe is an ancient building, and here can be seen the old pillory. But the local guide-books give full particulars of all the " lions." We have rather to endeavour to point out to our readers the objects of natural beauty that we may chance to encounter in the course of our long walk together, which have, perhaps, not been so fully recorded.

CHAPTER XXII

FROM LOOE TO THE HAMOAZE

Up here on these silent moorlands, ringed with the sapphire of the eternal sea, is a whole Pantheon of the World's earliest monuments draped with Nature's most delicate tapestries. And amongst them, when the stars reign, wander the spirits of those to whose honour they were raised. Such, at any rate, is the belief of their descendants who still dwell upon the hills.

WE will now, before proceeding further along the coast, make a detour inland to visit the Cheesewring and the north-eastern portion of the Bodmin Moors, an elevated region untouched by plough or spade, and possessing the dignity and grandeur that pertain to all Nature's sanctuaries. In order to save time we will take the train to Liskeard. The railroad follows the river valley, which is well wooded. In its lush meadow cows feed amongst the flowers. One of the stations on this line is St. Keyne. Half a mile away from it is St. Keyne's Well, quite worth a pilgrimage.

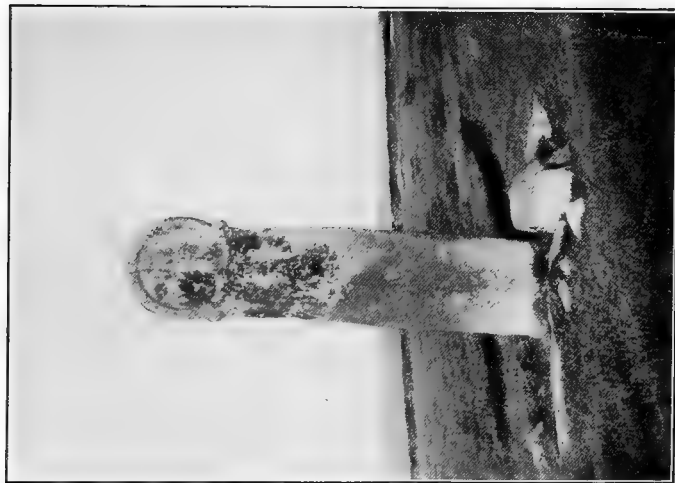
On reaching Liskeard we set out on our tramp to Minion's Mound, a moor village near the Cheesewring. It is but a six or seven-mile walk, but it will bring us into almost another world. A world of Long-ago, where the life of to-day seems but of momentary significance. Come with us and see if it is not so.

Leaving the station we traversed the higher part of Liskeard, of which perhaps the less said the better.

Bodmin and Liskeard always seem to us, of all Cornish towns, the least attractive, although both possess a fine church. Beyond the town the road rises gradually. In about a mile we passed over the mineral line to Caradon and the Cheesewring quarry, which we shall encounter again. Presently the road steepens, and we were surrounded by a heathy common, on the summit of which is the village of St. Cleer. The church has a fine tower and traces of Norman work. In the south porch are the village stocks in an unusually good state of preservation, in fact still in working order. Going down the village street on the east side of the churchyard we soon came to the St. Cleer Well. The Celtic cross and little baptistery built above the well make a very medieval-looking group—we are getting back to the past. A few yards beyond the well we crossed the mineral line a second time, and going through the hamlet of Tremar-Coombe we took a field path which brought us to a road. Following this road up a hill to the right we reached Trevethy Cromlech. It stands in the corner of a field close to the road and some cottages. This impressive sepulchral monument of pagan days is one of the largest of its kind in Cornwall. The small round hole in the upper end of the covering stone still puzzles the *cognoscenti*. Retracing our steps down the road we turned to the right, just before reaching a bridge. Here for the third time we crossed the mineral railroad, and climbing a wall found ourselves on an old disused tram-line that goes right up into the heart of the moor, almost to the top of rugged Kilmar. We followed it, making the best of a rather rough surface, for the granite sleepers

are at inconvenient distances apart, and some have fallen out of place. We soon attained a considerable elevation, and were approaching the open moor. On our right towered the rounded bulk of Caradon Hill, twelve hundred feet above the sea. The intervening valley is a perfect chaos of ruined engine-houses, discarded mine machinery, and great dumping heaps; for this was once the celebrated Caradon Copper Mine; now an awful scene of desolation and disruption. But Nature has already stolen silently to the rescue, and is trying her utmost to conceal the wounds and outrages that have been inflicted upon her. Already the stream at the bottom of the valley has regained its purity, and flowers are shyly returning to cover those stark mud-heaps.

It is ever thus throughout the Duchy. Men come up into her solitudes, their brains seething with schemes for adding to their little piles of gold. With pick and shovel, dynamite and drill, they scratch and blast and bore into the hills. They build sheds of unutterable hideousness, and erect engine-houses and smoke-stacks that vitiate the pure mountain air with mephitic vapours. They smother the heath under masses of slag and mud; and they so befoul the streams that the trout die and the once pellucid water becomes as a discoloured sewer. The noise of their "stamps," the clatter of their wheels, and the clanging of their chains drown the voices of the larks, and scare away every moorland beast and bird. After a while their labours cease—money is no longer to be made. Their Lilliputian borings echo no more to the ring of the pick and the roar of the powder. Their "stamps" and wheels are motionless. Smoke no longer



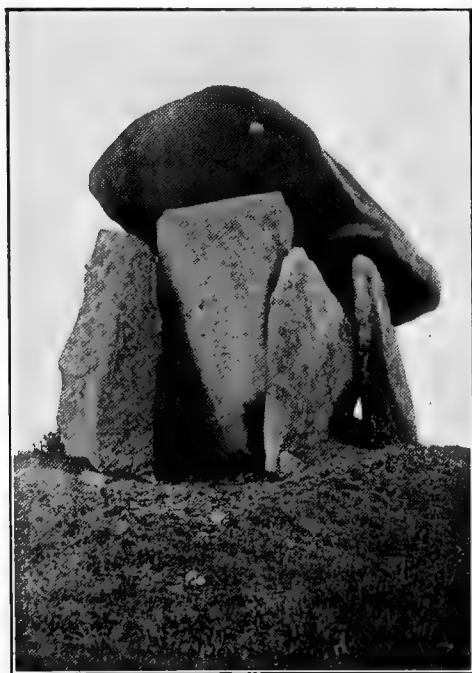
CROSS NEAR MINION'S MOUND



THE CHEESEWRING



TREVETHY CROMLECH
(SIDE VIEW)



TREVETHY CROMLECH
(FRONT VIEW)

To face page 335

issues from their chimneys. The water in the streams becomes once more sweet and pure. And now Nature, the great Mother, hastens to heal and hide away the outrages to which she has been subjected. As in this Caradon valley ivy creeps over the unsightly walls ; the winds of heaven dislodge the mortar and hurl the impious smoke-stacks to the ground ; blackthorn and elder screen the gaping orifices ; ferns and flowers cover up the refuse-heaps ; and lastly, the birds of the wilderness return to their old haunts and raise pæans of praise in the gracious silences of unpolluted dawns.

Still ascending, past an occasional moor farm, surrounded with a few sycamores, we found ourselves at last upon the open moor one thousand feet above the sea. Caradon still rises like a whale's back on our right ; while in front of us the bold silhouette of the Cheesewring hill and the still bolder Sharptor pierce the sky. By the side of the old tram-line are now a few houses, amongst which we noticed an inn and a Temperance Hotel. This is the village of Minion's Mound ; and all around it stretches the moor, and in the immediate vicinity rise one or two engine-houses and galvanised iron sheds and mine bungalows. It does not sound very promising, we admit ; but if you do not "take a fear," as we say in Cornwall, and scuttle back to the lowlands, in twenty-four hours it will, we venture to prophesy, have laid its spell upon you.

Come with us, and let us see if such is not the case.

After tea at the Temperance Hotel, where we shall spend a night or two, we went out to see the mound which, after unnumbered centuries, gives its name to the village,

or rather the name of him whose ashes it covers. Ah, those vanished dead ! Up here, at any rate, their spirits still rule. The mound is a huge mass of earth at the western extremity of the village. It marks the grave of the Celtic King Minion, about whom nothing is now known but his name. Then we wandered up the gradual slope of Caradon. From its broad summit, not a mile from the village, we saw a view the like of which we had not seen for many a day. To the eastward stretched the great wall of Dartmoor, a luminous rose-colour in the light of the now setting sun. Plymouth Sound and the wooded heights of Mount Edgcumbe and Saltram lay to the south. Beyond was the sea. To the west and south-west Cornwall showed range on range of rugged upland, and mass behind mass of far-reaching headland and curving bay. To the north the great moor stretched in unbroken solitude, punctuated here and there by the monolithic monuments of a vanished race and the serrated outline of Brown Willy, the highest hill in Cornwall (1387 feet), which rose, a deep purple mass, above the moor. And as we looked, the lower rim of the sun impinged upon his notched crest. We watched the molten orb slowly disappear, and marked the sudden changes that stole over the face of the Wild, from russet-gold to olive-green, and from olive-green to dove-grey. And when we turned to look once more southwards, a full moon was hanging low over Dartmoor.

It was difficult indeed to tear oneself away from an evening and a view like this. For the fading glow in the west was like the close of a prayer, and the great moor seemed to be about to reveal its secrets. We

knew that soon the pale mist would be weaving lace-fringed banners in the valleys below, that the nightjars would be skimming hither and thither beneath the moon, and the brown owls calling to each other with mellow flutings. It was hard to leave this gracious spaciousness for a stuffy bedroom and the prosaic contact of the sheets, when our pillow might be a tuft of fragrant thyme and our ceiling the golden dust of stars. But we did leave it, because we are degenerate, because centuries of an effete civilisation have made us shrink from the kindly bosom of our Mother Earth, and the scented freedom of the hills.

The next morning we visited the Cheesewring. It is barely a mile from Minion's Mound, and is situated a few feet below the summit of the Cheesewring hill. On the way we passed another large mound or tumulus. This was opened about seventy years ago by a crowd of local miners. They found a stone coffin in which were a human skeleton that immediately crumbled to dust, some bits of glass and pottery, a bronze spear-head and sword, an urn and a gold cup or goblet quite distinct from any yet found of Roman, Saxon, or Phœnician manufacture. It is shaped like a breakfast-cup, about three and a half inches in depth, and the same in diameter. It is now in South Kensington. This grave is supposed to be about three thousand five hundred years old. In it was probably buried a Viking chieftain or king, whose name is unknown.

From the tumulus we approached the Cheesewring quarry. Its perpendicular escarpment cuts deep into the heart of the hill. Below, we saw the quarrymen

preparing for blasting, a scene of busy sacrilege. Fortunately they have been prevented by the Duchy authorities from working any further on the western slope of the hill, or they would soon have destroyed the Cheesewring itself. Even as things are, it stands perilously near the brink. Climbing past great boulders we soon reached these fantastically shaped granite rocks. They are about twenty feet high. The top stone is some thirty-four feet in circumference, and the under ones about seventeen feet. The remarkable shapes of these more or less circular blocks are quite natural, being the result of the action of wind and rain throughout thousands of years. There are one or two similar piles dotted about the hill-top, but none so peculiar or so lofty as the Cheesewring. The summit of the hill, which is a few feet above the Wring, is still strongly fortified by a circular dry stone wall a hundred yards or so in diameter. It must have been a strong place in the days of bronze and flint-tipped spears and arrows. The view from the summit is fine, but not equal to the one from Caradon.

On returning to our hotel we kept to the right, and thus passed through the "Hurlers." These two circles of upright stones (there used to be three) stand within a few hundred yards of Minion's Mound. Many of the stones have fallen, or been removed for building purposes, but enough remain to remind us of that vanished race to whom these silent moors still seem to belong, rather than to the house-building people of the last few centuries. And is this surprising? For these latter merely came and went as their mining ventures succeeded or failed during a period of perhaps a thousand years. Whereas

the old Bronze people, and before them the old Stone people, both Neolithic and Paleolithic, made these uplands their permanent homes for tens of thousands of years, probably since the last Glacial Period ; the lower country being then almost impenetrable forest teeming with wild beasts.

There is a theory, lately promulgated by some of our thinkers, that inanimate objects become in time impregnated with something of the spirit of the people who used them, and of the uses to which they were put ; and that in some subtle way they have the power of imparting something of that spirit to those who are in their vicinity, and who contemplate them with interest. Thus the ruins of an ancient temple will inspire a feeling of solemnity, and the ruins of an ancient theatre a gay and festive frame of mind, even though the beholder, as he wanders amongst them, be unaware of the uses to which they were originally put and for which they were built. Whether such is the case or not we cannot say, but we know that our Cornish moors do seem to be instinct with a different spirit from that belonging to the lowlands, and to be, as it were, pregnant with memories and strange, inarticulate suggestions of bygone days.

That evening, after what might be termed a high tea, we filled our pockets with sandwiches and started off for the summit of Kilmar, and, perhaps, if the gods were propitious, for a night on the moor. Stepping on to the old tram-line we followed it above the West Phoenix Mine and past the entrance to the Cheesewring quarry. Beneath us on our right stretched a goodly portion of Devon, mile on mile till it faded into Somerset-

shire and the distant sky. Then, slowly ascending, we passed Sharptor and a small moorland farm-place, and winding round the shoulder of Twelve Men's Moor, we saw the extraordinarily rugged crest of Kilmar, half a mile or so on our right front. To the north-west, filling a distant depression in the moorland, rose the tooth-like summit of Brown Willy; and just above him, as on the previous evening, hung the unclouded sun. What a picture it was of moorland grandeur and beauty, probably unchanged since the last Ice Age. While looking at it, fourteen buzzards rose about a hundred and fifty yards away; the largest number we had ever seen together. No doubt a dead sheep or bullock had attracted them. Continuing the ascent the track brought us right up under the highest crest of Kilmar. Now we shall have to climb the last hundred feet or so, and pretty steep and rough climbing too. Before, however, bidding adieu to our tram-track let us explain its origin. When the breakwater was being made in Plymouth Sound, the contractors had to find millions of tons of stone. They discovered that Kilmar and the adjacent moor were strewn with boulders. These they proceeded to break up; and they constructed this tram-line to carry the fragments down to Looe for shipment to the Sound. We had noticed on the way up that what surface boulders remained generally showed marks of the drill. But now that we are going to clamber up the steep hill-side we shall see that none of the great rocks at a little distance from the track have been tampered with. Not, you may be sure, from any æsthetic scruples or reverence for natural beauty. Oh, no; this kind of



ST. CLEER WELL

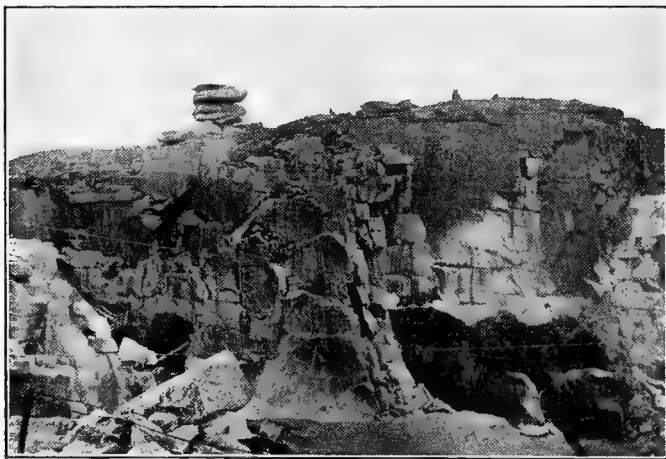


KING IDONIERT'S STONE

To face page 340



THE TOPMOST ROCK, KILMAR



THE CHEESEWRING QUARRY

To face page 341

people would break up the jasper throne of the King of kings were they permitted to enter Paradise and could find a buyer. They abstained from further destruction because it did not pay. That is what saved Kilmar.

And now we made for the top. It was more like scaling the ruined walls of a gigantic castle than a hill. Boulders are piled on boulders, as if dropped from some Cyclopean hand. Many of them are twenty or thirty feet long. Some are spotted black and white, like the back of a male adder ; others are covered with lichens of the most exquisite colours. And between them, wherever there is a handful of peaty mould, grow ferns and flowers and cushions of green moss or grass. At last we reached the top—a long ridge, but so narrow that there is only room for a single row of immense boulders piled one upon the other. Some of them are very difficult to climb to, others quite inaccessible to a man alone. After a struggle we gained the summit of the highest mass. Its circular edges have been worn thin by tens of thousands of years of weathering ; and on its upper surface the wind and rain have chiselled out a large basin. Seating ourselves in this, we gazed around at the truly marvellous view from a height of just 1295 feet above the sea. Far beneath us stretched the cultivated land of Cornwall and Devon, portioned out like a great chess-board by the industry of man. Beautiful in its way, but lacking the grandeur and appeal of the Wild. It was bounded by the blue line of Exmoor. In the west, across many miles of moor, rose the faint silhouette of the Penwith highlands. To the south was the English Channel ; to the north the Severn Sea. We saw the

sun set behind Brown Willy and the moon rise over Dartmoor, and the shadow of the coming night steal over two counties. We saw the lights flash in the slender column of the Eddystone and in the lighthouse on the top of Lundy ; and tardily twinkle from village, farm, and cot in the wooded lowlands beneath. Then the stars pierced the heavens and the moon became the regnant queen of a most perfect summer's night. A gentle zephyr stirred the bracken, and seemed to be whispering strange hints of the hidden meaning of all these immensities, all this rhythmic glory. The fetters of an ephemeral civilisation relaxed within us. Unlike the preceding night, we felt we could not go back to a stuffy bedroom. And the gods be praised we did not.

The beauty of that night will never be forgotten. It is impossible to convey in words the emotional effect of such an experience. It does not mean much to say that the moon and stars swung majestically westwards ; that the silence was from time to time broken by the sharp bark of a fox, the love-calls of owls, and the drumming of nightjars, or that land and sea blended into one harmonious slumber song in the magic of the moonlight. One can only say that the spell of it entered into one's soul.

And as we watched and wondered we heard—dreamed, you will say—no, heard, the sound of battle from the Cheesewring hill fort—a wild tumult of hoarse cries. We saw the flash of sacrificial fires in the monolithic temples to the west, and caught glimpses of a great procession winding slowly to an open grave. We heard

the howling of wolves in the Trebatha forest, and saw distinctly a long line of heavily antlered stags pass slowly over the brow of Twelve Men's Moor. Then the wind blew sharply in our face, and we sat up on our lofty rock throne and looked at our watch. It was one o'clock.

Somewhat stiff, we slowly descended from our eyrie. We had to go very carefully, for moonlight is extremely deceptive, and it would have been easy to twist an ankle, or even break a leg, amongst these boulders. Slowly we crept down the northern flank of Kilmar. Leaving Hawk's Tor on our right, we made our way in a north-westerly direction to King Arthur's Bed. This is an immense mass of granite that lies on the top of the western extremity of the ridge which terminates eastwards in the rugged Hawk's Tor. The upper surface of this huge block has been worn by wind and rain into a great basin somewhat resembling a coffin in shape. There is just room in it for a tall man to lie at full length. This we did soon after two o'clock a.m., and looking up saw the Milky Way stretched above us like a great feather. How wonderful was the silence beneath those myriad stars! A silence of witchery and thrall. We should not have been surprised if King Arthur himself had come towards us in steeled mail, holding the brand Excalibur. Presently a lark sang, and we knew that another day was dawning, for the lark never makes a mistake. It may be as dark as Erebus to all seeming, but if a lark sings, turn to the east, and you will invariably perceive a pale sheen—the distant herald of the great sun. For some time we lay in our granite couch and

watched the Milky Way fade into the sky. Then we really did fall asleep, for when we came again to consciousness the sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing.

Hungry and a little stiff, we left our royal bed, and descending the slope, made a bee-line across the moor for the Fowey River. We crossed it by a wooden bridge about four miles below its source near Brown Willy. What a morning it was ! How sweet and pure was the moorland air. How the river danced in the sunlight, and the flowers seemed to be smiling at us through dewy tears. As we walked down the road in the direction of Redgate we thought that the Cornishman is very much what his Duchy has made him. For when you know this land of his, you do not wonder at his superstitions and mysticisms, at his giants and " little people." Wander yourself over these great moors and along the rugged, seagirt coasts in all weathers, and at all times of the day and night, as he has been doing for thousands of years, and see if you do not find yourself, after a while, searching for meanings, seeing resemblances, and hearing voices such as you never saw or heard before. Stand in the dawn, when the old sun is drawing away the mist veil from the awakening moor, before he kisses her on her bonny, blushing cheeks. Go to Dozmary Pool when the sickle moon beckons to you from its silent depths. Lie in King Arthur's Bed, as we have just done, on some scented summer's night, when Mars flares over Caradon and the Milky Way floats above you like a great feather from some archangel's wing. Then go down, as we did, to the little Fowey, and follow her as

she rushes southwards. Listen to the fay-like tinkle of her crystal bells, gaze into the dew-drops' prismatic hues as they hang from the gossamer that spans the smaller pools, and see if you, too, are not caught up into a more ethereal world than you have hitherto known in the crowded centres of commerce and of fashion, and are not listening to more rhythmic cadences than have ever yet come to you from any man-made harmony. Even Death himself loses much of his horror on these great uplands. Were he to strike us down now by the side of this singing river, the good, dark earth would soon take our poor body to itself and change its corruption into the glowing melody of living flowers. Lichens would cover the useless bones, and the larks would never cease to chant a requiem for the vanished spirit that once throbbed as wildly as their own at the magic of the sunlight and the unconquered wind.

Continuing down the road we passed the moorland hamlet of Harrow Bridge. From here a lane goes up on the right to Dozmary Pool, but we have not time to follow it. In another two miles we reached Redgate. Near here the Fowey makes a horseshoe curve between wooded hills, tumbling down a series of rock ledges known as the Golitha Falls. Turning to the left we mounted a hill, and near the top, in a field to the south of the road, we found two broken monoliths standing side by side. One of them is elaborately carved with a Celtic design and inscription. They mark the burial-place of King Doniert, a Cornish king who was drowned near here about A.D. 870. Still ascending we soon regained the moor, and saw standing up very conspicuously

not far from the road an unusually lofty crows-an-wra—or wayside cross. In another few hundred yards we reached Minion's Mound, our original starting-point, having thus completed a circular tramp into the land of Long-ago. We thoroughly recommend this walk to all who visit Minion's Mound. It can advantageously be extended by a visit to Dozmary Pool on the way back. Or a night could be spent at the Jamaica Inn at Bolventor, and a visit paid to Brown Willy and Roughtor.

That afternoon we returned to Looe, and the next morning continued our coast walk. At Mellendreath valley, about half a mile from Looe, we took to the shore, as the tide was going out. For the next couple of miles it was level walking over sand and low rocks. Above us towered slate cliffs, often much distorted, their less precipitous slopes being a jungle of bracken, ivy-clad pinnacles, and elder and fruit bushes, together with many flowers, amongst which we particularly noticed on the lower slopes enormous quantities of samphire. On reaching the Seaton valley we crossed the stream where it rushes over the sand, and soon found ourselves abreast of Downderry. One almost feels inclined to call it Downdreary, for it is not a very inspiring place, being merely a cluster of a few modern houses and a hotel on a piece of low-lying land close to the beach. However, the coast on either side is fine, and we believe there is good bathing. Continuing along the shore, we soon reached higher cliffs than any we had yet encountered since leaving the Lizard. On their summit are some pinasters and a bungalow belonging to Lord St. Germans, known as "St. Germans Hut."



PORTWRINKLE



RAME HEAD

To face page 346



CHAPEL ON RAME HEAD



KINGSAND

To face page 347

Hereabouts we had to clamber over a reef of very rough rocks, and for a quarter of a mile we progressed by a series of acrobatic evolutions. Then came half a mile of flat shore, until we were brought up by an impassable wall of rock, and had to climb the cliff by a narrow path. On reaching the top we saw the little fishing hamlet of Portwrinkle immediately in front of us. There is no cove here—just a few cottages on the top of a low cliff, and below the rudest attempt at a harbour in the shape of a tiny quay amongst the rocks. Nothing happens now at Portwrinkle but the catching of a few crabs and fish. Eighty or ninety years ago, however, it was a busy smuggling centre. In fact, this Whitesand Bay, which we are now traversing, has probably seen more contraband sunk in its waters and landed on its shores than any other bay of equal size in the kingdom.

Passing a large modern hotel called the Portwrinkle Hotel, which looked as much out of place as would a modern villa in Memphis, we bore to the right, and climbed the sloping headland where the bay curves southwards. Soon we reached Tregantle Fort, whose ramparts frowned above us. Mounting upwards we struck the military coast-road. This we followed above the long sands that have from time to time proved so fatal to bathers. As we walked along we noticed in the bay three submarines rising every now and then like sharks, signs that we are approaching what is naively called civilisation.

After about four miles of level tramping we reached the village of Rame. The church is a small but interesting structure with a conspicuous spire. It was consecrated

in A.D. 1259. Leaving the church, we made our way past the coastguard station to Rame Head. This is a striking-looking headland of a shape not uncommon on the Cornish coast. Its narrow neck dips suddenly, and then rises to an abrupt cone. The summit is crowned with a small, medieval chapel, with a stone-vaulted roof. It is twenty-two feet long and nine feet wide, and is extremely quaint. It was dedicated to St. Michael. Unfortunately it is now at the mercy of the cows and sheep, as there is no door, and one fears it will ere long become a complete ruin.

From the chapel we followed the broad coastguard path to Penlee Point. Here, as we turned the corner, a magnificent view was disclosed—one to stir the patriotic pride of every Britisher. The Staddon Heights, the wooded slopes of Mount Edgcumbe, the broad waters of the Sound, studded with ships and forts, the historic Hoe and Citadel, the towers and spires of old Plymouth, backed by the great grey wall of Dartmoor, combine to make a unique prospect, full of beauty and interest. Leaving the point we turned to the left and followed the path through a wood, getting glimpses every now and then between the trees of blue water and the Mount Edgcumbe heights beyond. Presently we saw in front of us, nestling in a beautiful little bay, a large village, old and picturesque. It is Cawsand, and in reality Kingsand as well, for as the two villages join (several houses standing in both), they generally go by the single name of Cawsand. There is no harbour, but many boats strew the shore. Descending a steep dip we entered the village.

After tea at a little restaurant overlooking the Sound, where we engaged a bedroom, we strolled down to the cove, hoping to hear some echoes of the past from the lips of one or two of the old men who in this sort of place are generally to be found "down t'cove." We were not disappointed. It so happened that, seated on a bench among other "ancients," were two old men who at the moment of our arrival were engaged in overhauling the past; and fortunately they took no notice of us. One was a straight-backed old gentleman with blue eyes and a rather stern expression. The other was a slight-built old fellow, young in everything but years, with twinkling brown eyes in a wrinkled brown face, and a chuckle that no pen could possibly convey the smallest idea of, so racy, so hearty, so expressive of humorous reminiscences was it. It would have brought down the house in any music-hall anywhere. In fact, the old fellow, just as he was, seemed to us to be the very personification of the raciest creations of all the writers that have ever written of sailors and the sea. He was inimitable. As we sat down he was saying to his stern-faced friend:

"Do 'ee mind when Billy Boase got a bullet in his leg a-going round the Island (Drake's Island)? Coast-guards hailed un to heave to, but her carried on, and her got away from 'em, though they shot through his yoke lines and put a bullet in his leg. And I mind it were a bra' dark night. Gurrugurrugrew!"

Here he chuckled, and the above letters are intended to represent his deep rolling chuckle, but alas! how inadequately. His companion having signified that

he too "minded" the event, the old boy continued :

"Do 'ee mind when the Greek come ashore at Rame ? She was pole-acre rigged, and a cargo o' bones. Many a cartload o' them there bones did me and my brother Jim take out o' her. Human bones they was, most on 'em. Died o' plague at Smyrna, they said. But that didn't make 'em no worse for the land. Gurrugurrugrew."

"You couldn't do that now," I said, laughing.

"God bless yer, no," replied the old chuckler. "But us didn't take no notice o' dead bodies in them days. There weren't no crowners' inquests then and all them fal-lals. If yer found a corpse ashore, and us often did, yer just took un up cliff and buried un—after sarching his pockets, o' course," he added ; "and got five shilling from the parish for a-doing on it. Gurrugurrugrew."

His companion having "minded," the old fellow continued :

"Do 'ee mind when Dan Curnow broke his thigh a-getting into the Ship Inn for a pint o' rum ? "

"No," replied his friend. "What year was that ? "

"Let me see," was the answer ; then, after some thought, "It must 'a' been 'thirty-nine, 'cause I mind I went to sea the year arter."

"In 'thirty-nine I was to Sydney," said the stern old gentleman.

"You must have been a very young man," we remarked.

"No, I was in my twenty ; I be in my ninety-three now."

“And I be in my ninety,” chirped the old chuckler.

“That be right,” interposed another ancient one.

“Now Grandfer Tresidder be gone dead, they be the two oldest men in Cawsand.”

We thought this too good an opportunity to be lost, so we asked them if they remembered any smuggling being done in Cawsand.

“God bless ’ee,” replied the chuckler, “many a night, as a youngster, have I been in the bay (Whitesand Bay) along o’ father hauling up tubs what he’d a-sunk, p’r’aps nights afore, after running ’em over from France. He allus knew the bearing on ’em by the stars and certain lights ashore. The boats never came over except on dark nights, and then no lights showing, and often half a gale a-blowing. Gurrugurrugrew. It is seventy years,” he continued, “since the last tubs was landed in this cove. It was the *Susan Elizabeth*. They hauled her up as if to wash her bottom, as bold as yer mind to, and they wasn’t nabbed. Gurrugurrugrew.”

“Ah, that was Ted Oliver,” chimed in his friend. “He was a rare schollard, was Ted—he allus used to say as ’twere best to make a passel o’ noise, then the coastguard didn’t suspect nothing.”

We wish we had space to relate more of these old fellows’ reminiscences, for they told us much more of the old days sixty or seventy years ago, when stately three-deckers were constantly standing into the bay under a cloud of canvas, or anchoring close in abreast of the cove.

“And the village was full o’ cappens and lootnants, but no men—no, no! no men in them days. It was press-

gang days in them days, and they'd have run if they'd been allowed ashore. Gurrugurrugrew. Some on 'em used to swim ashore, though, and some on 'em got drowned, but some got away, 'cause there was only two old constables atween here and Saltash. Gurru-gurrugrew."

A very few more years now and such *viva voce* reminiscences of other days will be gone for ever.

The next morning we were off early, and as we sauntered through the village and up the steep hill path at its back we thought how curious it was that Cawsand, now so quiet a little spot, should, after the close of the Napoleonic wars, have become such a great smuggling centre, especially as it is so near an important naval station. However, such was the case, as every Cornishman knows. And many tall yarns are still told by the grandchildren of those hardy old sinners who, whatever may have been their failings, had plenty of pluck and nerve, without which no country can keep its flag flying.

Our path after passing Maker Heights fort joined the road at the top of the hill, which we followed for a quarter of a mile, and then turned aside through a field to visit Maker Church. It has a very fine Norman font and several Edgcumbe mural tablets, but nothing that calls for special remark. On recrossing the field we noticed that it commands a fine view of the Hamoaze and Plymouth. But the sweet seclusion of the Wild has gone. The octopus tentacles of a great military centre spread in all directions. Tommies and tumbrils, flags and flashlights, were everywhere *en évidence*. Three soldiers close to Maker Church were signalling with flags to others at Devonport, who

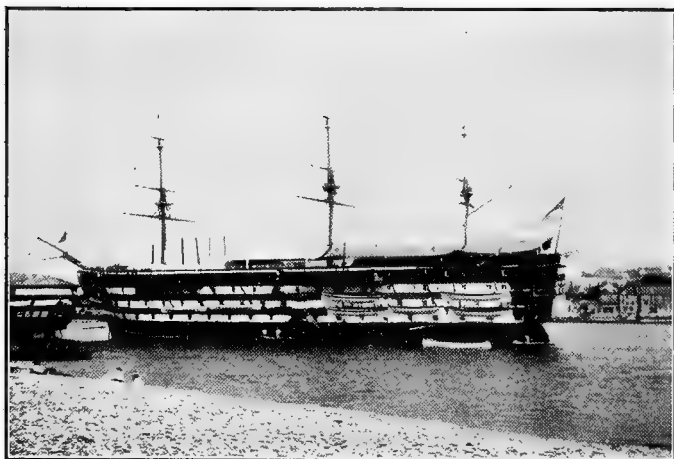


CAWSAND

To face page 352



TOWER HOUSE, CREMYL FERRY



H.M.S. "IMPREGNABLE"

To face page 353

were answering with heliographic flashes. After a friendly "How d'you do?" to our brave defenders, we regained the road and descended by the side of Mount Edgcumbe Park towards Cremyl ferry. About half-way down we met a man with an enormous monocle in his eye, who asked us if there was a golf course at Cawsand. We told him we did not know.

"I thought of staying there for a week," he continued, "but, of course, if there is no golf, it would be impossible."

We quite agreed with him. And yet he seemed sane and beamed with a sleek if somewhat bovine contentment.

And now the glint of water glistened through the trees. The old *Impregnable*, the West of England training-ship, loomed up grandly in front of us. Soon we reached the Cremyl ferry steps, and looking across the waters of the Hamoaze saw Devon's three busy daughters, Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse.

The little steamer is waiting to take us over.

So farewell, dear reader. We shall no more hear together what the waves are saying, or watch the red sun setting behind the moorland hills. But we have had a most enjoyable walk, and have together realised some of the finest Coast Scenery in the United Kingdom; the memory of which will, we trust, be from time to time happily recalled, as the years roll by.

GLOSSARY OF CORNISH NAMES

Alzaphron=Hellish	Chysauster=Beehive-shaped
Barras Nose=Codfish Nose	Cleave Valley=Steep Valley
Bartinney=Fiery	Clodgy=Sticky, miry
Bedruthan=Red	Coverack=Place of Goats
Berryl Head=Castle Head	Crackington=Rock by River
Boleigh=Place of Slaughter	Crantock=Saint Carantocus
Bolventor=New Parish	Cremyl=The Hill
Boscastle=Bottreux Castle	Cubert=Saint Cuthbert
Boscawen=Place of Elder Trees	Cudden=Wooded
Bosigran=Eigron's Place	Dinas=Fortified
Boskenna=House on Hill	Dizzard Head=Fortified Head
Bosporthennis=Castle Gate	Downas=South Vale
Bossinney=Place near Stream	Downderry=Oak Vale
Buckator=Goats' Tor	Dozmery=Drop of the Sea
Cadgwith=Place of Privets	Durgan=Blackwater
Caerhayes=Enclosed Castle	Efford=Passage at low Tide
Cambeak=Crooked Head	Enys=A Peninsula
Camborne=Crooked Stream	Fowey=Nimble, quick
Caradon=Hill Castle	Gannel River=White River
Carbis Bay=Rocky Wood Bay	Godolphin=Valley of Streams
Carleon=Place of Hollies	Godrevy=By the Water
Carminowe=Little	Golant=Holy Place
Carn Bargez=Kite Carn	Golitha=The Lowest Place
— Barra=Loaf Carn	Goonhilly=Hunting Down
— Cribba=Crest Carn	Gorran Haven=Girdled Haven
— Glooze=Grey Carn	Greeb=A Crest
— Guthenbras=Great Carn	Gribben Head=Crested Head
— Mellyn=Yellow Carn	Gue Graze=Middle Valley
Carne=Rock	Gulval=Holy Vale
Carnewas=Carn of Desire	Gunwalloe=Castle by Down
Carrack Rocks=Moon Rocks	Gweek=Water Village
Carrickdhu Rocks=Black Rocks	Gwingeas Rocks=In the Way
Chûn Castle=Moor Castle	Rocks
Chynhalls Head=Moorland Head	Gwithian=By the Water

Harlyn Bay=The Pool Bay
 Hayle=Salt-Water River
 Helford=River Passage
 Helston=Court Town
 Hemmick=Little Border
 Hennacliff=The Old Cliff
 Hore Point=Ram Point
 Kelsey Head=Dry Head
 Kenidzhék Carn=Hooting Carn
 Kennack=Rocky
 Kerrow=The Camp
 Kildown=Deep Recess
 Kilkhampton=Church Place
 Kilmar=Great Horse
 Kneighton's Kieve=Kneighton's
 Waterfall
 Kynance=A Ravine
 Lamorna=Morwenna's Place
 Landewednack=White Roof
 Lansallos=Place of Altars
 Lanteglos=Church Place
 Lantic=Pleasant Place
 Lanyon=Moor Enclosure
 Lelant=The Church
 Lerryn=River Place
 Lestowder=Tudor's Court
 Liskeard=Castle Court
 Lizard=High Place
 Loe or Looe=Lake or Pool
 Ludgvan=Greystone
 Madron=Meadow
 Maen Porth=Rock Cove
 Manaccan=Monk's Town
 Manacles Rocks=Church Rocks
 Marazion=Market Jew
 Marsland=Marsh Land
 Mawgan=Near the Sea
 Mean Down=Rock Down
 Mellendreath=Millwheel Cove
 Menabilly=The Colts' Hill
 Mên-an-Tol=Holed Stone
 Meneage=Rocky

Mên Seryfa=Inscribed Stone
 Mevagissey=Mill in Wood
 Morrab=Near Sea
 Morvah=Fenny Place
 Morwenstow=Morwenna's Place
 Moulds Island=Wether Sheep Is-
 land
 Mulfra Hill=The Bare Hill
 Mullion=Bare Place
 Nanjizel=Under the Hill
 Nanven=Little Vale
 Nare Head=Long Head
 Navax Point=Young Man's
 Point
 Newlyn=New Pool
 Ogo-dour=Water Cave
 Otterham Rock=Otter's Rock
 Padstow=Petrock's Place
 Par=Sand
 Parc-an-Als=Cliff Fields
 Pedn-an-Laaz=End of the Earth
 Pellitras=Head of Slope
 Penare=Hill Top
 Penberth=Bushy
 Pencannow=Rock Hill
 Pendarves=Oak Hill
 Pendeen=Head Man's Place
 Pendennis Head=Peninsula Head
 Pendower=Head of the Water
 Penhale=Head of Moor
 Penjersic=Marshy
 Pennance=Valley Head
 Penolver=Head of Lamentation
 Penpol=Lake End
 Pentargon Cove=Well Cove
 Pentire=The Headland
 Penwith=Promontory of Blood
 Penzance=Holy Place
 Perranuthno=Manor of Uthno
 Polbream=Tree Pool
 Poldhu=Black Pool
 Polkerris=Low Pool

Polostoc=Cap Pool
 Polpeor=Great Pool
 Polperro=Sandy Pool
 Polpry=Clay Pool
 Polruan=Ruman's Pool
 Poltair=Back Pool
 Poltesco=Shrunken Pool
 Polurrian=Silver Pool
 Polzeath=Pool of the Arrow
 Pont=Pond
 Pordenack=Hilly
 Porthallow=Pool Cove
 Porthcothan=Pigeon Cove
 Porthcurnow=Cove of Horns
 Porthglaze=Green Cove
 Porthguarnon=Little Goat Cove
 Porthgwarra=Higher Cove
 Porth Joke=Cormorant Cove
 Porthleven=Smooth Port
 Porthmeor=Great Cove
 Porthminster=Monastery Cove
 Porthoustock=Cove Port
 Porthpean=Little Cove
 Porthquin=White Cove
 Porthtowan=Sandy Cove
 Port Isaac=Corn Port
 Port Mellon=Yellow Cove
 Portscatho=Boat Cove
 Portwrinkle=Port of Winkles
 Poughill=Frequented by Gulls
 Praa Sands=Meadow Sands
 Redruth=Holy Place
 Rosemergy=Valley near Sea
 Rosemullion=Purple Moor
 Saint Ives=Saint Ia
 Sancreed=Sacred
 Sennen=Saint Senana
 Stanbury Mouth=Stone Castle
 Mouth
 Stennack=Tin Water
 Stow=The Place
 Stratton=The Street

Talland=High Church
 Tintagel=Impregnable
 Tol-pedn=Holed Headland
 Tonacombe=Near Valley
 Trebartha=Place of the Bard
 Trebiskan=Isger's Place
 Tregantle=The Gathering Place
 Tregonning=Down Place
 Tregothnan=Woody Place
 Tregudda=Above the Strand
 Tregurrel=Place of Gold
 Treligga=A Village
 Tremar=Chiefs' Abode
 Tren Crom=Crooked
 Trendrine Hill=Thornbush Hill
 Trengwainton=Near the Spring
 Trerice=On the Slope
 Treryn=Castle
 Tresillian=Place of Eels
 Trevalga=Near Water
 Trevan=A Hamlet
 Trevarnon=Alder-tree Place
 Trevaunance=Place of Springs
 Trevaylor=Workman's Place
 Trevedron=Thorny Place
 Trevelgue=Dark Moor
 Trevellas=Son-in-law's Place
 Trevena=Old Town
 Treveisa Cove=Higher Cove
 Trevethy=Place of Graves
 Trevone=The Down
 Trevoise Head=Fortified Head
 Trewey Down=Wet Down
 Trewoof=Frequented by Black-
 birds
 Truro=Three Roads
 Wicca=Little Village
 Willaparek=Look-out Enclosure
 Wra Stone=Giants' Stone
 Yeol Mouth=Devil's Mouth
 Zawn=Cave or Hole
 Zennor=Saints' Place

INDEX

- Acton Castle, 247
 Adders, 135
 — belts, 135
Alexander Yates, 162
 Amethystine spar, 76
Anax formosus, 156
 Anthony, Captain, 295
 Antivæstium, 177
 Arch-Druid, 207
 Armed Knight, 187
 Artillery (St. Ives Volunteer), 134
 Artists' colony, 120
 Arundell, Sir John, 243
Arundo phragmites, 134
 Asparagus, 21
 Asphodel, 156
 Atlantic Girdle, 122
 Athelstan, 209
 Autumn, 127
 Avilion, 76

 Badgers, 154
 Balk Head, 278
 Banqueting Hall Cave, 94
 Baptism, 36
 Baring Gould, 82
 Barras Nose, 66
 Bartinney Hill, 212
 Basalts, 123
 Bassett, Sir Francis, 244
 Bateman, Arthur, 219
 Battleships, 199
 Beacon Cove, 94
 Bedruthan Steps, 91
 Beehive hut, 74
 Behrens, Mr., 248
 Berry Head, 94
 Bessy Cove, 247
 Blackapit Quarry, 64
 Blackhead, 284

 Bleys, 66
 Blowhole, Boscastle, 64
 — Horse's Back, 148
 — Tregudda, 86
 Board Schools, 113
 Boathouse Cove, 91
 Bodinnic Ferry, 324
 — Hall, 324
 Bodmin moors, 22
 Bodrugan family, 310
 Boleigh, 209
 Bolerium, 182
 Bolventor, 74
 Borlase, 165
 — Manor-house, 173
 Boscastle, 61
 — Harbour, 64
 Boscawen Point, 206
 — Un, 211
 Bosigran, 169
 — Castle, 169
 Boskenna, 205
 Bosporthennis, 165
 Bossinney Cove, 65
 — Head, 65
 Botallack Mine, 176
 Bramley, Frank, 219
 Bretons, 22
 — cousins, 237
 — pardons, 125
 Briar rose, 45
 Brisons, 178
 Brittany, 125
 Brown Willy, 73
 Buckator, 60
 Bude Breakwater, 53
 — Canal, 50
 — Cliffs, 47
 — Golf Links, 49
 — Haven, 49

Bude Sands, 47
 Buglos, 89
 Bull, Captain, 293
 Bullfinch, 242
 Bunting, 77
 Butcher's Broom, 283
 Buttermilk Hill, 143
 Buttertort, 77
 Buzzards, 33, 340

 Cadgwith, 279
 Caerhays Castle, 308
Caledonia, the, 37
 Cambeak, 58
 Camborne, 104
 Camelford, 71
 Camelot, 71
 Camel River, 81
 Campion, Sea, 277
 Cape Cornwall, 176
 Caradon Hill, 334
 Carbis Bay, 108
 Carleon Bay, 282
 Carn Bargez, 207
 — Bargus, 162
 — Barra, 192
 — Bean, 175
 — Brea Hill, 105
 — Dhu, 213
 — Evall, 190
 — Galva, 160
 — Glooze, 177
 — Guthensbras, 192
 — Lês Boel, 192
 — Leskez, 178
 — Mellyn, 192
 — Nawn, 141
 Carn Village, 304
 Carnellow Cliffs, 147
 Carnewas, 92
 Carrack Rocks, 142
 Carrickdhu Rocks, 131
 Carrick Roads, 298
 Carrion crow, 137
 Carter, John and Harry, 247
 Castle-an-Dinas, 172
 Catshole Tor, 74
 Cawsand, 348
 — smugglers, 351
 Celt, Cornish, 23

Celtic metropolis, 77
 Chair Ladder, 193
 Chantrey Bequest, 120
 Chapel Carn Brea Hill, 178
 Chapel Point, 311
 Chapel Uny Huts, 212
 Charlestown, 313
 Cheesewring, 337
 Chipman Head, 56
 Choughs, 70
 Chûn Castle, 173
 — Cromlech, 173
 Chynhalls Point, 284
 Chysauster, 234
 Clausen, 239
 Cliff gardens, 202
 Cligga Head, 103
 Clodgy, 132
 Coastal plain, 246
 Coleridge, 244
 Constantine Bay, 89
 — ruined church, 90
 Coombe Valley, 46
 Cormorants, 34, 142
 Corn cockle, 317
 Coverack, 285
 Coves, 24
 Cow and Calf Rocks, 105
 Crackington Haven, 58
 Crantock Bay, 99
 — Church, 99
 Cremyl Ferry, 353
 Cribba Head, 201
 Croftonoweth Pool, 269
 Crows-an-wra, 211
 Cruel Coppinger, 81
 Cubert, 102
 Cudden Point, 246

 “*Dairy Maid*, St. Ives,” 85
 Danes, 174
 Danish chief, 94
 — ensign, 94
 Dante, 192
 Dartmoor, 59, 74
 Davey, Hamilton, 58, 82
 Davy, Sir Humphry, 228
 De Dunstanville, Lord, 105
 De Lank River, 77
 Dennis Head, 292

- Deserts, 18
 Devil's Frying-Pan, Cadgwith, 278
 Devonport, 353
 Dick, Mr., 221
 Digey, 129
 Diggory Island, 93
 Ding Dong Mine, 166
 Diorite, 123
 Dipper, 63
 Distorted strata, Bude Cliffs, 47
 — — Gull Rock, Marsland Mouth, 32
 Dizzard Farm, 56
 — Head, 56
 Dodman, The, 309
 Dolcoath Mine, 105
 Dolor Hugo Cave, 280
 Doom Bar, 83
 Doré, 192
 Downas Valley, 284
 Downderry, 346
 Dozmary Pool, 75
 Drake, Sir Francis, 40
 Druids' Well, 153
 Duck Pool, 47
 Dundagil, 67

 Eastern Telegraph Co., 197
 Eddystone Lighthouse, 342
 Edgecumbes, 310, 352
 Efford Beacon, 54
 Egyptian frieze, 191
 Elecampane, 145
 Enys Dodman, 187
 — Head, 281
 Eocene gravel beds, St. Erth, 241
 Excalibur, 75
 Exmoor, 341

 "Fair Rose of Scotland," 244
 Falmouth, 294
 Falmouth Packets, 294
 Fal River, 300
 Ferns, 156
 Festa, 115
 Fire Beacon Head, 60
 Fisher-folk, 113
 Fistral Bay, 98

 Flint weapons, 172
 Flora Day, 256
 Florence, 54
 Forbes, Stanhope, 219
 Forrabury Church, 62
 Fortescue, 243
 Fowey, 319
 Foxes, 144, 154
 Foxgloves, 132
 Fuchsias, 21

 Gannel River, 98
 Garden of Allah, 89
 Genista, 88
 Gentians, 58
 Geraniums, 21
 Gerranius, King, 303
 — — tomb, 303
 Gerrans, 303
 Giant's Craw, 160
 — Well, 153
 Gilbert, Davies, 256
 Gillan Creek, 289
 Godolphin Hill, 229
 Godrevy Cove, 286
 — Head, 107
 Golant, 323
 Golden Calf, 27
 Goldsmith, Lieutenant, 232
 Golitha Falls, 345
 Goonhilly Downs, 267
 Gorran Haven, 309
 Greeb Point, 302
 Greenstone, 123
 Green woodpecker, 242
 Grenville, Sir Bevil, 51
 Gribbin Head, 316
 Griglan, 260
 Gue Graze Valley, 261
 Guillemots, 163
 Gulf Stream, 169
 Gull Rock, Marsland, 34
 — — Portreath, 106
 Gulls' eggs, 162
 Gulval, 238
 Gump, The, 174
 Gunwalloe Church, 257
 — Cove, 256
 Gurnard's Head, 62
 Gweek, 292

Gwithian, 107
Gwynver Cove, 178

Hain, Sir Edward, 227
Hallane Cove, 312
Halzaphron Cliffs, 256
Hammond, Colonel, 244
Hannibal's Carn, 165
Hare's-foot trefoil, 78
Harlyn Bay, 87
Hartland Point, 32, 81
Hawker, Rev. R. S., 35
— Hut, 42
Hawk's Point, 108
— Tor, 343
Hayle, 108
Hector, Sir, 70
Helford Creek, 290
Hell's Mouth, 106
Helston, 255
Hemmick Beach, 308
Hennacliff, 34, 41
Hensbarrow Beacon, 309
Heron, 34, 158
Herrings, 113
High Cliff, 58
Holywell, 100
— Bay, 99
Hooting Carn, 174
Hor Point, 134
Horse, The, 191
Horse's Back, The, Pendour Cove,
147
Houndstongue, 317
Housel Bay Hotel, 276
Hurlers, The, 338

Impregnable, H.M.S., 353
Iona Cathedral, 175
"Iota. Napoli," 69
Irish Lady, 180
Ironstone, 217
Island, The, St. Ives, 112
Ivy-leaved Bellflower, 156

Jack Hern, 157
Jacka Point, 305
Jamaica Inn, Bolventor, 75
Jays, 242
Jefferies, Richard, 196

Juniper bushes, 262

Keats, 73
Keigwin Arms, 216
Kelland Head, 79
Kenidzhok Carn, 173
— Castle, 176
Kennack Sands, 282
Kerrow, 160
Kestrels, 137
— nest, 161
Khyber, 189
Kildown Point, 281
Kilkhampton Church, 46
Killigrew, 296
Kilmar, 339
King Arthur, 70
King Arthur's Bed, 343
— Hotel, 64
King Doniert's Stone, 345
King of Prussia, 247
Kneighton's Kieve Waterfall, 65
Kynance Cove, 264

Lady's Window, 65
Lamorna Cove, 208
Landewednack Church, 273
Land's End, 180
Lansallos Church, 327
Lanteglos Church, 321
Lantic Bay, 327
Lanyon Cromlech, 231
Lelant Estuary, 108
— Golf Links, 108
Lerryn, 322
Levant Mine, 175
Lichens, 127
"Lion's Den," 276
Lion Rock, Kynance, 264
Liskeard, 332
Listowder, 289
Lizard Head, 271
— Light, 184, 272
— Town, 272
Lloyd's Signalling Station, 276
Lockyer, Sir Norman, 165
Loe Bar, 254
— Pool, 253
Logan Rock, The, 199
Long Island, 65

- Longships Light, 180
 Looe, East, 330
 — West, 330
 Lostwithiel, 323
 Lowland Point, 286
 Ludgvan, 238
 Lundy Island, 32, 342
 Lye Rock, 69
 Lyn River, 63
 Lyonesse, 239

 Mackenzie, Mr., 220
 Mackerel, 117
 Madron, 229
 Maen Bower, 178
 — Porth, 293
 Magpies, 145, 283
 Maker Church, 352
 — Heights Fort, 352
 Manaccan, 290
 Manacle Rocks, 286
 Marazion, 242
 Marconi station, 257
 Mare's-tails, 278
 Marsh St. John's wort, 156
 Marsland Cliff, 33
 — Farm, 34
 — Mill, 31
 — Mouth, 29
 Mawgan Porth, 93
 — Village, 94
 Mawnan, 292
 Mediterranean, 16
 Menabilly, 317
 Mên-an-tol, 167
 Meneage, 267
 Mên Scryfa, 167
 Mên-te-Heul, 259
 Merlin falcon, 272
 Merlin's Cave, 67
 Merry Maidens, 210
 Mesembryanthemum, 277
 Mevagissey, 311
 Military road, 347
 Millhook, 55
 Milliton, Mr., 249
 Milton, 142
 Mimulus Gorge, 171
 Minion's Cross, 346
 — Mound, 332

 Minnows Cove, 90
 Minster Church, 63
 Modern Babylon, 196
 — novel, 195
 Mohuns, The, 324
 Monkshood, 46
 Morrab Gardens, 226
 Morvah, 171
Morte d'Arthur, 70
 Morwenna's Well, 42
 Morwenstow Church, 35
 — Churchtown, 37
 — Vicarage, 40
 Mother Ivy's Bay, 88
 Moulds Island, 81
 Mountains, 17
 Mount Edgecumbe, 348
 Mount's Bay, 214
 Mousehole, 215
 Mulfra Hill, 160
 Mullein, 83

 Nangellan Cove, 178
 Nanjizel Bay, 190
 Nanven Cove, 177
 Nare Head, 305
 Navax Point, 106
 Newland Island, 82
 Newlyn, 217
 — Art Metal Industry, 220
 — School of Painting, 219
 Newmill, 234
 — Quarry, 234
 Newquay, 95
 — Cliffs and Sands, 97
 Nightjars, 321, 342
 Nine Maidens, 165
 Nobel's Dynamite Factory, 103

 Ogodour, 260
 "Open Gate," 143
 Otterham Rock, 78
 Otters, 144
 Owls, 342
 Oyster-catchers, 47

 Padstow, 84
 — Church, 85
 — Estuary, 83
 — Lifeboat, 86
 — Stocks, 85

- Pagan altars, 35
 Pageants, 125
 Par, 315
 Parc-an-Als, 253
 Park Head, 91
 Parson's Cove, 292
 Passmore Edwards Art Gallery,
 222
 Passmore, Lucy, 31
 Payne, Anthony, 51
 Pedn-an-Laaz, 182
 Pednwaden Point, 304
 Pellitras Point, 192
 Pellow Zawn, 192
 Pembroke, 35
 Pen-a-Gader, 103
 Penberth Cove, 201
 Pencarrow Head, 327
 Pendarves, Mr., 247
 Pendeen, 175
 — Church, 175
 — Lighthouse, 173
 Pendennis Castle, 296
 Pendower Sands, 304
 Pen Enys Point, 137
 Penhale Point, 100
 Penjersic Castle, 249
 Penlee Point, 348
 Pennance Point, 293
 Penolver Point, 276
 Penpoll Creek, 322
 Penrose, 253
 Penryn, 294
 Pentargon Cove, 60
 — — petrified tree, 60
 — — waterfall, 60
 Pentewan, 312
 Pentire Head, 81
 — East, 98
 — Hamlet, 99
 — West, 98
 Penwith Highlands, 122
 Penzance, 221
 Pepper's Hole, 86
 Percuil Creek, 302
 Peregrine falcon, 86
 Perkin Warbeck, 244
 Permian Age, 155
 Perranporth, 102
 Perranuthnoe, 246
 Perranvose Cove, 278
 Pharisees, 210
 Phœnician galleys, 152
 "Pict's House," 132
 Pictures, 120
 Pigeon Hugo, 262
 Pig's ear, 288
 "Pig's Town," 136
 Pilchards, 116
 Pipers, 209
 Pixies' Cove, 247
 Place House, Fowey, 324
 Place House, St. Anthony.
 301
 Plan-an-guare, 177
 Plymouth, 353
 — Breakwater, 340
 — Sound, 348
 Poe, Edgar, 140
 Polar Bear Rock, 153
 Polbarrow Bay, 278
 Polbrearn Head, 282
 Poldhu Head, 257
 Polkerris, 316
 Polostoc Point, 193
 Polpeor Cove, 265
 Polperro, 328
 Polpry Cove, 178
 Polridmouth Cove, 317
 — Grotto, 317
 Polruan, 318
 Poltesco Valley, 282
 Polurrian Hotel, 257
 Polzeath, 82
 Pont, 321
 Pordenack Point, 187
 Porthallow, 288
 Porthcothan Cove, 90
 Porthcurnow, 197
 Porth Enys, 216
 Porth Garvene, 79
 Porthglaze Cove, 158
 — Pinnacles, 158
 — Waterfall, 161
 Porthgwarra, 195
 Port Holland, 307
 Porth Joke, 99
 Porthleven, 250
 Portloe, 305
 Porthluney Cove, 308

Porthmeor, St. Ives, 129
 — Cove, 164
 — Hamlet, 165
 — Point, 164

Porthminster Sands, 111

Porthoustock, 287

Porthpean, 313

Porthtowan Cove, 105

Porthquin, 79

Port Isaac, 79

Portmellon, 311

Portnadler Bay, 330

Portreath, 106

Portscatho, 302

Portwrinkle, 347

Poughill, 52

Praa Sands, 249

Predannack Head, 259

Prideaux Place, 85

Priests' Cove, 177

Procession of birds, 163

Prussia Cove, 247

Pudding Bag Lane, 113

Puritans, 210

Quadrant, The, 265

Quartier Latin, 218

Quebec, 85

Queen Bess Rock, 92

Rame Church, 347

— Head, 348

Rashleigh family, 317

Ravens, 33

Ready Money Cove, 317

Redgate, 344

Red River, 107

Redruth, 104

Redstart, 261

Reid, F.R.S., 249

Reindeer hunters, 249

Rhododendrons, 230

Rill, The, 263

Rock, 83

Rocky Valley, 65

Romans, 198

Rosemergy Pinnacles, 170

Rosemullion Head, 292

Roughtor, 73

Royal fern, 145

Royston crow, 241

Ruan, 280

Rue des Beaux Arts, Newlyn, 218

Rump, The, 81

Runnel Stone, 194

Ruskin, 239

Sacrificial fires, 342

Saint Agnes Beacon, 104

— Anthony in Meneage, 290

— in Roseland, 301

— Aubyn family, 243

— Buryan, 211

— Cleer, 333

— Clement's Isle, 216

— Enodoc, 82

— Gennys, 57

— George's Cove, 260

— Germans Church, 274

— — Hut, 346

— Ives, 112

— — Bay, 108

— Just, 177

— Just in Roseland, 299

— Keverne, 286

— Keyne's Well, 332

— Levan, 197

— Loy Cove, 205

— Mawes, 299

— Michael Caerhays, 309

— Michael's Mount, 242

— Piran's ruined church, 101

— Ruan Minor, 280

— Sampson, 323

— Veep, 322

— Winnow, 323

— Winwaloe, 273

Salmon netting, 324

Salterne, Rose, 46

Saltwort, prickly, 99

Samphire, 87, 346

— golden, 88

Scilly Islands, 175

— — Lights, 184

“ Sea-birds' Home ” Cave, 263

Seals, 107

— Cave, 107

Seaweed, 245

Sennen Churchtown, 179

— Cove, 179

- Sennen Lifeboat, 179
 Sermon on the Mount, 200
 Serpentine rock, 259
 Sharpnose, 43
 Sheep-Stealers' Cave, 264
 Silver Thread Gorge, 141
 Slaughter Bridge, 71
 Smugglers' Cove, 177
 Smuggling yarns, 351
 Soda felspar rock, 89
 "Song of the Sea," 191
 Spindle-whorl, 90
 Spring, 125
 Staddon Heights, 348
 Stamford Hill, Battle of, 51
 — Earl of, 51
 Stanbury Mouth, 44
 Steeple Point, 46
 Stennack, 132
 Stone Age, 339
 Stonechat, 141
 Stow Farm, 47
 — Mill, 46
 Stratton, 51
 Strawberry anemones, 91
 Submarines, 347
Suevic, the, 271
 Summer, 126
 Sundews, 145
 Swanpool, 293

 Talland, 329
 Tamar, 22
 Tamarisks, 89
 Tate Gallery, 120
 Tennyson, 66
 Thames Embankment, 214
 Thrift, 277
 Tiger moths, 83
 Tinner's Arms, 150
 Tintagel Castle, 66
 — Cove, 67
 — Head, 66
 — Village, 70
 Tol-Pedn-Penwith, 192
 Tonacombe Manor-house, 40
 — Valley, 42
 Trebartha, 343
 Trebarwith Strand, 78

 Tree mallow, 272
 Treffry family, 324
 Tregantle Fort, 347
 Tregarnon Cove, 90
 Tregonning Hill, 229
 Tregothnan, 300
 Tregurrel, 303
 Treligga, 78
 Tremar-Coombe, 333
 Trendrine Hill, 143
 Trengwainton Carn, 231
 Trerice, 98
 Treryn, 200
 Treryn Dinas, 198
 Trescore Island, 91
 Tresillian River, 399
 Trevalga Church, 65
 Trevalgan Hill, 143
 Trevan Point, 81
 Trevannance Cove, 104
 Trevannion family, 308
 Trevaylor Wood, 236
 Trevedron, 204
 Trevelgue Head, 94
 Trevellas Cove, 104
 Trevena Church, 69
 Treveisa Cove, 144
 Trevethy Cromlech, 333
 Trevone, 87
 Trevoise Head, 87
 Trewavas Head, 256
 Trewey Down, 160
 Trewoof Manor, 209
 Truro, 298
 Turner, 188
 Tuscan peasants, 240
 Twelve Men's Moor, 340

 Ulysses, 140
 Upper Killarney Lake, 189

 Valency Valley, 63
 Vellan Head, 260
 Venetian fête, 115
 Veor Cove, 158
 Vere, Sir John, 243
 Vernal squill, 133
 Veryan, 304
 Violet, sweet, 262

- Wadebridge, 82
Wagtails, 157
Wainhouse Corner, 58
Wanson Mouth, 55
War Office, 112
Water Break Neck Cove, 78
Waterfalls, 25
Watergate Bay, 94
Weasel, 43
Westward Ho ! 31, 46
Wheal Prudy Head, 103
Wheatear, 59
White Hill, 171
Whitesand Bay, 347
Whitley, Mr., 225
Wicca Cove, 145
Widemouth Bay, 54
Willapark, 64
Williams, Colonel, 179
Winter heliotrope, 131
Witches, 153
Wolf Lighthouse, 319
Wolves, 343
Wordsworth, 160
Wra Stone, 173
Wren, golden crest, 242
Yellow Carn, 164
Yellowhammer, 77
Yellow wort, 82
Yeol Mouth, 34
Zawn Quoits, 137
Zennor Bridges, 157
— Church, 150
— Cove, 146
— Cromlech, 152
— Head, 146
— Hill, 151
— Logan Rock, 150
— Mermaid, 150
Zoze Head, 301

A SONG OF CORNWALL

WORDS BY
A. G. FOLLIOTT-STOKES

MUSIC BY
ERNEST BUCALOSSİ

At all Music Sellers, or direct from

GREENING'S MUSIC LTD.

51 Charing Cross Mansions, St. Martin's Lane
London

